THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1926

OUR DISSOLVING ETHICS

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

I

THE scapegoat is one of the most venerable and widespread of human institutions. The victim may be literally a goat, as among the Children of Israel, or a rat or a monkey or other animal. Not infrequently it is a human being. For example, in Nigeria all persons who during the year have committed incendiarism, witchcraft, theft, adultery, or other crimes, chip in about ten dollars each and buy a young girl, who is then dragged to the river and drowned for the sins of the town. The sense of guilt requires some sort of expiation, and this 'cash and carry' system of expiating the sins of an entire community by attributing them to someone else has obvious advantages. It enables one to settle with one's conscience and the social conventions with a minimum of personal inconvenience and mental anguish.

Here in these United States in this post-war period, realizing that all is not right with our world, we have found the scapegoat which permits us to go about our business with a free mind. The name on its collar is 'The Younger Generation.' The absurdity of believing that the older generation is not responsible for shaping the conditions which have surrounded the younger, and that a world of mature men and women is being set topsy-turvy by young persons but recently emancipated from the nursery, seems to occur to no one. The hen which hatches a duckling from the egg which some person has set under her unsuspecting wings may well disclaim responsibility for the thoroughly disreputable habits — from the standpoint of a hen — developed by her hatch, but can the older human generation so easily disclaim its responsibility? They may deny it individually and take refuge in the theory that the individual is powerless to counteract the social forces of his time, but this way of escape is as much open to the berated young as to the berating elders. As a matter of fact, whatever we may say of the individual of either generation, I think the responsibility of the older as a whole to the younger as a whole is — to use a liquid measure — just about in the ratio of dad's quart bottle to son's half-pint flask.

That youth is questioning the validity of our entire system of ethics to an extent that is perturbing to parents and, in a lesser degree, to grandparents may be admitted. But it cannot be so readily argued that the babies born between 1900 and 1910 all received a

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hypodermic injection of new original sin. The most distinguishing characteristic of modern thought is its use of the genetic method. We explain the present by the light of the past. We are most of us evolutionists, except when it comes to the supposed iniquity of youth. But in fact is there any break? Is not the present attitude of youth toward ethical questions the direct and inevitable outcome of what has been going on in our mental world for not one but many generations? That it is so seems true to the author, who also feels that the salvation for society lies in at least a questioning attitude on the part of the new generation.

When we speak of the attitude of youth toward ethics we mean by ethics those general ideas and rules that govern the individual in the practical conduct of his or her life. These have always, in the main, had two sanctions to assist in making them pass current without being questioned by most people. One of these sanctions has been religion and the other the public opinion of the particular class or group to which the individual belonged. Backed by these sanctions, ethical ideas and codes of conduct tend to become fixed, but they are in reality never absolutely fixed. The forms may for long remain the same, but in private conduct the individual, while still outwardly conforming, may cease to be governed by them. Like the dollar, they may remain the standard of value, but their own value — that is, their purchasing power in happiness and human good — may come to vary greatly. The form, however, will not be generally questioned so long as the sanctions behind it are not brought seriously into question.

In the youth of the older generation — that is, let us say, in the decade of the 1880's — the sanctions of the established system of ethics, although being undermined, were still standing firm, to all appearance. These were the religious one of a belief in the Bible as the inspired word of God to be taken literally, and the social one of a code of conduct that belonged to the feudal rather than the industrial phase of society. It is true that Darwin had been writing for twenty years, but such a book as Mrs. Ward's *Robert Elsmere* was considered too dangerous for young people to read, and, although the Industrial Revolution had occurred, woman's sphere in the only classes that were supposed to count in those days was still the home. Very few girls went to college, and even for them the intellectual problems set were not particularly disquieting. The individual youth of either sex may not have been religious or consciously interested in the social sanction for ethical ideas, but on the other hand there was nothing in upbringing or education to make them seriously question the accepted code and standards. Theoretically, that the Bible said 'thou shalt not' or that one's group frowned was pretty generally a sufficient guide to conduct. What, in practice, that conduct may have been only the memories of the older generation can reveal.

II

However unquestioningly the average boy or girl of the 1880's may have accepted the traditional views of ethics in relation to the world, many forces of different sorts had long been operative which almost before a new generation should be born were going to blow the old world to bits and create a new one so different as to be almost unrecognizable. That the old ethics and the old sanctions should in all respects have fitted nicely in all the adjustments with that new world is surely too much to expect. And if they did not fit, the only thing to do was to face that fact and try

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to work out some new adjustment between ideals of conduct and the new environment. It is that need which the older generation has for the most part refused to recognize but which has been recognized by the younger, in many cases heedlessly, but in many more cases seriously, sanely, bravely.

That there may be need for a revaluation of our ethics is obvious to them. Why should it be to them and not to so many of their elders? For one thing, these youngsters have been fed on a different intellectual fare from that on which their parents were fed. It must not be lost to sight, however, that this fare has been prepared for them by their parents, or at least by their elders. It must also be noted that they are receiving instruction in enormously increased numbers. College is no longer for the exceptional man only, socially or intellectually. Young men of all grades, and, what is more important, young women also, are going to college by the tens of thousands annually. The responsibility for what happens to them there intellectually is squarely up to the older generation. The institutions are provided and run by that generation, the young are in great measure sent by it, and the instruction is wholly provided by it.

Let us consider briefly what a few of the ideas are which are familiar to the younger generation and which to a great extent were not so to the youth of the older one. For one thing, we may cite the comparative study of religion. There are only two methods of intellectual approach to any subject, whether religious or scientific. We may rely upon authority — that is, someone else's judgment — or upon our own. From the time that Protestantism rejected the authority of the Catholic Church and insisted upon the right of personal searching and interpretation of the Scriptures the way was opened for the decline in the prestige of authority. (I may say that I am not a Catholic.) Of course particular sects could establish new creeds and try to set up new authority in the place of old; and because man is not wholly a logical creature, and because most men still believed in the verbal inspiration of the Bible however they chose to interpret it, this served to maintain its authority until almost the present day. With the rise, however, of the higher criticism, and more particularly the study of comparative religion, the religious sanction for ethics received a severe blow. For one young person who bothers to read a textual criticism of any Biblical book, numbers are familiar with and delight in Frazer's *Golden Bough*. Nothing serves more subtly to break down a belief in the theology of Christianity than to find, for example, that the idea of a dying god is common to many religions and many people, that likewise is the idea of an immaculate conception or a virgin birth, and that even the doctrine of transubstantiation and the eating of bread which somehow becomes the body of a god is widespread. The question naturally arises why, if we must reject these doctrines as taught by every religion except Christianity, should we be obliged to accept them as true in that? Religion and theology are very different things. The younger generation is not irreligious. In the truest sense they want a religion, but they do not want as a substitute the theology preached by many clergymen or the mere husk of social service given in so many churches in place of both theology and religion. It is my experience that many boys and girls who cannot be induced to go to church are more genuinely religious than the clergyman who bewails the fact that they will not come to hear him preach. But for them a mere sentence in the Bible

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can no longer be appealed to as affording a sufficient sanction for an ethical idea or a code of conduct that has no other apparent reason for being.

In another comparative study, that of anthropology, they also find much to make them question current ethics. By a study of the various tribes and races of the world in different times and places the student finds that they all, indeed, have codes and ethics, but that these all vary and have grown out of specific social or economic needs under particular conditions. The institution of the family, for example, and the relations of the sexes have assumed many forms. The whole question is thrown into the intellectual melting pot as one for discussion, and the sanction tends to become not some religious authority but the good of society and the individual. The older generation was taught that God gave certain commands, regarding sexual and other relations, engraved on a tablet of stone, to a Hebrew some thousands of years ago. It is useless to tell that to a young person to-day and expect it to settle the matter.

If he turns to philosophy he comes in contact with a world, not of fixed ideas, of eternal verities, but a world where all is in a state of flux. It is not that certain 'eternal truths' are being attacked in order to substitute others in their places, but that the lasting validity of truths, any truths, is itself under fire. No teacher, perhaps, has been more popular or exerted greater influence than the late William James, and the pragmatism associated with his name is, in the form of its presentation at least, one of the original American contributions to philosophy. Now the essence of pragmatism is that the truth or validity of an idea depends on whether it works in practice. 'The truest scientific hypothesis,' he says in one of his most popular books, 'is that which, as we say, "works best"; and it can be no otherwise with religious hypotheses.' For the reader to add 'ethical hypotheses' is to take an obvious step. Again he says: 'The true . . . is only the expedient in the way of our thinking, just as the right is only the expedient in the way of our behaving.' It is true that he adds 'expedient in the long run and on the whole,' but if the true and the right can only be tested by their working it is evident that, as the world is made up of individuals, the only experimental tests possible must be made by individuals.

This philosophy is thoroughly consonant with the American temperament and natural outlook on life. We are not mentally a subtle or an abstract people. If a thing does not work, it is of no use. If it does, that is a sufficient answer to any attack, and it is this pragmatic sanction that, consciously or not, many a thoughtful young person of to-day is seeking for the new ethics. In the writings of the most influential living American philosopher, John Dewey, he again finds this sense of fluidity in life and thought. 'The first distinguishing characteristic of thinking is facing the facts,' says Dewey, in words which appeal to one of the finest sides of the young people. Dewey as an ardent evolutionist, and a disbeliever in any fixed forms or species, holds out as the hope for the future — and disagreement with him would seem to plunge us in hopeless pessimism — that human nature is not unchangeable, that there is possibility of unlimited alteration by change in the environment, and that this change may be brought about by taking conscious thought and not awaiting the slow alteration of nature. This again throws open the way for a serious consideration as to whether, if we can change the environment and human nature, — and both *have* been enormously changed, — we can keep unchanged codes of conduct.

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Philosophical and scientific ideas are coming to affect the thinking of people, who may never read the books in which they are primarily expressed, with steadily increasing acceleration. It took many generations for the discovery by Copernicus that the earth was not the centre of the universe, but moved round the sun, to affect religious and other ideas. It took something more than a generation for Darwin's theory of evolution to revolutionize all our thinking. Who knows what the influence, not merely in science, but in all social thinking, including ethics, may very soon be of Einstein's theory of relativity? It has already had great influence, in spite of the fact that those of us who are not mathematicians cannot comprehend it. But to be told — to mention only one aspect of his theory — that there is no such thing as a 'correct size' of anything, but that for human knowledge the size of anything depends on the relative speed maintained by the observer and the thing observed, is, literally, appalling. This fact brings to us in startling fashion and in mathematical terms the realization that things are not permanent but relative. The theory of relativity is far more of a solvent for the eternal verities than either the Copernican or the Darwinian theory, and its effect, already being felt, is bound to be profound in realms of thought seemingly remote from physics.

III

In a few words, the young generation has a religion, but it is nebulous. It may to some extent serve, at moments when it is felt, as a source of strength, as an aid to being straight and decent. At many times it is not felt. In any case it issues no commands covering specific conduct. It has no decalogue, and the question of what is decent and straight is left open by it. The youngster's ethics, therefore, have no religious sanction which points out any specific rules of conduct. On the other hand, through his anthropological and sociological studies he comes to realize that there are innumerable ways of living and choices of conduct, all of which have been or are thought right and moral by some people, sometime, somewhere. What constitutes right conduct depends, therefore, apparently on conditions and not on any eternal rules. The prevailing temperament of his nation and its most popular philosophy teach him that the only test of validity is 'workability' — that if an idea has good results it is good, if it has not it is bad. The world has never been a very satisfactorily organized place, and nowadays, what with the results of the war, our socially developed conscience, and all the conditions of present life, it can hardly be said to look like an outstanding success. Those who have lived long have for the most part become either reconciled or hopeless over the situation. But for the young it is different, fortunately. They see the poverty, the social injustice, the frequent emotional maladjustment between the individual and society, and they do not see, and let us hope that they are right, that such things need always be.

The ethics of the older person do not change. He too may have, as he probably has, lost the religious sanction, but as the twig is bent the tree has grown. He was taught so and so and he sticks to it, and anything else seems wrong. Moreover, he has learned that one cannot meet every moral emergency by thinking it out as a unique case. Life is short, emergencies come suddenly, and one must have some general rules to guide. He is accustomed to the old rules, it is his habit to obey them, and he simplifies his life by continuing to do so. The youngster, however, has no

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ready-made adjustments and is intensely interested in life, and willing to take time and risks. His entire education has taught him to take a scientific view of life, and to reject mere authority. It is not enough for a parent to point out that something is 'right' or 'wrong.' The youth asks 'Why?' The only satisfactory answer is one that will convince him that a certain line of conduct will or will not conduce to his own good or that of society.

With the education which we give to youth, I do not see how we could expect any other result. The fact is that the younger generation is simply carrying forward where we leave off. The decay in belief in the Christian theology, the loss of religious sanction for ethics, the development of such comparative studies as religion and anthropology, the pragmatic philosophy, the Freudian psychology of inhibitions and complexes, and the various scientific and mechanical discoveries which have transformed the world, have all been the work of the older generation. The youth who are coming forward to-day receive the full force of all this straight in the face and all at once. And the changes are coming faster and faster.

Personally I do not see how we can quarrel with the general ideas that the younger generation has as to its ethical problem — that is, that there is no indubitable religious or other authoritarian sanction for any specific rules of conduct; that different ethical codes have best suited different peoples, times, and conditions; that the best test of any hypothesis is whether it will work; and that in a world in flux there is no reason for positing and insisting upon an eternally fixed code of ethics. We do know that such codes will gradually alter in any case. The question is whether it is possible to use intelligence in altering them or whether we have to trust to the slow process of an unintelligent alteration. If they do gradually get adjusted to new social conditions and structures, then it is reasonable to suppose that such an adjustment should bear some time relation to the rapidity of change in society. With the increasing speeding up both of thought and of scientific discovery, the rate of change in society is also speeding up enormously. Unless we can assist intelligently the process of adjusting ethical ideas and codes to the social change, the amount of injustice and individual maladjustments, emotional, economic, and other, may increase so rapidly as to endanger the social structure itself.

The economic independence of the younger generation of women has already profoundly altered the whole family relation and that of the two sexes. The motor car, whether one likes it or not, has almost equally altered the whole question of the supervision of the two sexes at an earlier stage. Again, whether one likes it or not, the scientific investigations now being carried on in several parts of the world into the question of methods of birth control may have still more profound effects within the lifetime of the coming generation. The changes which have come already since the Industrial Revolution and the harnessing of steam are probably nothing to what we may expect within the next generation if the present rate of discovery and alteration continues. To say that rules of personal conduct established under sanctions which no longer exist for most people, and for conditions which have already been changed almost beyond recognition, must last unaltered forever is simply to refuse to see the facts and to court disaster, individual or social.

Our ethics and their old sanctions are already in dissolution. That has been accomplished by the older, not the younger, generation. What the younger

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generation and their children may be called upon to do may be to make the most rapid, far-reaching, and consciously intelligent readjustment of ethical ideas to altered social structure that the race has ever been called upon to make. We of the older generation have played with ideas and let loose forces the power of which we little dreamed of. We have, indeed, sowed the wind, and it will be those of the younger generation who will reap the whirlwind unless they can control it. Individually we may feel guiltless. We may merely have been busy with our intellectual hobbies, our money-getting, our loving and striving, but we surely cannot lay the blame for the intellectual or moral conditions upon the scapegoat of the 'Younger Generation.' To condemn them and regard ourselves complacently is as unjust as it is unwarranted. They have inherited, perhaps, the biggest mess and biggest problem that was ever bequeathed by one generation to another. Never has the road been wilder or the signposts fewer.

I might apply to the present situation the words of Leslie Stephen: 'Each must act as he thinks best; and if he is wrong, so much the worse for him. We stand on a mountain pass in the midst of whirling snow and blinding mist, through which we get glimpses now and then of paths which may be deceptive. If all stand still we shall be frozen to death. If we take the wrong road we shall be dashed to pieces. We do not certainly know whether there is any right road. What must we do? "Be strong and of good courage." Act for the best, hope for the best, and take what comes. If death ends all, we cannot well do better.'

THE BRINK[1]

BY ALICE L. WILLIAMS

Monday Morning
July 13, 1925

DEAREST BILLY, —

I'm sending you a letter that I started and continued to write while we were marooned on a most perilous place, a narrow ledge in the mountains. We were directed over this pass and given a marked trail by one of the best mountain men in all this region, but it proved to be a death trap.

Dave went over a precipice and we don't know whether he is dead now or has by some miracle escaped. A rescue party, the second that has tried to reach him, is at work now, but we don't know anything definite.

Not one of us did a reckless thing. We did n't invite or seek danger and had no means of knowing we should be trapped so. You were so much in my thoughts, Billy, during those long hours that I want you to have what I was writing you then.

Friday Afternoon
July 10, 1925

BELOVED BILLY AND DEAR LITTLE BABY GIRL, —

Some day, my dear ones, if I don't return to you, this letter may be found

[1] The letters are of course actual. — EDITOR

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and sent to you. We're in an impossible pass in the mountains — with walls of stone above us that we cannot scale, and snow and ice, hundreds of feet deep, all around us and below us for miles.

Dave has gone. We had been at this spot scarcely a moment when he slipped on the snow and went with the speed of lightning down this terrifying slope into an enormous crevasse in the ice. I don't know how to tell you about it; it's so awful to think of — was so awful to witness. I only remember that suddenly he slipped, that Father risked his own life reaching over the edge to pull him back, failing because it was so sudden and he could catch only the neck of Dave's sweater, while the rest of us stood appalled, vainly, vainly hoping that something might stop him. But it was vain hope, for he fairly bounded across a narrow ledge of stone jutting out from the snow and disappeared. I then remember falling down upon the snow — calling out to Dave — begging him to tell us he was all right. We all did.

The marvel of it was that he answered our calls and said he was n't hurt — that he could get out if he had a stick. We debated whether or not to send him one of ours, but finally did n't, as we were afraid he might lose his balance in trying to reach for it or that it might hit him. We answered him and told him we 'd come to him, but after two hours of doing our very best we had to give it up. When we returned we called again, but this time there was no reply. We found that the crevasse opened right up to the mountain wall and extended farther than we could see down into the valley, which made getting down out of the question.

It 's right below us and I can see it as I write. It 's frightful, Billy, like the yawning, greedy mouth of a legendary monster. And somewhere between its walls is Dave, our friend and comrade. He *can't* be alive, and, just above him, we are helpless to do one thing for him.

Father and I tried. We had n't axes, but we took our sticks, which have strong spikes in the ends, and very slowly and cautiously, with them and our spiked boots, dug steps down to the ledge of rock over which Dave disappeared. It was terrific, the snow was so glazed and crusted over. Mrs. M—— begged us not to go, and as we were about to start I said to Father, 'Is it worth it?' To which he replied, looking me almost sternly in the eye, 'Is Dave worth it?' And so we went. Oh, he's a Spartan, Father is, and I shall hope for years of both our lives to let him know that, tardily perhaps, I do appreciate him. My foot slipped once as I followed him down and but for his quick grasp I should have joined Dave below. I tell you eternity flashed before my eyes in that brief instant. We found a narrow crevasse at the foot of this first ledge that Dave must have slid entirely over, as we could see the path of his body down the snow and into the wider one below. We could go no farther and do no more, so had to return to the rocks above.

We 're expecting rescue to-night because the guide who gave us this trail told Mrs. M—— he 'd phone the chalet we left and the one we were bound for and if we were at neither he would come out and look us up. We have tried to find a way to get back up the mountain, but everywhere the risk is too great. You see, we let ourselves down by putting all our belts and pack straps together, so it 's impossible to return the way we came.

If they reach us to-night I 'm coming home. The mountains are cruel and treacherous. I think I can never love them again. Oh, my dear, if only I can have the chance with you again — to live in your life! If I can come back to you, dearest, the small things will never

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matter, only the greatness of your love. I want you so and I want our baby girl.

But if this *is* the end, somehow, dearest ones, I know I shall find God and be waiting for you with Him.

Next Morning

DEAR ONES, —

The long, long night is over and the long day begun. There were fires in the valley far below us all night, but very early they disappeared and there's been no sign since. We know nothing of Dave and perhaps it's madness to think this, but we do think that he may miraculously have escaped from the crevasse as he told us he could and, while we were trying to get down to him, have gone on for help. We thought the fires might be his and so signaled all night, burning every scrap of paper we had; and we have called since daybreak.

You see, we are overlooking two small lakes in the foreground, and in the distance is Hidden Lake, which is absolutely wild and uninhabited, there being no chalets nor even a ranger cabin there. Both Father and Mrs. M—— know the region well. It was on the shores of this lake that we saw the fire. When the moon came up a little after two the fire suddenly went out. All these things make us think — or hope — that Dave did get out, went as far as he could while daylight lasted, then built a fire to signal us, which, being a good woodsman, he put out when the moon came up, giving him light enough to go on. We can't understand how his poor body is n't battered to pieces, and yet — *he called to us* in the most natural voice in the world.

It's cold here and we are so weary. We have had nothing to eat for more than twenty-four hours now, but somehow don't feel at all hungry. Our anxiety about Dave and the uncertainty of everything make us forget. We can't sleep, but we doze off now and then, and several times my mind has wandered into pleasant dreams only to come back with a shock when my eyes opened on this never, never varying scene. How beautiful it was when we first looked down upon it from the mountain top and how hateful now! Not one living thing before our eyes. Even the wind, which blows constantly, stirs only the red silk handkerchief tied to one of our sticks for a signal.

You can't imagine — no one ever could — how intolerable it is to sit here with folded hands — waiting. To be so helpless; and all the while to think that Dave may be lying down there — still alive — needing us and not able to call to us.

It's hard to be courageous. I'm *not* courageous, Billy. I'm selfish. Now that the show-down has come I find I want most intensely to live. We've only this one life, and out of all the ages of time past and time to come I greedily want my full share. Now in this moment of crisis I am weak and spineless, for inside I am whining at the possibility of being cheated. I hate writing you these things, but if this letter should be found and sent you I'd rather you knew the thoughts that come.

I think of you two most dear ones every moment. I want you so and I want so to come back and make a sweeter home for you. I want another chance. I've tried to live too independently, tried too hard to be an individual. But if I can come home to you I want to merge my life in yours, to be one with you, and to have our adored baby girl grow up in a happy home.

I know you'd be praying, Boy, if you knew. I've been talking with Father and he's been reading to us out of the Testament he carries. Billy, there *has* to be God. We mortals are too weak in physical and moral and spiritual strength to cope with this.

I'll write you more later.

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BELOVED ONES, —

It's now evening of our second day in this mountain prison. No relief has come, though we continue to expect it every hour. We can't believe that Ed does not know by this time that we are lost. This afternoon we saw a boat, a tiny speck it looked, on the distant lake. We watched it as it made three trips from the head of the lake to the very spot where we saw the fire. At first we were sure it was bringing us help, but as the hours passed by we gave that up and with it goes the hope that Dave got out alive.

And twice to-day we heard voices on some trail over the mountains at our left. We called and called until we could n't utter another sound, but the wind which brought the voices so clearly to us did n't carry ours back, and we had to hear the laughter die away in the distance. Those happy people did n't need to have us hear them, but we needed so desperately to have them hear us! How hope did flare up when we heard them — only to perish as the hours passed, leaving us more lonely and discouraged than before.

We don't understand why no help comes. If there is none by to-morrow we must take any risks in making every effort to get out.

We set up a sort of housekeeping to-day. The sun worked its way around to our corner for a while this morning and was hot enough for us to shed sweaters and scarfs and make ourselves quite comfortable. Harry had some fishline in his pack that he stretched between two of our sticks for a clothes-line, so we changed our clothes through-out and hung them up to dry. The fresh ones from our packs did feel so good! Then we cleared the snow off the ledge that had been so disagreeably damp, and with pieces of rock even paved the part of the snow bank we rested our feet on. But most refreshing of all were the snow baths. You've no idea until you try it how sudsy snow and soap can be!

Father has been splendid. He has told us stories constantly all day and we've sung all the songs we know. And we've prayed, Boy — I did n't think I could. You know it's five years since I last prayed. I thought I was so wise and I reasoned there was no God. So after five years of ignoring Him it did n't seem sporting to cry for help now. I told this to Father. We've been talking since and I know how far off I've been.

It helps me so to write to you. It brings you near and I need you so. I shall keep on writing until it's all over or I come back to you.

It's seven o'clock now and we're lying on the rocks praying for help.

Monday Morning
July 13, 1925

MY DEAREST ONES, —

Now I can write you all that has happened in the last day and two nights. Four of the five of us who started out so gayly from this very chalet in that other era which was four days ago are back here again. Dave is still missing and we've a day of suspense before us while a second rescue party works to get him. They give us no hope, however.

Oh, but it's been a frightful experience! I know that all my life I shall see the picture of Dave crashing over that cliff, nor will the long, dreary hours of waiting soon be forgotten.

Half an hour after I was writing you on Saturday evening Mrs. M—— and I started to find a way out. Her boy had lost his nerve, — it's hardly to be wondered at, — and could n't be relied on, so Father had to stay with him. The situation there was becoming more perilous every hour, as the snow

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was melting away from the mountain wall, opening up a crevasse which made staying there impossible.

We were lying there cold and wet and so tired, as close as possible to keep ourselves warm. Father and I were next each other and I could feel every muscle and fibre in him shaking and trembling from the cold. That settled it for me. I knew that twenty-eight years could stand this exposure and fatigue, but that sixty-three could not, in spite of years of mountain climbing. So Mrs. M—— and I talked it over once more and decided to try again that night while there still was light. Father rather reluctantly consented, as he did n't want us to take such risk alone and yet someone had to stay with the boy.

So we set out, and after three hours of the most desperate climbing we conquered that beast of a mountain. Mrs. M—— would boost me from behind until I could get a foothold and pull her up from above. For a considerable stretch we crawled along a narrow ledge on our hands and knees, digging into the slightest projection with our finger nails. The ledge sloped upward and we were making some progress when suddenly it ended and we found ourselves on a far more perilous place than the rock ledge where we left the others. For the ice wall opposite was higher than our heads above us, entirely cutting us off from the valley and possible help from there. We could not scale the wall; we could not go back down that steep, winding ledge; we could not stay — so we had to go on. For a dizzy space we hitched ourselves along with our backs to the mountain, bracing our feet against the snow opposite, which all along there had melted away from the rock, leaving a space that was bottomless below us. Finally we came to a small waterfall that had worn away steps in the rock, by which we climbed to safety. The chief ranger said afterward, 'The arms of God must surely have been around those two women.' Furthermore he told Father that if we had waited until morning we never could have got out, as a part of the ice wall on which we had to depend had broken off during the night. I do believe in miracles now, my dear, for I have lived one.

I can't tell you the thoughts that flashed through my mind as we stood once more on the mountain top — free! It was Life after Death. The air seemed milder, the wind blew softer, weariness fell away, and strength returned to mind and body. For it was not I who crawled out that narrow way, but some primitive being in me that goaded me on and on, supplying strength I did not possess.

We went at once to a saddle between the mountains — a spot we'd been watching from the ledge — and called down to Father and Harry to let them see that both of us had reached the top. Then, as we were above timber line, we crawled down the mountain side until we found a patch of scrub pine, and there we built a fire.

How I wish I might describe that night to you. Oh, the beauty of it — and the silence of it! Not a sound except the music of dozens of waterfalls emptying into Avalanche Lake far, far below. I know I shall never forget the sight — the mighty glacier lying so calm, so cold, so treacherous way down at our feet, the dignity of the snow caps all about us, and the magnificence of the stars above. Billy, I've known Mrs. M—— only one week, but we have had that night together, which means more than a lifetime of acquaintanceship with most people. We built a fire together and lay in each other's arms while we waited for the moon to come up that we might have light enough to go on. At three o'clock

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we were on our way, working slowly down the slippery shale until we dropped on to the glacier below.

You should have seen us crossing the glacier. Mrs. M—— had lost her stick, so I went ahead to sound each step, as crevasses open up very unexpectedly. She followed — holding one end of a pink silk shirt while I held on to the other. It must have been quite a sight! We had to hurry, as we needed to get back to the chalet before the guides and rangers got out on the trails. We picked up the trail we had made just three days before. What thoughts we had! Both Father's and Dave's shoes were peculiarly hobbed, and often we were able to pick out the footprint of one or the other. And evidently a bear had followed our trail, for we traced his tracks all the way across in just the path we had made before.

At six-thirty we reached here, and from then on it's a tale of the utmost kindness. There was such speedy response from the chief ranger, seven miles away, who immediately organized parties for Dave and for those left on the cliff; such thoughtfulness from everyone here at the chalet, from the guests who brought us fresh clothing to the waitresses who dried and oiled our shoes and packed lunches for us to take back to the others.

In a couple of hours the rangers came and we went back with them, so that no time would be lost in finding the place. They were superb! We skimmed across the glacier we had had to cross with such caution, as they knew all the tricky places. And those men climb mountains as easily as they might cross prairies!

I can't tell you the thrill that came through me when again we stood on the mountain top and the leader of the party fired the shots that told our dear ones waiting below that help was at hand. We had listened, at first with such eagerness and then with such despair, for just that signal!

Mrs. M—— and I waited there while the men went down with ropes for Father and Harry. Later they tried to get down into the crevasse where we know Dave must be. But they had n't the right equipment, so marked the spot for the other party. They could only see on a rocky ledge about forty feet down what they thought must be his kodak and a battered tin cup.

When Father joined me once more he breathed into my ear, 'Thank God.' It was a prayer. And he was right.

It's all too fresh for us to unravel now — why it all had to be; why such a man as Dave had to lose his life, as he must have. But out of the jumbled thoughts that confuse my mind these things stand out clearly: that I owe my life from now on to the Power that guided me back to this spot, and that I must somehow carry on for Dave, who was doing such splendid things while he lived.

To return without him is unspeakably sad; to see around us chairs on which he sat, the table round which we all ate that last breakfast together, the step just at my feet on which we sat and talked the evening before. This has hurt Father cruelly. Just how cruelly no one — not even I, who am closest to him in this experience — will ever know. We don't leave each other's side, and though he does n't speak, *I know.* There are no tears in his eyes, but now and then deep from within him there comes a great dry sob, and I know his heart is breaking. Father has known Dave from boyhood, you know, and they have hiked many a trail in the mountains before.

Billy, dear, I'm tired now, so I'll not write any more. It has been an infinite relief to write this all out to you, and you'll never know how thankful I am to post it to you myself.

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THE SEA IS CALLING

A SAGA OF TO-DAY

BY CARL CHRISTIAN JENSEN

I

A DECADE before my birth, and a few miles south of the rope spinnery where I scanned the sea for years, Jens Peter Jacobsen wrote: 'She should be naked like a surge, and the wild beauty of the ocean must haunt within her. There must be some of the summer sea's phosphorescence over her skin, some of the black, entangled horror of the seaweed forests in her hair. Yes, in her eyes the thousand colors of water must go and come in gleaming changes; her pale breast must be cool with a sensuous freshness; the billows murmur their cradle song through all her curves, and there is the suction of the Maelstrom in her kiss, and the bursting softness of the surf in her arms' embrace.' He wrote the truth, for the mermaid and the sea are one.

While I turned the wooden wheel, the sea lured me incessantly. At night in the sailor inn the tales of the sailors enticed me. At school the ships in the harbor coaxed me the forenoon long. On Sundays I would borrow a dory from a fisherman and rig it up with mast and lateen sail. And I would skip out of the harbor and cruise along the coast, through the surf and over the sand bars, from dawn to dusk. And the sea bewitched me as a charming woman would a man. I was in love with the sea, mad in my reveries of the sea, reckless in my escapades on the sea. I have often wondered that I never drowned.

Once I went to sea in my dory north of the harbor to sail home a girl who had sprained her ankle during a hike with a group of her school friends. Her name was Marie. A squall came up and drove us seaward. And the squall threw us upon Rocky Dike, where the fishermen went to their grave. Thousands of sea birds were resting upon the huge bowlders that encircled Rocky Dike. In the northern dusk the reef appeared like a funeral wreath thrown down from Heaven.

We kept in shelter behind a bowlder and pulled the dory with us. A gull, flying up from a nest, awoke myriads of birds, which in a moment thickened the air and magnified the roar of wind and breakers. Marie put her hand down in the nest and caressed the downy things that crouched together there. And they opened their beaks and wrestled with her fingers. Then the mother came darting. Above rolled billows of birds, with motions, colors, sounds, like a gale sweeping over the sea. They swung so near that their wings whipped our cheeks. 'I want to go home,' Marie cried. 'I want my mother.' But a surge answered her by carrying a log against the rock, crushing the log in two like a piece of straw.

Her agile body played hide and seek

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within my greenish oilskin suit. Wide sea boots sheltered her feet. And she was hooded by a sombre sou'wester. Her lips puckered in wistful reveries. Her eyelashes jutted out in a spray of delicate beauty. She whisked a drop of sea foam from her cheek, assuring herself that it was not a tear. She closed her eyes and snuggled up to me.

And I built her a fire of tarred driftwood. Its yellow tongues paled her face against the tar smoke like alabaster on black velvet. Her pupils grew and dilated with the flaring flames. The live coals warmed my blood, until I gasped with an ecstasy that took my breath away. Darkness shrouded us. The glow of coals threw a crimson blush into Marie's face. An ember flew up, uncertain as a butterfly alighting on a flower. It swayed with the air current and fell upon her hand, which I was holding. The ember threw a searchlight into her sleeve. We were stunned and not able to move a finger. Then a shriek and a jerk — and I sat empty-handed.

Two nights later we rowed safely into the harbor in my dory, while the church bells tolled her death. For she was the wealthy grocer's daughter.

One Sunday I was lying in the dying dune grass of early fall, drying my naked body in the afternoon sun and gazing at the sea. Such fawning homage did I pay the sea before I stirred that the wealthy Baron, the very ruler of the good land beyond the dunes, stole upon me on his thoroughbred and touched his whip lightly to my buttocks. 'Kid!' he said. 'Give my mare a swim. It'll do her good.'

With a single leap I mounted the horse, straddling her girth and neck like a jockey, pressing my face into her mane, and with hissing delight inhaling her odor. I jerked my heels into her flanks, annoyed by her timidity in getting off. She slid down the fallow bluff, wincing at the fungus-covered flotsam of the shore. Fear drove a vapor from her body and made her heart thump through her shoulders and withers. She neighed with cutting dismay, like the siren of a ship in distress.

I lashed her hip with the flat of my palm. In springy curvets she vaulted through the shallow water, prancing through seashells, dipping her feet in shoals of gamboling shrimps and minnows, until the seaweed brushed her thighs and loins. She whinnied like a cooing dove, turned her head in the air, sniffed the breeze into her nostrils, and stopped. I swung a fist into her ribs, until she bounced and rebounded through purple sea verdure, through a sea of depth and motion. Her nose, poking into the peak of the swell, snatched stridulous whiffs of air. And she voiced her fears with a snort.

I clung to her neck. My hand clasped her windpipe; my fingers bored themselves into her jugular vein. I jerked my heels into her flanks. My right hand held the reins. Out into rough water I steered her. Between my own grunts and savage yells I swallowed and spat up the eddies, and in my wild delight forgot the danger. Dusk enveloped us in its gray, mongrel shadow when we began to sink. The horse listed, sank, came up, and sank again. Once more she reached the surface, but her head and neck remained submerged. She rolled over on her side languidly. Luckily we struck a sand bar, where she revived. I jerked her nose to the surface with the reins and cheered her. Then for the first time did I realize how far out we were.

II

I was twelve when I climbed aboard a Swedish schooner that was ready to leave the harbor. I crawled in hiding

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under the windlass. But it was dark before the sailors heaved the ship's hawser and hoisted the gangplank aboard. We passed the colored lights in the mouth of the harbor, and the water became rougher. The schooner plunged northward through the sea. And before we were out in Cattegat an hour the waves washed over the deck, soaking my clothes and chilling my skin.

In front of the forecastle lay the chain hole. I stole down the stairs. There, at least, the sea did not wash over me. While I sat freezing on the rusty pile of iron links my teeth chattered in my head, and the roar of the breakers and the creaking of the ship's hull grew loud. The schooner rolled through the sea, tumbling down the steep slopes to find herself the next moment thrown up on another mountain peak. And the lumber cargo shifted to starboard and gave the schooner a pugnacious tilt. The starboard shoulder rammed against the sea doggedly.

When all hands were ordered on deck I crept out of the chain hole and groped my way to the forecastle. How I wished to creep into a bunk and cuddle up beneath a warm blanket! But I actually feared that the sailors might throw me overboard if they found me there. A tin cup fell from a shelf and rolled back and forth on the floor. It frightened me. And I seized a pair of woolen underdrawers and ran to the chain hole. I stuck my feet into them and pulled them over my shoulders, and tied the waistband around my neck. My hands and arms were imprisoned. I lay down, bumping my head against the iron links, and wished that I were home.

I was awakened by a streak of lantern light shining in my face. Two sailors, hidden in oilskin suits, leaned over me. They were frightened, and stared, one behind the other, afraid to advance and ashamed to retreat. Finally they took courage and hauled me out of my hiding place and aft to the captain's cabin under the poop. There they left me, eyeing myself in a mirror. What a sight I made in the sailor's underwear!

The captain entered and gave a jovial grunt that shook his body. He took me over to his ship's chest, where he bent down and pulled out socks and underwear and a blue broadcloth suit. He stripped me of all my clothes and made me put on his own. I disappeared entirely in his pants. He folded them to the knee. The upper end he fastened with safety pins over my shoulders. The coat dragged on the floor.

Outside, the storm raged many days and nights. During the day I sat in the cabin looking at the sea through the porthole. At night I slept on a couch. Once when I awoke, the captain, in his oilskin suit, was bending over me. He patted my cheek and went away, chuckling. Then I felt a lump in my throat.

One glorious sight I remember on this trip. The schooner was bound for Iceland. Winds and tides led her astray, so that every hour she advanced a knot she backslid one half. On the edge of the horizon the evil gleam of an iceberg appeared and vanished. The first day the tiny speck rocked and toppled off, climbed and retreated, and at night died out. But at sunrise the speck appeared again and throughout another day of frosty clearness threw a steel glint toward me, a glint hard and unfriendly, which throughout a third, fourth, fifth, and sixth day prodded my eyes, and each night died a scintillating death, like the sun before a total eclipse. Then, in the pitch of night, the iceberg took a leap, wild and sudden, and turned into a monster with horns that rived the clouds of heaven, and a bilging

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body that ploughed the depth a hundred fathoms down.

Two months later the captain put me ashore in Frederikshavn again.

III

The sea was calling. But my parents were against my being a sailor. My father had become a telephone worker, and was erecting poles and stringing a steel wire between the rescue stations along the dunes. He was home but once a month. My mother was still a washerwoman, and remained so until her eighth child was born. How strong and tireless they were, those two toilers! Their energy was my rich heritage. He was a quiet, practical man, sinewy and with an aristocratic face. She was of a more poetic nature, with a sound sense of humor but an unsound temper.

The children are all alive. My older brother was the image of father and I of mother. His twin sister had our grandmother's meekness. My younger brother came to possess mother's imagination and father's practical patience. My younger sister had all of mother's faults and virtues, like myself. The sixth child was a girl with golden curls and blue, dreamy eyes and a delicately chiseled face. She loved to dream the hours away in the front window and listen to an old soldier grinding his street organ. The seventh and the eighth child were boys. They were born after I ran away for good. The younger I saw the other day for the first time — a tall sailor lad of eighteen, on shore leave. He resembles mother, except that he has none of her temper and seems looser knit.

After my return from the Swedish schooner I worked in a tobacco shop, where I stripped leaves, crushed the stalks into snuff, and dipped chewing tobacco in black juices. Once the boss whipped me with ropes of raw chewing tobacco. I had stolen the licorice sticks that should have gone into the pot of dipping juice. And often, when I failed to separate a leaf from its stalk without tearing it, he would slap my fingers with the wooden trowel with which he rolled the chewing tobacco.

The smell of the shop reminded me of sailors and forecastles. One afternoon the shop burned to the ground. The kerosene lamps had just been lighted when one fell to the ground and exploded. In a moment the room was a blazing flame; the dry tobacco leaves and the baskets, burning like paper, blocked our escape to the staircase. The boss ran about among the children with the trowel in his hand, shouting, 'Jump through the windows!' I made a leap through a window and fell on the stone pavement below. For a moment I lay dazed. But something hard hit me in the neck, and the boss's trowel rolled down in front of me. And the whack aroused me before the roof came crashing. I caught the trowel and crawled away. The trowel was all that was saved.

I found a job at an upholsterer's shop, where I stuffed seaweed into mattress covers. I worked among several men, who varnished and shellacked the woodwork of beds and bed springs, or sewed and tacked leather covers on sofas. Often these men were drunk. When they had money, I was on the run after Akvavit. They taught me to make booze by dropping a pinch of salt into the shellac and shaking the solution. The shellac would precipitate in lumps on the bottom while a quantity of clear alcohol floated on top. This they drank. Many an afternoon I shook shellac. And when a wandering journeyman visited the shop I was especially busy. The quicker I got him drunk and asleep in the seaweed, the better for me. For it was harder work

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to shake a pot of shellac than to stuff seaweed into mattress covers. And the ocean was in the seaweed.

At fourteen I started to help my father on the west coast of Jutland, where the sea of Skagerrack never ceased to roar. From the northern tip of Skagen, and as far south as the German border, we erected poles and strung steel wires. The dunes were covered with imported cactus that held down the sand, which otherwise would have destroyed the inland soil. The richer dairy farms farther south lay tilting so close to the bluffs that the sea ate its way underneath, foot by foot, and at every storm took a slice off. The peasants were forever moving their barns and huts.

Into granite castles owned by the Danish nobility, over moats and remains of drawbridges, we strung a wire; and into coöperative dairies with tall chimneys and large centrifuges; and into lighthouses with steam engines and dynamos and blinding beacon mirrors; and into the inns of every fishing village, where the market trade and the local bartering took place; and into every bathing resort, where the wealthy *Københavnerinde* idled away her summers; and into the rescue stations high on the dunes, where the lone coast patrol kept vigil day and night. The ancient and the modern we united with a tiny steel wire — my father and I.

With steel spurs on my ankles I climbed the pole and strapped myself to the top, while I fastened the wire tight on the glass insulator. But the sea was calling. Children in the yellow mail coach would wave a handkerchief. The fisher lass on her way to meet her father would wave her hand. The bather swimming in the surf would swing a brown, bejeweled arm. The daughter of a nobleman from one of the castles would smile as she passed by on her horse. And my young eyes were open to these greetings. My heartbeat would quicken. My temples would throb. Yet a sail at sea would stir my heart more. And the toot of a distant steamer, greeting me when I swung my cap, still more. And the entrancing beauty of the sea most of all.

IV

During the mackerel season I hired out in Bette-Fanden's cutter. Late at night we put to sea, Bette-Fanden and I, sailing north under a breeze that blew the sharp sea smell into my nostrils. We passed close under Rocky Dike and shied seaward into deeper water, where we uncoiled the nets and fastened them between a pair of hawsers, dropping these foot by foot into the sea. The one hawser, buoyed up by corks, and the other, drawn down by lead, spread the nets into a long, steep wall.

We waited for hours before we hauled the nets aboard. The silence of night was broken by the splash of mackerel upon the surface, by the cutter, creaking under the weight of fish, and by the distant shoal waters. Bette-Fanden feared the reef and leaped up at the faintest noise. He hauled the hawsers aboard and coiled them up, while I freed the fish that were caught by their gill slits in the meshes of the nets, and dropped them in the bottom of the cutter. The nets were like bundles of silk, dyed in gorgeous tints and hues. The glazed eyes of the mackerel glowed like heaps of pearls. Their scales glittered like diamonds.

During dark nights and during moonlit nights, while we waited to heave the nets aboard, the sea was like a magic crystal that reflected not only those concrete events of my childhood that were verified by reason, but also those obscure and hidden ones that could be recognized only by the

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tuning fork of my feelings. There was one sea, but there were nine varieties of tides and winds to change the sea. And each of these I hooked up fantastically with persons of previous years. The sea — or perhaps it was my adolescent yearnings — produced them in vivid illusions: Hedvig, Karla, the wealthy grocer's daughter, the sailor girls on the water front, the deaconess of the Mission Church, my aunts, my sisters, my only woman teacher, and my mother.

The sea was like a dead child when neither tides nor winds stirred. And its foam vanished like tears of girlhood when the breezes blew the surf seaward. When a storm chased the surges into the bowlders' arms, they laughed and wept in their first love. And when the gales raced the tides from the gray clouds beyond, the breakers hoydened over the bowlders, sottishly, like harlots on the ships in the harbor. The ebb tides salvaged the waves from the coast like nuns withdrawing from mundane soil. The tidal waves kedged themselves shoreward like brides eager to settle down. And when the winds and the ebb tides scudded away together, the billows, like giddy flappers, shook their heads at love. A shoreward squall and an ebb tide would ram each other in a tilting match, till, spinsterlike, the sea would preen its own heart and hutch its desires beneath virgin wrinkles. And the storms would tug at the tidal waves, and the womb of the swell would burst, and broods of thirsty ripples would suckle the breast of the sea.

V

At the age of sixteen I began to live on the high sea. In the forecastle of various tramp steamers I lived — in a small room with two portholes on the hull side, eight narrow bunks spiked on to three of the walls, and a shelf on the fourth wall for tin dishes. There was no room for chairs or benches on the floor, or for any clothes on the walls. Whatever I possessed I kept in my bunk. At dawn a sunbeam stole through the porthole; shadows moved on the walls and scattered on the floor; billows were beating against the hull; bells for watches rang like far-off church bells; the steam whistle, greeting another sea tramp, sounded like distant bugle calls. At night I lay awake, gazing down into the magic depth. The edge of the bow was cleaving through the smooth surface, churning the sea foam into sizzling oil. The starry sky twinkled above; pitch darkness ahead.

And the sea was the same as at home, except that there were not nine but ninety-nine varieties of tides and winds to change it. During a storm the steamer would dip its nose deep in the water, growl, and shake off the waves. And when the anger of the elements grew the steamer would dive down through the swell, leaving its propellers whirring high in the air, while the old steel hull rattled from stern to bow. Sometimes the waves would be like sea birds clashing against the steamer, shaking their wings over the intruder; sometimes like a flock of panting pointers, leaping over a hedge; sometimes like a pine forest in a snowstorm. And sometimes the steamer would leap through the breakers like the narrow-gauge train through the sand dunes at home, trailing clouds of white behind.

I toiled within the steep walls of the stokehold. Through the iron grates thirty feet above I caught a glimpse of the blue sky. The coal crawled out of a chute at each side like an army of black snails. The four boilers stood facing me like a wild, four-headed beast, with four red mouths swallowing the food I shoveled into them. The

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coal scraped against the walls as it rolled down the chute. The engine pounded behind the boilers and shook the hull. I inhaled the fumes of burnt oil, and furnace odor, coal dust, and smoke, but very little sea air. And I worked like mad down in the stokehold, raking, slicing, cleaning, feeding the hungry demon. My heart throbbed like the engine. The blood pounded in my temples, ready, I thought, to spurt out of my head.

The stokehold is the hottest place on earth. It was too cramped down there to swing a shovel. The four-mouthed monster blew its breath upon my naked body and dried the sweat that left my pores. The steam was dropping. Each pound that the pointer of the steam gauge sank was like red-hot irons thrust through my eyes. The slag fell in glittering masses as I raked it out of the furnaces. It fell on the iron floor and threw a stench into my nostrils, and singed my body, and blinded my eyes.

I liked my comrades at sea sincerely, though their outward appearance was weak and hideous, their thoughts were gross and, on the whole, childish, and their desires were two — whiskey and brothels. Ashore they were looked upon with disgust; yet, society seldom reaches the core of a stoker's nature. Many a diamond is hidden under a layer of dirt. They had developed a fair degree of artistic skill. They made pencil sketches of ships and harbors; they were musical and could play several instruments; they could orate sagas and folklore and many a Bible chapter by heart; they wrote versified love letters to the girls they left behind; they made full-rigged sailing vessels within frail medicine bottles, modeled putty into cyclonic billows, and painted with a delicate touch and patience the white froth and the greenish hue of the sea.

They took a soap bath and washed their clothes after each watch in the stokehold. It was disgraceful to turn in before washing up. And if a stoker suffered with stoker cramps and his fingers were unable to hold the sweat rag, his mate gave him the rub. Yet, despite their abhorrence of stale sweat and coal dust, there existed conditions aboard many times worse than the dirt from the stokehold. And nothing but a miracle quarantined me from the common diseases of the stokers. Daily my comrades doctored on each other with quacks and kerosene, green jelly soap and sea water.

How different they were from the healthy fishermen and the old-time sailors at home! Yet, when first I saw the naked stokers drive forward the steel monster, shoveling food into its greedy mouths while it spat coal dust and ashes and bituminous smoke into their syphilis sores, I wondered whether these wounded, modern heroes were not after all the stronger. Their bloodshot eyes and pain-drawn faces made me love them. Their swarthy bodies, with which they worked so hard to raise the pressure in the boilers, made me honor them. In their sleep they dreamed of the steel beast, roaring for more fuel. Often they had stoker cramp, often they fainted, always they worked till they dropped. Once, when I carried a fallen partner up on deck, I saw the expression I had seen in a painting of the crucified Christ.

Once a half-witted bully got aboard. The 'Stoker Ghost,' we called him. He did not get along with the crew, for besides being lazy he stole our tobacco, and ate the scrapings of our pipes, and chewed up the raw tea in the forecastle. And he stole my porthole bunk. Once he forced me to bleed an artery in his arm.

One day he refused to go on watch — and this is the unpardonable sin among seafaring men. He strolled on deck

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long after the bell rang. The Chief came forward. And the Stoker Ghost opened his pocketknife. 'I would n't work for such a kid as you,' he said. The Chief was small and slim, and looked as though he was unable to lift a coal shovel. I saw him jump up like a cat whose tail had been stepped upon, strike his gold-braided cap off his head, and for a moment stand with his eyes focused on the stoker. With the passion of a tiger the little Chief leaped, hitting with the momentum of his body the crown of his own head against the big face of his antagonist — in the manner of a Copenhagen Apache (*en københavnsk Bølle*). The blow was so forceful that the Stoker Ghost dropped.

The Chief circled around him in quick leaps, beating him with a piece of hose on face and arms and legs until his limbs were streaked with blood blisters like tattoo marks on a cannibal. 'Lazy pirate! I'll whip your bloody carcass into jelly!' The Stoker Ghost did not utter a word; not a groan came from his lips. And the Chief kept on lashing him until he was beaten senseless. Then we were ordered to give him a wash and throw him into his bunk. And from that day he was broken. His cheeks grew hollow, his eyes sank into his head, and his muscles dwindled away. He could hardly drag himself down into the stokehold. And he began to eat iron, filing it to powder from an iron bar and gulping it down with water. He ate but little food, and no longer took his stroll on deck between watches. He would lie in my bunk, gazing through the porthole at the flying fish skimming above the water.

One morning after his watch he moaned horribly. In the afternoon he became delirious. His body shook violently, and he tore the hair off his chest and scratched the hullside with his hard finger nails. We stood in the doorway, staring. 'His face is turning black,' one whispered. I took a drink of water to the sick man, spilling most of it on his throat. One dipped a sweat rag in vinegar and bathed his face. One fanned him with a piece of cardboard. One found a stray pair of overalls, rolled them into a pillow, and stuck them under his head. One poured a pinch of snuff into his nostrils. One dropped a Bible into the bunk. And the officers also tried to relieve him. His raucous breathing grated on my ears. I took his watch in the stokehold.

In the morning, as the sun rose over the horizon, he died. We carried him up on deck, washed him, and wrapped him in canvas. And we tied a hunk of coal to his feet, the largest hunk we could find. The Chief stopped the engine. The steamer rocked on the ocean, respectfully, like an old woman in church. Silence reigned supreme. I, being the youngest of the Stoker Ghost's colleagues, and, according to the captain, 'the least polluted,' read the Lord's Prayer. Then we slid his body overboard. A shoal of flying fish flew over his grave. A little foam and a few murmuring bubbles — then the steamer put on full speed again.

VI

Whenever the steamer reached its goal and the engine stood dripping with oil, hot and sweating, a sombre, churchlike silence that made us whisper hovered over the stokehold and engine room. The wind and the sea had suddenly ceased to sing; the propellers had stopped spinning; the thick steel paws of the engine had quit their trampling; and the stuffed hull of the steamer no longer groaned. The struggle of human brawn against coal and fire, steam and iron, and the struggle of these against the sea and against the winds and the tides, had ended. There was a blessed

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breathing pause, a Sabbath rest, a truce, in the harbor.

Already before the anchor dropped, or before the steamer was moored, a flush of excitement reigned in the forecastle. We were getting ready for shore leave, shaking roaches out of our holiday suits, sponging off white mould spots, pressing our trousers — not with an iron, but by rolling them into a bundle and sitting on them.

If the steamer stole into harbor at early dawn, the shore leave was postponed until the engine had been groomed, and the bilges under the floor had been drained from waste oils, and the grease had been scraped off the circular staircase, and the five hundred condenser pipes and seven hundred boiler pipes had been cleaned out with long bars and brass brushes, and the cylinders and babbitt bearings and centrifugal regulator, and all the other vital organs, had been examined. We dug salt and soot out of the boilers and grease out of the bilges, and we loafed in the cool, tomblike tunnel where the propeller shaft stretched its sluggish segments from midships to the stern. We killed the day. And a childish impatience put a glow in our eyes.

In the harbor we ate twice as often as at sea — bread and coffee before seven, ham and eggs at eight, soup and steak at noon, bread and coffee at three, ham and eggs at six. Neither tough salt meat nor mouldy hardtacks, as at sea! And at every meal the peddlers were waiting for us on deck — Algerian Arabs, Alexandrian Turks, Brazilian hybrids, tattoo artists, peddlers of lascivious photographs, silk-sellers, venders of fruit, soap, and tobacco, pimps, runners, tramp sailors, sailor missionaries, and an occasional Dane who had settled down on foreign soil and who longed for a chat in his mother tongue.

When finally the engine stood sleek and shining in its stall, there was a wild scramble for the boiler passage to the stokehold, to be first at the faucet, and then to the forecastle for a shave. A sleeve of a coat or a shirt was to be patched, a rubber collar to be scrubbed, a few unruly locks of hair to be cut. A hurried bite of supper, a dash to the Chief for money, and a rush to the dory or gangplank. Late at night my comrades returned, tumbling down the forecastle stairs, crazed by whiskey and women. They would quarrel, they would weep, they would wrestle, they would draw their knives and fight in the pitch-black darkness. A paralyzing fear would possess me as I lay in my bunk listening. In the morning I would find them on the floor in contorted heaps, with a few harmless gashes on their arms.

Once at Gibraltar I rowed ashore alone. How good it was to walk on the ground again! I could have kissed the stones I trod. Darkness set in suddenly. The streets were crowded with Spaniards, young men and smiling girls. Ragged children blocked my way, begging money and offering to show me the city. 'Me show you nice bullfight.' Bullfight! I had seen the butcher at home kill horses, bulls, cows, and hogs, until such sport no longer amused me. And had I wanted to see a fight I should have stayed aboard among my drunken mates. 'Me show you nice singing girls.' I felt indisposed to music. During the last month we had played harmonica, accordion, flute, ocarina, horn, and violin. 'Me show you nice place where sailor was robbed and killed.'

A quiet place was what I longed for. I threw the last child a shilling, and the crowd fought to pull and push me through a street and up a path that was cut in the granite along the slope of the Gibraltar Rock. I sat down and looked out over the harbor. Hundreds of colored lights rocked on the anchored

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ships. The Milky Way was like rolling steam from a locomotive. The faithful Polaris twinkled in the clear Mediterranean night. The sky was sapphire-blue and looked as soft as sealskin. The wake of the full moon gleamed upon the water clear across to Morocco. Searchlights from the French warship at Ceuta and from the English fort above me flashed in the night sky. The searchlights looked like swords in the hands of dueling giants, the rays of light crossing the heavens and darting at each other with dazzling speed.

Guitar and mandolin music reached me from the sailor resorts below. A sailor on a ship was singing, 'Goodbye, My Bluebell,' but his voice was drowned by a boy singing a Spanish serenade. How good it was to lie stretched on the solid rock and watch the panorama of the harbor and the Strait of Gibraltar, and to hear the voice of the city!

On a bleak Christmas Eve — my first away from home — I stole into a church in Marseilles near the water front, where a white-haired Protestant minister led me up to the Christmas tree. His daughter served me coffee and cake. And she gave me a smile which warmed my heart. And she gave me a pair of mittens which she herself had knitted — 'to warm my hands at sea.' But a stoker needs no woolen mittens to warm his hands at sea. I put them away in my sailor bag. And ten years later they warmed my hands on the Minnesota University campus — warmed my hands and my heart.

One Sunday morning I wandered through a Sicilian village, up the slopes of a sulphur mountain, where the bluest sky and reddest sun, the greenest water and yellowest fields in all the world thrilled me, and where olive-skinned children with pretty eyes and teeth and soft voices danced around me — the same children who on the previous day, aboard my ship, were dumping baskets of sulphur dust into the hatches.

Once my ship left me sick in Port Antonio, Jamaica, among a hundred Hindu coolies. These slender, rib-boned men and their childwives had caught the 'fever' during their passage from the East Indies. And when at night the wailing of these loin-girdled people grew too loud for my nerves I would wade through my ward, where they lay on the floor, and bribe the Negro nurse at the door and the Negro attendant in the hallway. Then I would steal out of the hospital and drag myself down to the rocky coast in front of the fort, and lie cooling myself in the Caribbean Sea, not so very many miles north of Robinson Crusoe's island. My fingers would cling to a rock that jutted out of the surf, while my burning body tossed and rocked in the soft cradle.

I was drunk with fever and saw visions. The dome of heaven quavered and the stars fell like showers of glowing meteors. My fingers stroked the soft, sensuous blackness around me, and my lips pursed and puckered at the pitch of night. I shuddered at the primitive, almost violent urge of the night to draw me into a night of greater darkness. The murmurs of the surf weighed my young spirit down, like the gloom of death. And I climbed out of the water and up on the rocks to dress.

I wandered inland over the hills, into the banana and coconut groves of the Negro planters. Through a path in the tropical thicket I stumbled, over stumps and roots, while a black network of shadows threatened to ensnare me. Underbrush of cactus tore my hospital shirt. And the sound of the renting fabric magnified a thousand tears of the tissue of my heart, where two opposing feelings, love of life and fear of death, tore at each other. I pressed my cheeks

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hungrily against the darkness, and also my pulsating throat. I leaned against the night, stunned by its beauty. I wept and threw my arms around the darkness. Then, drunk with fever and drunk with the desire of life, and almost in a coma, I stumbled back to the hospital and fell into the arms of my Negro nurse.

VII

At the time I left my home for the sea I was a lad of sixteen, with wild eyes, a grotesque nose, protruding brow, and a wilderness of hair covering my ears. My eyes, nose, and brow were out of symmetry with the rest of my face, and this made me look manly yet childish, savage yet civilized, with the highbrow and lowbrow forever struggling for mastery.

When I put foot ashore in my home harbor after two years of sailing, my glorious childhood had ended. I was eighteen, and a man. The mark of the beast was on my brow. But so was the mark of the bard and the sage. Dual desires divided my heart into a sensuous delight for the sights of nature and a reverent awe for applied mechanics. And the two desires were equally strong.

My point of view was purely objective. I had outlook, and no insight. As yet only one world existed for me — the outside one. And I watched that world with an attitude, not hungry for possession, but æsthetic and intellectual. For neither my stomach nor my glands were ravenous in their demands. My eyes, however, were, and in two different directions — toward the beautiful disharmonies of nature and toward the ugly harmonies of modern machinery. Both dazzled me. Both drew me. Both divided my heart.

The old viking spirit drove me over the seas to skim the surface of nature — a warm, romantic rover. The new scientific spirit drew me down into the heart of nature to watch its hidden forces — a cool, realistic adventurer. Both of these, the old and the new, focused my eyes on America, the land of Columbus, Leif Ericsson, Indians, and romance, which I read about at sea; and the land of skyscrapers, bridges, air railroads, and realism, which I had seen on my shore leaves.

I came home to bid my parents and siblings and relatives farewell. A week later I walked into a steamship office in Copenhagen, sailor bag on shoulder and cap in hand, asking for a job across. How well I remember that morning! A hunchbacked clerk chased me into the street, where Prince Kristian came riding alone. The sight of the young, handsome Prince gave me a sudden warmth in my heart. I swung my cap in greeting. He smiled, and saluted, and three times nodded his head. To this day no one has ever saluted me save the present King of Denmark.

During the next fortnight I made a daily visit to the hunchbacked clerk; and each day he chased me into the street. Finally an older clerk, with a skipper face, remarked: 'Why the hell don't you sign him up and get rid of him?' And he did. He wrote with his left hand, I remember. I have before me my old seaman's book, where he wrote my pedigree, and, under 'marks of identification,' 'A tattooing of an American and a Danish flag on right arm' — a red and blue design prodded into my white skin by a Baltimore Jew on my seventeenth birthday.

I boarded the liner the day before its departure, and the next morning, when the emigrants began to swarm on the dock, promenaded on deck in my new sailor uniform. From a passenger boat running between Russia and Copenhagen came a Levantine procession: old patriarchs, bright Jewesses, children

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leaping like lambs. Danish peasants and city people began to arrive. Up the gangplank they climbed in homespun clothes: mature men and women, husky boys with down on their chins, and young, flaxen-haired maidens.

Longshoremen were rolling trunks to the steam hoist, whence every minute a load leaped aboard like a giant grasshopper. For hours I hid among the passengers, watching the crowd below that was seeing the liner off.

At noon the Hellig-Olav started on her voyage. The people on the wharf followed along, cheering and waving their hands. The liner put on full speed and was soon in the middle of the sound. In the background I had a last glimpse of Our Lady's Church — Admiral Nelson's best target a century before, when temporary rafts floated out to fight his stately ships. On the starboard Sweden's rocky coast rose out of the water like dark clouds. On the larboard Seeland's fertile fields waved me a last farewell. The sight of a beech forest moistened my eyes. 'Thou grove of Danish beeches' (*Du danske Bøgeskov*) rang softly out over the sound. We passed close under Kronborg Castle at Elsinore, the home of the 'melancholy Dane' and of the Ghost, Holger Danske. That was the last I saw of my old country.

(*In December Mr. Jensen describes his first years in America*)

THIEVES OF TIME

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

WHEN 'honest' Iago, in a transport of virtuous indignation, assures the simple-minded Othello that the stealing of his (Iago's) purse is a trifle, but that the stealing of his reputation is a heavy wrong, he shows some insight into varieties of theft. The plain professional, who used to be called a pickpocket or a footpad, — low, common terms, both of them, — but who is now respectfully alluded to as a bandit, is honest in so far that he makes no pretense to honesty. He is amenable to the law, if the law can lay hold of him; he is liable to a term in jail, if sentimentalists do not secure his premature release. But a man who takes the simplest precautions can safely steal his neighbor's reputation, and a man can steal his neighbor's time without taking any precautions whatever. In this form of filching he has the acquiescence of his conscience and of the world.

Time, we are told, is money. It is not always so transmutable as one could wish; but it is a necessary ingredient in the making up of an income. We use the precious hours to earn our bread, and keep ourselves decently and reputably from the almshouse. No one should be more ready to snatch at these hours, or at the work which is done in them, than to snatch at the money which is their fee. Yet God-fearing persons who would shrink

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shamefaced from the one form of pillage justify the other. Time is intangible. It has no standing under the law, and no sanctity in the minds of men.

A year or two before the war I met in Ischl a Prussian artist of some renown. He was agreeable and friendly, and I ventured to ask him for two addresses I wanted in Berlin, prefacing my request with the customary formula, 'Will you do me a favor?' To which he replied in feverish haste: 'With pleasure, if you do not ask me for a sketch.'

This was so unexpected that I gasped. He had the air of a man prepared for desperate resistance. When I recovered my breath I murmured that I wanted nothing more valuable than two addresses which I thought he could give me, and I added: 'Is it possible that people who know you no better than I do are in the habit of asking you for sketches?'

He looked a little abashed — I must acknowledge that; but he also looked more than a little relieved. 'I give you my word,' he said, 'that people who do not know me so well as you do ask me for them all the time. A lady proposed yesterday that I should, by way of pastime, make a drawing of her little daughter. I am afraid to speak to a child in the hotel for fear of being begged to paint it.'

Germans are of tougher fibre than the rest of us. They are not lightly restrained from seeking what they want. But most of the holiday crowd at Ischl were Austrians. Certainly neither Germans nor Austrians would have asked casual acquaintances for the money value of that artist's sketches. But they did not hesitate to ask for the sketches themselves, which represented the artist's time and toil and talent. By the same token, neither English nor Americans would ask an author for the money value of his books; but they ask for the books themselves as if he had published them to give away. I once suggested to the librarian of a perfectly well-to-do club, who had signified his readiness to accept as many volumes as I would send him, that I had hoped my books might be a source of income rather than an additional expenditure. He made no reply, and I am sure this original point of view had never occurred to him before.

II

There are three classes of highly specialized mendicants who prey upon defenseless authors. The first seeks copy; the second, speeches; the third, opinions or personal gossip. For the first class I have the most respect. Its members are running periodicals which the world could do without, and does, in fact, do without so determinedly that they have no money with which to pay contributors. As conveyors of literature these periodicals are negligible; as business propositions they are nowhere. What recommends them to the harassed author is their candor, the robust simplicity of their demands. Their editors say, 'We want something for which we cannot pay. Will you give it to us for nothing?' The author, who has a sense of fellowship with poverty, very often forgoes a portion of his daily bread and sends the copy. If he rebels, it is because he is too heavily or hardily patronized. I was once asked to do a troublesome — and unpaid — piece of work for a local guidebook. The editor, by way of emphasizing my good fortune, informed me he had compiled a list of the places he wished written up, and all I should have to do would be 'to sit at home and weave the story, making it delightful with touches of incident.' He seemed to think this was a rare opportunity for enjoyment. He was apparently unaware

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that to sit at home and weave a word-fabric of some sort was the monotonous record of my daily life.

The people who ask me to make addresses to high schools, normal schools, business schools (the infant schools have so far manifested no thirst for my brand of information), art schools, summer schools, and schools for the teaching of things whose very names are unfamiliar to me, are not troubled by diffidence or doubt. The 'warm welcome' they assure me is, in their eyes, an ample compensation for time, trouble, and fatigue. A journey of ninety miles in midwinter or midsummer should be but an additional incentive. The students, they explain, are 'keenly intelligent,' they are doing 'important work,' they are prepared to give me 'appreciative attention.' Men and women of distinction have accepted invitations to speak or read to them. They are particularly anxious to 'entertain' — they call it entertaining — authors and artists. It is all so true, it is all so reasonable, but it is all so oft-repeated. If there were but one school in the country, in the state, in the town. 'If,' as Charles Lamb remarks, 'children were young phœnixes!'

The most frequent and the most imperious demands upon my time come from correspondents who ask questions. There is nothing they do not want to know, and — what is far more amazing — there is nothing they think I cannot and will not tell them. No ignorance on my part is understood, no reticence respected. A young man asks me for advice on the 'fundamentals of novel-writing' — a query which might have staggered Thackeray. An older man asks my confidential views on 'the durable satisfactions of life.' 'What,' he writes, 'have been in your own life the experiences of real value, the things essential and elemental — in other words, the *sine qua non?*'

Is anyone prepared to impart information of this kind to strangers? Is anyone else desirous to read it when imparted? Who can disentangle the experiences of real value from the crowded recollections of a lifetime? And what passionate egotism would prompt their revelation? A lady who is writing a series of articles on children sends me a list of fourteen questions to be answered 'in full.' She wants to know whether or not I told the truth and obeyed my parents when I was a little girl. Did I enjoy the multiplication tables? ('Enjoy' seems a curious word to use in this connection.) How old was I when I began to believe that the world was round, and what convinced me? Was I afraid of the dark? Did I have any impulse to commit suicide when I was not yet sixteen? If I had, why did I not act on it?

Why, indeed! Who knows, or has ever known, the heart of a child? He walks secure in his own kingdom, and it is well for him that no adult crosses the border. Mothers sometimes think they dwell there with him. Fathers know perfectly well they do not. Teachers spy with the friendliest purpose over the walls. Adults of various sorts ask and answer arid questions, groping back into the lost land of childhood, and finding nothing there but the ghosts of the children they once were. Suppose I anwered truly about my budding, blundering lies. The child who uttered them has gone. Suppose I wrote with Lamb's sensitive pen about my nightly tremors. Who knows the child, Charles Lamb? We glimpse him for a moment in 'Witches and Other Night Fears'; but the writer of that paper, in love with a fantastic theme, and overlaying it with delicate conceits, wandered far away from the little

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frightened English boy who was the corner stone of the structure.

The editor of a thriving periodical who requests me to answer thirteen questions, all leading up to one supreme and soul-searching question, 'How Much Money Does an American Want?' is to be pardoned, because he thinks (and the thought is a flattering one) that I know something about the subject. I am to begin by telling him how rich or how poor I was in childhood, how much money I aspired to make in youth, and now much in maturity. I am then to say whether or not my friends are saving money (a point on which I am lamentably ignorant), and what type of family I consider happiest. Finally, with a whole-hearted abandonment of reserve, I am to reveal the living American who approaches most closely to my ideal. This question was asked, I am told, at a public luncheon, and a few of the names proposed are offered me as an index of popular opinion. They are not helpful. I do not know how far such men court, or how far they avoid, publicity; but I can imagine nothing more appalling to a man of distinction and humor than to be informed in print that he is the ideal of sundry unknown citizens whom it has not been his purpose in life to edify.

People who have papers to write, and who think these papers would be more interesting if I wrote them, form a class apart. A student whose chosen theme is 'Woman's Field in Journalism' asks my views on a list of American women journalists, on the relative value of their work and the work of women journalists in England, on the relative value of their work and the work of men journalists at home, on the points of resemblance or of difference in the work of men and women journalists the world over, and finally on the usefulness of schools of journalism in American colleges, and the place they should occupy in the curriculum.

It is a large order, and not easily filled by a woman who has never been a journalist, never been a feminist, and never gone to college. But, on the whole, there is less difficulty in proffering opinions when one is entirely ignorant — and consequently unprejudiced — than in speaking with propriety and accuracy about one's daily toil. I cannot conceive anyone paying any attention to my views (presuming I had views) on schools of journalism; but when I am asked to expound to a class of college students my habits of thought, my methods of work, the influences derived from favorite authors, the funded experience of a lifetime largely spent in the secret companionship of books, I have an extraordinary reluctance to comply. It is not only that I lack the time to instruct students whom it is not my business to instruct; but that it is outside the possibilities of my nature to expose my mental processes to their consideration. As for submitting to them examples of what I consider my best work, with my reasons for considering it best, I could as easily vivisect myself for the benefit of a class in anatomy.

Yet even the correspondents who represent themselves as doing 'research work,' whose postage and stationery are paid for by a 'Fund,' and who send me portentous printed forms to be filled up in the interests of education, ask the same intimate and useless questions. They would like to know, not only what I think of other people's essays, but what I think of my own. Even the correspondents who are conducting 'symposiums' find it desirable that I should be 'frank,' which means confidential, in my disclosures. Even the correspondent who is a graphologist, and who merely desires

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to read my character in my handwriting, is not content with a few lines of copy. He sends a list of questions which I am expected to answer. Who is my favorite author? Who are my favorite 'movie stars'? What is my favorite medium-priced automobile? Even the correspondents who desire my autograph, to which they are always welcome, are now beginning to intimate that they would like a 'personal letter,' a 'message,' a few words that will be 'fresh and tonic,' a line or two about my 'life and work,' to which they are not welcome at all.

The 'personal touch' fallacy has become an unmitigated nuisance. An artist expresses himself in his pictures, a poet in his poems, a novelist in his novels. These are the things they have to give — or to sell — the world. The rest of themselves belongs to themselves. It is not public property at all. But the public, which is healthily indifferent to the pictures and the poems, — and sometimes to the novels, — wants to know all about the producers. Their favorite cereal or cigarette is a matter of lively interest. Their infant transgressions are regarded as prophetic. Their proneness to colds may afford a clue to the not very mysterious actions of their lives.

Even school children evince this fearful curiosity, and take bold steps to gratify it. They write, and they write very often, to say that they are including my name in a theme on American essayists, and that they cannot find out anything about me. One child artlessly adds, 'I have nothing to go by but your books'; and these she plainly considers alien to the subject. Another, who asks for a signed photograph, says that her teacher has bidden her keep a scrapbook, and that she is taking this means of filling it. A third, — a high-school student, — who also asks for a photograph, and with it some 'interesting information' about myself, explains that her class 'is studying magazines,' a course so comprehensive that it cannot leave much time for anything else. Except 'the whole circle of the sciences,' which a little English girl told Hannah More she was engaged in mastering, I can think of no such diversified field of instruction as the American magazine.

III

It is strange that Alice Brown, when she undertook the defense of the anonymous letter, which has had few defenders, should have ignored its one supreme and shining merit. It cannot be answered. It need not be read unless the recipient so desires; but the burden of replying to it is lifted peremptorily from his shoulders. The anonymous letter writer never wants to know what is my choice for a state flower; or if I have consciously increased my working vocabulary, or if I think Walt Whitman's popularity is on the wane, or whether I consider longhand writing, or typing, or dictating 'best suited to literary production.' The anonymous letter writer is happily indifferent to my experiences with the franchise, and he forbears to ask me if I consider that politics have been purified by the entrance of women into the field — a ticklish question which calls for a more courageous pen than mine to answer. It has even happened that letters full of spirit and understanding, of gayety and good feeling, have been written to me anonymously, and that books which I am well pleased to possess have been sent to me by anonymous donors. These benefactions have a peculiar charm. They have fallen from the skies into my lap, and the heavens ask for no acknowledgment.

Major Beith (Ian Hay), lecturing on authorship, which he has found

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pleasant and profitable, ranks among its gains the correspondence of unknown, and presumably admiring, readers. This is in accord with his happy and humorous outlook upon life. He is that *rara avis*, a British soldier and author who does not proclaim himself 'disillusioned,' and the world is naturally grateful for his forbearance. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who did not lack confidence in herself, went so far as to solicit correspondence concerning *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and she got it by the wagonload. Thackeray, who was content to receive letters, though disinclined to answer them, discovered, after the publication of *Lovel the Widower*, that ladies of the ballet, whom he had never supposed to be among his readers, were exceedingly indignant at the slights he had cast upon their profession. They gave him to understand in the plainest of plain language that they were as reputable as their neighbors. They protested against his being invited to preside at the Dramatic Fund dinner because he had seemed insufficiently aware of this fact.

A handful of letters written by strangers to Mrs. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin) have been published recently in the *Bookman*. Most of them are of the kind with which we are already familiar. The schoolgirl who has asked for an autograph, and who writes, 'How much nicer and more ladylike it makes you appear to grant such a request!' is true to type. So also is the woman who wishes some information upon 'Sources of Power in the World,' because her college daughter has been given this simple and concise theme for an oration. But the young man who feels moved to write a sequel to *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, who is sure he could make it more interesting than the original, and who asks Mrs. Riggs if she will arrange for its publication, is unique in the long annals of petitioners. 'Could you tell me if *Rebecca* met with a good sale, and what were the royalties paid on it?' demands this amazing youth, this peerless and perfect example of a correspondent.

IV

Compared with the letter writers who make requests, the letter writers who merely express opinions are welcome as summer showers. It happens sometimes that these opinions are in the nature of commendations, and are read by their recipients with purrs of complacency. When they are censorious, they are frequently amusing, and to be amused is no small blessing in a dull world. During the four years of the Great War, when we were unhappy but never dull, men and women were consumed by enthusiasms and animosities to which they seemed impelled to give utterance. Letters were one form of expression, one outlet for emotions. Now we are, if not serene, at least sluggish, and comparatively polite to one another. A young woman who once traveled with me from Constantinople to Cairo denied that the latter city was Oriental. It had been policed by the British into cosmopolitanism. I suggested that the streets still held the color and atmosphere of the East. 'Color and atmosphere, yes,' she retorted, 'but the place is slack. Why, I have n't been spat at once since I came.'

This is the kind of slackness which has settled down upon a peaceful world, wrangling sourly over international debts. The unknown correspondent who once told me frankly that he hated me, and would like to see me riddled with bullets on the firing line, now writes more in sorrow than in anger that he hopes I have seen the error of my ways, and am prepared

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to make the *amende honorable* to the Germany I misjudged. The correspondent who once informed me that I was 'congenitally cruel' now encloses in a mildly reproachful letter an advertisement of his own books; and no one can feel very harshly toward a fellow being whom he invites to purchase his poems in an octavo volume for two dollars and a half.

The only spark of the old fire which I have kindled for years followed the publication in the *Atlantic Monthly* of a harmless paper entitled 'To Counsel the Doubtful.' In it I ventured to observe that the scheme devised by an American weekly for settling the affairs of Great Britain and Ireland (which were not our affairs, and which the British and Irish speedily settled for themselves) was in the nature of an impertinence. The unblushing obviousness of such a remark might have saved it from notice; but I have long observed that it is the obvious which can be trusted to strike sparks from the public mind. In this instance a displeased reader in New York and an agitated reader in Cleveland called me to account for my injurious attitude toward Ireland. Both professed to believe that I had sold my pen to Great Britain, a grand and rather flattering sort of accusation. 'You probably needed some of that money borrowed from America with which the British Propaganda is desperately striving to destroy American morale, American nationality, and American sovereignty,' wrote the disgruntled gentleman in New York. 'As a Catholic, I am shocked and scandalized at you,' wrote the perturbed lady in Cleveland. 'You have your reparation to make. God pity you if you have not the moral courage to make it as loudly as you counseled the Doubtful. If you are not too proud of intellect to take *unpaid* advice, I urge you to change your glasses, reread history, make a good confession, and mend your ways.'

Now I cannot but think that this last letter (there are four closely written pages) is rather out of the ordinary. Its author, evidently a member of my own church, evinces a concern for my spiritual welfare which is unusual in these days, when the one thing we do not excite ourselves about is our neighbor's soul. The relation between my soul and a self-appointed commission to hear evidence which could be put to no use when heard is not, at first sight, clear. The relation between my harmless utterances and the comments of my critics seldom is clear. I once said that I thought Americans were unduly sentimental in their attitude toward crime and criminals (I think so still), and a correspondent asked me if I had ever read the Sermon on the Mount. I once said I did not believe that dead men wrote books (the wish being father to the thought), and a correspondent wrote me that humor was not the last word on a scientific question. I once said (bromidically) that denying evil did not seem to do away with it, and a correspondent wrote me from a railway train in Japan (think of it!) that I had 'darkened counsel by zeal without knowledge.'

However, when all is said and done, the pirates of the post are not the men and women who pour broadsides into me. I don't have to fire back, and so am robbed of nothing. It is the deadly questionnaire which, under a hollow pretense of flattery, rakes me fore and aft. I am pleased to note that educators, who are born to be plagued, have protested vigorously against this particular form of plague. They say they are kept so busy answering queries and filling up dotted lines that they have no time to correct their pupils' exercises. The educational questionnaire

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aims at gratifying our passion for uniformity by finding out what the majority is doing in matters of no importance, and forcing the minority to do it likewise — a notable triumph over individualism.

The *Educational Review*, which does not often lend itself to fun-making, has recently published a sardonic paper by a New England educator who frees his mind on the subject of the questionnaire. One a day, not counting Sundays, is his average throughout the school term. He admits that when he was young he sometimes hesitated to give decisive answers on matters of which he knew nothing; but that was because he failed to understand the system on which the questionnaire works. All it asks is to be filled up, and filled up, if possible, on the right dotted lines. 'Every answer is not of equal value; but the square root of the product gives a result which cannot be gainsaid.' Once assured on this point, he has ever since answered the easy questionnaires himself, handed over the hard ones to his secretary, and given those that seemed wholly nonsensical to the janitor, who brings to bear upon them the vitality of an intelligence that is unimpaired by erudition.

It is a curious habit of mind which endeavors to extract from the many something which only the very few can give. Suppose the cultural value of Latin is in question. We have authorities to whom we can refer, we have notable examples whom we can consider. Who cares a fig for either! The thing to do is to send questionnaires to some hundreds of Latin teachers, whose answers can be safely predicted; to some scores of psychologists, whose answers are hopelessly confusing; to some dozens of financiers, who do not answer at all; and to a number of high-school seniors, who are asked why they have studied Latin, which, for the life of them, they do not know. So great and recognized a nuisance has the questionnaire become that in the Middle West, where the custom is to correct all grievances by law, it has been actually proposed to prohibit the circulation through the mail of interrogations concerning any phase of school activity.

This is an idle dream. The most statute-governed country in the world (and if not Italy, it must be the United States) is powerless to keep its citizens from legally harassing one another. There will always be people who ask useless questions, there will always be people who give foolish answers, and there will always be people who regard questions and answers with naïve regard. A year or so ago a somewhat original seeker after information asked a long list of chorus girls the familiar query: 'What ten books would you like to have on a desert island?' He discovered from their replies that a number of the young ladies were not personally acquainted with, or personally attached to, ten books; and one girl of spirit wrote impatiently: 'What would anybody want with books on a desert island anyway?' Which goes to show that in spite of standardized education, standardized beliefs, and standardized pretenses, in spite of Babbitts, and Main Streets, and uplifts, and lectures, and moving pictures, and all that makes for sameness, there will still be found in this amazing world someone who thinks for herself.

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A SAILOR'S WIFE

BY ISABEL HOPESTILL CARTER

I

A NEW mate was coming on board just as the steward, holding the dinner bell by the clapper, stepped over the sill on to the grating. The newcomer carried tenderly in one hand a square wooden box and under his arm a three-cornered wooden box; he clutched furthermore a dilapidated grip, reenforced by a rope around its middle; a sea bag half full of something and a long wooden chest followed him over the rail. 'He thinks he's a navigator,' sniffed the steward, letting the soup cool while he appraised this young man. 'Huh! With his charts and his clock and his sextant and trash.' The steward was a yellowish lean man with long ringlets.

The new mate cast an expert eye about and started toward the cabin; he *did* have an experienced air.

'Dinner's ready, sir,' said the steward politely.

'So'm I,' responded the young man, vanishing into his room and placing the objects of his solicitude on the berth. A couple of sailors brought in the rest of the dunnage. The steward remembered to ring the bell, loud and long.

There came presently a murmur in the forward cabin. The mate pulled his red tie straight, adjusted his bright blue suit, smoothed his hair, took a deep breath for another new skipper, and advanced, hesitating respectfully within the forward cabin door. A little gray wisp of a woman in a purple dress was just stopping, with her hand on the wooden settee on the starboard side. Behind her followed a man, not tall, with stiff, carefully trimmed white hair and a neat white pointed beard, and a fierce blue eye that stabbed the stranger; however, he shook hands. He turned to the gray little woman.

'M-m-m-m —' he darted a murderous blue gleam at the new officer's serene face — 'M-mister K-k-k-k —'

'He's going to crow,' thought the mate. Should he help him out? He glanced at the old woman and found her watching him anxiously as if there were some clue which he was unlikely to know; he decided against assistance and waited coolly, turning his grayish-blue eyes on the furious skipper, mouthing and grimacing.

'K-k-k-kimball,' said Captain McClellan, rushing off the name rapidly lest it elude him at the 'b.' In relief the old woman smiled at the young man, and his own set face relaxed into a cheerful grin in no wise hinting at the spasmodic giggles wriggling around inside him. They sat down. The soup was cold.

'S-s-s-steward!' burst out the old man like a steam exhaust. 'This s-s-s-soupis s-s-s-stone c-c-c-cold!'

'Yes, sir!' The steward retired suddenly to the back of the pantry and rattled dishes and silver. The old man glared.

'I g-g-g-getanew s-s-s-stewardevery t-t-t-trip!'

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The rattling stopped. The mate nodded. 'They ain't much good,' he agreed.

The steward brimmed with venom. 'He gets a new mate, too,' he muttered devastatingly to the mustard pot.

The old woman made a few amiable remarks and the new mate thought she was n't bad as old women went. The skipper told a long and funny tale, stuttering fearfully throughout. Mr. Kimball laughed in the right place, showed no impatience at the coyness of consonants, and seemed not in the least surprised or amused at his superior's affliction; he was utterly calm. Sometimes the old woman almost glowed, and then again a terrible anxiety seized her; soon he was bound to laugh in the wrong place or laugh a little too hard — oh, it was dreadful! But the meal drew to an end without mishap.

'Hada f-f-f-firstofficer f-f-f-fiveyears-ago n-n-n-named K-k-k-kimball,' the captain vouchsafed. 'R-r-r-redhair.'

'Must have been my brother John,' replied Mr. Kimball, inwardly racked at the thought of how John must have behaved under these trying conditions.

'That s-s-s-so! A c-c-c-capableman b-b-b-buta p-p-p-perfect f-f-f-fool!' A memory of old wrongs caused the bright blue eyes to transfix the brother of such a seaman. Stephen Kimball's diaphragm or stomach or some powerful organ within turned a backward somersault and a double twist; he felt the alarmed eyes regarding him from across the table, clenched a big fist, and recovered.

'He's always been like that,' he managed to reply casually.

The fierce blue eyes and the worried faded eyes fell away. The skipper pushed back his chair and rose. They all rose. The skipper gave the mate a matter-of-fact nod and the old woman smiled at him shyly. 'She seems a good old thing,' thought the mate, feeling in his pocket for his pipe.

II

Seven years almost to a day had passed since Stephen Kimball first set foot on the deck of the Joseph M. Parr. To-day he leaned on the rail waiting to see the skipper over the side into the Chinese boat bobbing at the foot of the ladder. At his left the dark red railroad ties were being tossed up endlessly from the hold to the shoulders of naked coolies, who bore them lightly to the rail and cast them over the side to the lighter. Like a machine they worked, howling a wild chant. The mate whistled it softly. Before him the water stretched smooth, streaked with red and green and yellow, shallow, doubtless filthy, warm, silvered in the sun; far away were the mud forts of Taku, low against the pale sky. Lord, it was hot already, and the old man had to make the trip up to Tientsin. There he was now.

The skipper stepped over the forward cabin doorsill and came to the rail. Pausing with his foot on the lowest brass-bound step, he felt in his pocket, excitedly called to the boatman, and hurried back to the cabin. Stephen lounged over to the companionway for a drink of lukewarm boiled water. What tasteless stuff it was! He strolled over to port and stared at the limitlessness of the Yellow Sea. A seaman-like consciousness warning him presently that the old man was at the door again, he stepped quickly across the deck to the gangway for the slight ceremony of departure. Simultaneously both men perceived that there, afar off, making for Taku, was the boatman. Scarlet flamed in the old man's face; his white whiskers bristled; he shook

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a furious and threatening arm at the departing one.

'K-k-k-k-k-k-k-k — ' he shouted impotently.

Without a thought the mate broke a seven-years-old rule. He raised his bad-weather voice in a hearty shout, and he too made a gesture of the arm that, with the accompaniment of the bellow, stopped the Chinaman in his tracks. Idling sailors on the fo'c'sle fell to work earnestly; the cook dropped an iron kettle; down below the old woman stuck a needle in her thumb.

'Come back yere!' he roared. 'You devilish fool! You — ' He stopped, aghast. But the boatman, likewise aghast, spun his boat like a top and bent dementedly to the oars. In dead silence Stephen watched him. Seven years he'd just thrown away — seven good years. Slowly, at a chattering sound at his right, he turned his crimsoned face.

'Q-*q*-*q*-quiteright, M-*m*-*m*-*m*-mister K-k-k-k-kimball,' sputtered the old fellow, nodding his head quickly and emphatically.

The mate leaned on the rail, gazing at the receding boat. He pulled a yellowed handkerchief from a pocket and mopped his wet and anguished face. Oh, gosh! That was a good chap, that white-whiskered old tartar. His mind sped back over the years of his service under him on the Joseph M. Parr, the seas they had sailed, the storms and the calms, danger and weariness and monotony — he was, yes, he was a prime old fellow. The old woman, too — gosh, she was a hero; she also had shared the years of danger and weariness and monotony. Through them all she had sat opposite him at table, a tiny dignified woman, dressed in gay-colored wool gowns and foreign silks. She was never inquisitive, never silly; always kind and pleasant and quiet and proud — not like some skippers' wives he'd seen! They were good friends. The fact that he never appeared to notice the eccentric speech of 'Stuttering Johnny' had, he thought, created a bond, and an interest in those rugs she hooked with her poor knotted fingers strengthened it. It was a great day when she discovered that he could draw. She called him Stephen. It would have been humiliating to have left in disgrace with the old man.

The mate roused himself and began a tour of the ship, urging a display of more energy in various quarters. He observed a couple of sailors in earnest conference, hastily broken off, with one of the Chinamen, and he suspected they were after some liquor. It was about time; he must keep his eye open. From the main deck he noticed presently that the old woman was up on the poop; he'd go and chin with her in a minute.

Mrs. McClellan walked slowly back and forth, enjoying the windless heat; occasionally when she reached the limit of the awning she spread and bent her fingers in the sunshine, laying them on the warm white rail. Homely old hands with swollen joints — the fingers were almost limber again. Even her knees were flexible. Her shoulder was all right. At the moment she resembled Father William for general suppleness; she felt quite young and happy. If a ship might only stay forever in one place, a baking-hot glorious place, she would not feel like eighty when she was only fifty-seven; this rheumatism had really begun that time about twenty years ago when they were in Bombay during the rainy season. Last winter had been particularly bad, though; there were two months when she could n't, simply could not, hold her rug hook strongly enough to pull the rags through

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the burlap. Her shoulder never had hurt her until last winter. She wiggled all her fingers joyously and hoped that Russell would n't get that charter he was promising; he might prefer to send an English ship — indeed, he *should*.

The deck was warm under her feet. She had come up the companionway stairs with the Chinese rug in her arms just like any old woman — any woman of fifty-seven, that is. Captain Bristol's wife, who must be older than she, looked *much* younger, and she behaved, moreover, in a silly, hail-fellow way even with the mates; why, once in Russell's she had actually been flirting quite boisterously with some captains loafing there. It must be mortifying to Captain Bristol. Of course that was three years ago; but the Fortuna had sailed from Boston two weeks before they had arrived there a year ago last spring, and Mr. Bellows had said, laughing, that she was just the same as ever. Poor woman — she was so terrified at sea.

Mrs. McClellan leaned against the rail so that the slanting rays of sun beat on her shoulders, and she put her hands behind her so that they also basked in the warmth. It looked hot — the naked coolies; the water striped in brown and green and light blue; bluish in the distance the low forts of Taku; the gaudy dragon flies still clinging to the rigging. It would be a hot journey to Tientsin for Kit; he would n't be able to get back before evening, surely. Had he remembered to take the letter?

She pushed the barrel chair, which had been in the sun and was lovely and warm, nearer the lazaret hatch and sat down. She wished Stephen would come up so that she could show him the rug, but of course she could not call him. She would just have to wait.

It was strange about responsibility. She seemed always to be feeling responsible for something. Ever since she had married Kit she had burdened herself with the good report of sea captains' wives; before that, even when she was a little girl, she had appreciated her conspicuous place in her father's country parish. She had continually to represent something — some grown-up person's idea of little girls, her irascible husband's dignity, a sea captain's wife's position. Harking back over fifty-seven years, she could recall as a release from the burden of obligation only those Saturday afternoons in summer when, in awful self-control, she accompanied her father down to that point on the Kennebec where he retired to prepare his Sunday sermons. There, in intervals of relaxation, — frequent intervals, it seemed, — he taught her to swim, a younger, shrieking, excited child, far from watchful parishioners who she hoped pictured her sitting quietly beside their pastor or perhaps picking flowers elegantly, instead of kicking madly in the cold water under direct clerical supervision or kicking in a less evangelical way, connected to the Sunday sermon simply by a long bit of old clothesline. In an irresponsible, unparsonlike past had her father splashed and yelled and swum?

What good had it been to her to be so scrupulous? There was the camel she had wanted to ride twenty years ago; what harm would it have been? There were those dances when she was a girl — no, when she was a parson's daughter. There was that ricksha race for skippers' wives; even though she was but twenty-eight then, and weighed only ninety-two pounds, it had n't seemed the thing to do exactly. Then there were the many years when she had so longed to go on deck and get drenched with rain and spray, wind-blown and storm-beaten; but everyone

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on board would have thought it strange, and she would have been in the way. Where does responsibility come from? And why does it seize upon some people and not on others? And in any case why should it attack any person before she is sixty and rheumatic?

Well, her dresses were of gay colors.

Ah, there was Stephen. He had slicked his hair and straightened his tie and donned his faded blue dungaree coat; the blue was becoming to his brown face and grayish-blue eyes. His grin was hearty.

'This is a warm day for you,' he congratulated the old woman.

'Is n't it!' she rejoiced. 'I have n't had a twinge for a week!'

'Is that so? You might get the skipper to settle here — be a missionary,' he remarked cheerfully. 'You could teach the Ladies' Aid to make rugs — but I don't see where you'd get the cast-off clothing. Though it seems to have been cast off, all right.' They laughed.

'I have brought up the Chinese rug for you to see,' she said. 'Will you undo it? The tape is in a hard knot. Mr. Goss — it's for him — wrote and asked Kit to get him one. They told Kit in Tientsin that it was sixty or seventy years old and excellent work. It's very pretty.'

Stephen bent to the knotted tape, picking earnestly with his big fingers; the rug was wrapped in a coarse ship's sheet and firmly tied. Mrs. McClellan leaned forward eagerly. The last knot yielded and the mate let the rug and sheet unroll on the spotless deck.

'Oh!' he said at once, softly.

It was thick and soft and velvety. The ground was a deep, deep blue. In the centre there was a medallion of a stiff arrangement of conventional flowers and some geometrical lines in rich dim colors — red and white, with touches of yellow and a blue more intense than the ground. The border repeated the colors in a trailing stiff floral pattern — deep blue, dull red, touches of yellow and white. The little lines on the inside edge of the main border were narrow strips of color, and on the outer edge were again three narrow ribbons of white, deep blue, and red. Each corner of the field contained a scheme of branches, flowers, lines, in the same shades. It was like a painting perfect in design and tint. The mate, leaning against the rail, and Mrs. McClellan, bending forward in her chair, chin in hand, stared at it; it evoked dreams like a leaping fire on the hearth.

'Gee!' said Stephen presently with a sigh. 'It's the prettiest rug I ever saw.'

'Do you know, Stephen, it's made something like a hooked rug. I examined it carefully on the cabin table. All those little bits of wool are pulled through with a loop on the wrong side and with both ends up, but they're twisted around the foundation so they don't pull out easily. I pulled one out with the tweezers. Think how long it must have taken to put in all those tiny threads of wool — why, they are n't a twentieth of the size of my rags.'

'You must have to *learn* to make a pattern like that,' commented Stephen. 'That border repeats and comes out right at the end, and goes around the corners, too, just as neat. And those things in the corners — they are n't just like the middle affair or exactly like the border, either, but you can see they all belong to the same family. The colors help, I suppose. It's a pretty sight.'

'Do you think,' the old woman half-hesitated, 'that we could make a hooked rug something like it? Do you think you could copy it? Is it too hard?'

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'Sure I could do it,' he responded. 'It's hard to draw such little whirligigs on burlap, but I guess I could, all right. The bos'n's got a good piece of burlap.'

'I could tear the rags smaller than usual,' meditated the old woman.

'It would take longer.'

'Yes, it would, of course.' There was a pause, each pondering the undertaking. The mate came to a decision.

'I'll get a pencil.' Soon he was back again with a large folded piece of brown paper, a pencil, and a ruler. He flattened the paper on the hatch, smoothing and patting the creases. 'It'll be easier to copy it on paper first,' he remarked. 'And I'll be getting used to the pattern, too.' He measured the paper carefully; it was a large sheet and bent stiffly over the edges of the hatch. He measured the rug and looked up, pleased. 'It will be an easy scale. Just half size.'

'Why don't you — It's alike on both ends, is n't it? Why don't you just copy one end, life-size?'

He started, stared at her, and laughed. 'What a brain!'

'I just thought —' she murmured apologetically, flushing.

'That's it,' he pursued. 'You just thought. That was all.' When the skipper was not about he loved to tease her a little. 'Now *I* —'

He measured and drew, measured and drew, and presently had the outline of half the rug and its borders on the paper. He cut off the extra length of paper and stowed it away in his pocket. Then he gave himself to a careful study of the rug. It was almost alike at both ends, evidently supposed to be alike; but here was a little blue branch that seemed to have no counterpart, and those little white lines there were not in the corresponding corner. Even that medallion in the middle was quite different on the two sides, though he had thought it the same. The more he regarded the medallion the more irritated he grew with it; it seemed *quite* different. And he had cut off the paper. How could it look so symmetrical? Mrs. McClellan saw that he was annoyed.

'What is the matter?' she asked anxiously.

'It's that cussed medallion,' he explained. 'I guess I'll have to do it whole. It's not alike on both sides. You see here — that little white piece that goes under the yellow thing? Well, now, where are they on the other side? They're not there. But there is a kind of dark blue leaf *there* on that side, and now look, it's not *here*. It's all different. And I cut off that paper!' He took the paper from his pocket and unfolded it; hopefully he compared the medallion with the width of the paper. Confound it, the paper was too narrow. 'I'll have to paste two pieces together,' he mourned. 'I have n't any more. I'll get the cook to make me some paste.'

Mrs. McClellan settled back in her chair and eyed the deceitful rug. Perhaps that was why it was so charming — because it was n't so exactly *so*. Still, in *her* rugs — She had always to make little changes in the patterns because of a dearth of rags of the right color, or because she had rubbed out part of the design with her sleeve and later made an error in guessing where the original line had been. But she had supposed a boughten rug would be as perfect as an oilcloth. It gave her a singularly triumphant feeling now to recall the number of rugs that had turned out to have small irregularities. There was that funny one she had sent to Mary Ann in which the last twelve inches of the background were blue and all the rest was black — Kit's wedding suit that the moths got into. Then in the ship rug some of the

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water was blue and some was green, and in the end she had had to pull out some blue from one place to put in another and consequently had had to incorporate a great many white-topped waves, so that Kit never failed to say the ship was not the right build for an Arctic explorer among icebergs. They had had some good times about the rugs since Stephen had been mate; at dinner and at supper they discussed the present rug or the next one, Kit stammering frightfully but serenely. Kit had always wanted a rug with the stars on it; on cold clear nights he selected favorite constellations that he clamored to have represented. Stephen, of course, like a good subordinate, agreed respectfully to all the skipper's notions, and she had had to furnish all the opposition. They had finally compromised on the stars by making a star border on that ship rug — all Kit's favorites were there, though when he found they were arranged just anyhow so as to form a good sensible design he scolded two whole voyages without ceasing over the incongruity of placing the Dipper and Orion cheek by jowl and other similar absurdities. Kit loved to talk. He wanted a fruit rug now — a *fruit* rug! Even she could n't wear pink and orange and yellow and scarlet dresses! Kit was a painstaking, docile trimmer, though. She could n't use the scissors much herself. Except for the rheumatism, life had been incomparably easier the last six or seven years.

The mate emerged from the galley holding a cup. Mrs. McClellan watched him as he came. She never grew tired of seeing the sailors cross the deck and come up by the side of the house — the effortlessness, the stride apparently slow but as rhythmic as a dance; a cat had hardly more ease of movement than any old tar in his worn sea clothes.

Stephen cut and pasted his paper and put it to dry on top of the house in the sun; he weighted it down with a belaying pin.

'I'll make the medallion on that piece,' he announced, partly to himself and partly to his companion, 'and the border and corner pieces on this.' He moved the rug about so that, squatting beside the hatch, he could draw and measure without too much getting up and down. He whistled softly. It was an absorbing task. Those straight narrow borders were easy. He took a deep breath and attacked a corner of the field. It was quite intricate, requiring accuracy of eye and hand; carefully he laid on line after line, the exact weaving of stiffly floral forms.

'There!' he said, rising to his feet to stretch his legs. 'There!'

'I think I'll mark the colors,' he mused. 'And then you won't have to keep getting out the rug after you've put it away from the moths.'

'Oh, yes!'

Again he squatted to the work. The other corner was of course a trifle different. Now where to begin on the border? That white thing like a crown, which might be a Chinaman's idea of a thistle. The yellow leafish branch. The blue spray with the red and white things clinging to it. Now that little daisy, just like a real little flower dropped on the rug. The border unrolled steadily under his swift pencil. Those red scrolls in the corner and a kind of reddish flower effect. Now it repeated — almost, anyway. Now around to the left, which was harder, starting once more from the thistle.

'Gee!' he exclaimed, straightening his cramped knees. 'I'll get the crayons. I'll have to take a look around.' He grinned at Mrs. McClellan and strolled off, disappearing from view below the house.

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Presently she saw him lighting his pipe and chatting with the second mate; the two went forward together. After a time they returned, and paused to watch the line of naked coolies a moment; they exchanged an occasional word, glanced over the side at the lighters, nodded to each other, and parted. The first mate, on his way to the poop, picked up the pasted paper, dropping the belaying pin into its wonted hole.

'The cook,' he grumbled, picking at the pasted edges, 'made enough paste to paper a house, but it ain't much for sticking. However, I guess it will do. If it comes apart I'll get the carpenter's glue — I'll tell him you need a little.' He looked mischievously at the skipper's wife, so punctilious about making no demands on anyone. 'He's awful mean with his glue. He would n't let *me* have any.' He paced the width of the deck a couple of times, mechanically glancing into the empty binnacle, at the far horizon, at the distant blue forts of Taku, at the cloudless sky, at the expanse of shallow water, at the limp telltale. He rapped the ashes from his pipe over the side, said 'Ho! Hum!' reflectively, and was once more the artist.

The medallion occupied his attention and pencil. There was a kind of white fenceish thing of straight lines with corners singularly difficult to draw, which he had twice to erase, discovering that those corners turned the wrong way; there was a flower in the middle; there were graceful shapes outside the fence, each enough different to be a bother. Eight of them!

Roughly he indicated the colors.

'It's going to take a lot of blue,' he said, glancing up.

'Two shades of blue,' she murmured. 'The background and those sprays of dark blue. I've got enough dark blue. And my old blue wool dress I think is just the right shade for the ground. But I doubt if there is enough of it.' She wrinkled her brow and ran over in her mind the old clothes at her disposal. 'I don't think of another blue thing.'

'Well,' Stephen laughed rather self-consciously, 'I've got an old suit that I bought — lemme see — eight years ago in Melbourne. I know now that it was awful bright, but then I thought I was a fine dresser. It's faded some, but it's good cloth and about this color now. You could have it if you want. I can scrub it with soap and salt water. It ought to make good rags.' Again he laughed awkwardly; she was such a sedate little creature that it seemed impudent to offer her an old suit of clothes even for rug rags.

'A bright blue? Why, I remember it! Did you wear it when you joined the ship? With a red tie? I remember I thought when I first saw you that you would be too gay to get along with us!' Her eyes shone with interest.

'Aw!' he groaned. 'What a fool I must have looked! Sometimes when I think of the colors and the vests and the cuts of suits I used to buy and admire I can't sleep for mortification!' They smiled at each other.

'Well, then. I can always get plenty of white,' she continued, evidently having accepted the bright blue model. 'But *yellow* —'

'We've got an old yellow Q-flag, have n't we, that's all eaten up?'

'Why, yes, I believe we have. We got some new flags the last time we were in New York. And I've got some good red, but only just a little — not much.' She surveyed the rug. 'Not more than enough for the red in the middle; and there's quite a lot of red in the border, and that narrow strip is all red.' The mate leaned placidly against the house, glad that he had no red suits in his

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possession. 'But then, I could do the border plain, all in one color.'

'Oh, no! You would n't do that, would you?' It was a distressing thought.

'You see,' she pursued, 'I may not have time to finish it all. I think it's going to be my last rug,' — Stephen gave her a startled look, — 'and I'd like to finish it at sea. Kit told me I could tell you. He thinks this will be our last voyage; he wrote to Mr. Goss yesterday and said he considered turning the ship over to you after this trip. He expects we'll get a general cargo to England or New York, and then, if we hear from Mr. Goss there, we'll go. I'll be sorry to leave you, Stephen.' She was quite embarrassed over this bold declaration.

'It won't be the same without you,' he murmured, casting down his eyes over so much sentiment.

She smiled faintly at him; she would miss him like a son. 'My rheumatism bothers Kit, you know, more than it does me, and he's made up his mind to settle down ashore. But of course it depends on what we hear from Mr. Goss. However, we expect everything to be all right. Kit has sailed for him for over thirty years.' She turned once more to the rug. 'So I should n't be surprised if I just did the border plain, and in that case there will be enough red. I'd better put it away, I think; I should n't want it to fade.'

'Your last trip,' repeated the mate, motionless.

'Yes,' patiently. 'Kit took the letter ashore this morning. You've known for a long time he was going to recommend giving the ship to you? Well, he has. Kit commended you highly. He's very fond of you.' One must not be extravagant in expressions of affection. 'I like to think that his last years at sea have been so free from — from friction and so — so comfortable. We've had so many first officers.' There was almost a dimness in the kind eyes.

A ship at last, dreamed the mate.

'Mr. Goss may have other plans,' he suggested, guarding himself from disappointment. A command of his own!

'Kit has sailed for him for years. We own in this vessel.' A hint of firmness sounded in the old woman's voice. Stephen bent to roll up the thick, soft rug, his strong hands trembling a little. A ship at last!

'I do hope,' she continued tranquilly, 'that we'll have pleasant weather — I'd like to make this rug.'

'Shall I carry it down below?'

'I wish you would.' She envied him the way he moved with the great rug roll, the way he bent his head as he stepped into the companionway, turning his body a little to get the bundle through the door, easy as easy. When had she been able to walk without creaking in her joints?

'The cold and the dampness and the storms and Cape Horn,' she complained softly to herself. 'I can't bear them any more.'

III

The passage was only fair. A spell of cold and rain brought on an attack of rheumatism which delayed the work on the rug; moreover, as the rags were narrower than usual there was more hooking to be done. Old Abby McClellan was more and more charmed as she proceeded. It would surely be a very pretty rug — not perhaps of the rich, soft gorgeousness of the original, but nevertheless a rug of soft colors and beautiful design. Alas! She had finished only the central medallion, two of the corners of the field, and three quarters of the background when they arrived in London.

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It would be necessary to take it out of the frame and complete the work at home; it was most disappointing.

Kit went ashore at once to attend to the first dull things; he would bring back the letters. It was a dreary February day, but in her excitement she kept going on deck to scan the small boats and the pushing tugs, watching for the one that would be bringing Kit back to the ship. Stephen, too, behind a mask of imperturbability, was excited; he continually warned himself that old Goss might not — A ship to command — think of it! It had taken a long time. He smoked innumerable pipes.

Not till two o'clock did the old man return. Stephen, meeting him at the rail, read that blazing blue eye like print. So he must go to sea again as mate — he might have known it.

In the cabin the skipper raged.

'S-s-s-sailed forhim th-th-th-thirty-years,' he jerked out, thrusting the letter into his wife's knotted fingers. 'Andhe s-s-s-says he'll s-s-s-sendouta f-f-f-fellow n-n-named M-m-m-mains torelieve m-m-m-meifI w-w-w-wantto r-r-r-retire! N-n-n-notaword a-a-about K-k-kimball. D-d-d-damnhim! H-h-he'sa s-s-s-skunk!' He paced the cabin floor, the very sparks snapping from his bright eyes and his pointed white beard. Mrs. Kit read the letter and laid it on the arm of the chair.

'His wife came from Dresden,' she volunteered, 'and she was a connection of the Mainses there.' How disappointed Stephen would be!

'W-w-w-w-we'll p-p-p-p-packupthis e-e-e-evening!'

'Why, *Kit!*' she reproved him. 'You just telegraph him you have changed your mind. He says we'll probably go to Baltimore light and get a cargo there, and by that time maybe — It'll only be a month or two longer anyway.'

'W-w-w-wantedthistobe y-y-yourlast t-t-t-trip!' The old chap put his hand on her bright-green-wool shoulder. 'S-s-s-scoundrel!' he detonated.

'I won't have Stephen put upon,' said the old woman firmly.

So they went to Baltimore in ballast, bounding about upon a sea that was itself minded to bound about in its most disagreeable style; but after all, crossing even a tempestuous Atlantic is merely a little jaunt that one can see the end of. The rug made progress; the field was all finished and a quarter of the border was worked in solid blue, obliterating the design that Stephen, licking the carpenter's pencil, had drawn on the hubbly burlap through several dogwatches and parts of his watch below.

Spring, they found, had come in Baltimore. But there was no spring in the skipper's heart; in fact there was rather the worst blizzard of a hard winter when he received the communication awaiting him from the managing owner. Mr. Goss merely remarked once more that Captain Mains was holding himself in readiness to relieve him whenever he decided to leave the ship; the ship was chartered to go to San Francisco and the cargo was doubtless ready to go on board.

'*Cape Horn!*' exclaimed Mrs. Kit. 'It will be winter there!'

'It's t-t-t-toomuch! You c-c-c-can't-doit. I-I-I c-c-c-can't a-allowit. You c-c-c-can g-g-gohomeand w-w-w-wait-forme. B-b-b-buyahouse. B-b-b-buya f-farm. B-b-buy —'

The old woman gave him a severe glance.

'We will make another trip,' she said inexorably. 'You telegraph him. Anyway, I want to finish my rug with the border in colors before we go home.'

Cape Horn in the winter time! she thought.

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IV

All that solid blue her old fingers had so laboriously hooked into the border the old fingers pulled out. The mate in a spare dogwatch or two bent over the rug frame on the forward cabin table, busily licking the carpenter's pencil and replacing the blurred design. Keen interest was felt in the border; very soon it was manifest that its trailing flowers would make a tremendous difference in the appearance of the whole. Kit admitted that it was a handsome rug, through he averred that he had no winter underwear left to get him around the Horn. He assured the mate at dinner in stuttering excitement that if his wife discovered that his long sea boots were lined with red she'd have the lining out in a minute! He also asserted that he had to keep the ensign under lock and key and hide the key! There was a scarcity of red rags. As they drew farther and farther south and the days grew shorter and darker and colder, the old woman in the evenings measured off her strings of red wool and calculated the inches more of red to be done and the amount per stitch used and the probability of the supply holding out. It was certain that there would not be enough for the narrow edge on the outside.

'I should have bought a little piece in Baltimore,' she told Stephen as she took the air one bitter afternoon, 'but I've never used a new piece in a rug.'

'Maybe it'll hold out,' encouraged the mate, staring up at the telltale streaming red and stiff.

'B-b-b-barometer'sfalling,' remarked the skipper casually, popping out of the companionway and pacing swiftly back and forth a time or two, with a shrewd look above and around.

'Yes, sir,' acknowledged the mate. 'Wind's hauled a couple of points in the last fifteen minutes.'

The skipper nodded and vanished below again. He was sewing a buckle on his sou'wester and mending a long rip in his oilskin coat against the approaching time of need. He hoped Abby would stay on deck till he got that bit of stiff sewing done. He hunched on a stool beside the medicine chest, manipulating a small sail needle, a stretch of thread waxed to a rigidity, and a leather palm. The needle, confound it, never came through in the right place. He lifted his head to the sound of movement and deep voices and creaking; the wind had shifted some more. Hum. . . .

For two weeks old Abby had been waiting to get around the Horn; she had not had her nose on deck for the last week. Two or three times a day she climbed the companionway stairs and peered through the glass there; she saw the bare masts, the few sails blown fat and hard to bursting, the ugly gray sky, the wicked seas. The ship plunged about fearfully. She longed to go on deck, but Kit forbade it; and as everyone was bothered when she went on deck in the least bit of a storm she stayed resignedly below. The sound of swift feet, a sudden shout, a heavy sea followed by even a whisper of disturbance, were all alike alarming to the imagination. For three days they had not had a meal on the table. At suitable times the steward staggered aft with some solid food and a pot of coffee, and each of his beneficiaries chose a doorway, bracing himself therein by knee and elbow and back, and bolted the food from the plates; thereupon was served a mug of coffee, to be taken with a sharp eye on the agile liquid. The rest of the time the old woman sat in the armchair; from that seat she could see the dark, fierce water surging apace by the window in the little room opposite. All the shutters were closed on one side now,

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for a sea had broken the glass in two of them. The storm seemed to grow worse.

There came the terrific crash of a sea and an awful sound of splintering wood. She heard, erect, the rush of water and a crack like a shot on deck. That crack — well, something had carried away. She balanced herself along the tipping floor to the foot of the companionway, catching at the table as she passed; and clinging to the hand-rail of the stairs she listened tensely for Kit's voice. There! He was all right. But the voice she heard was both familiar and strange.

'Call all hands on deck, Mr. Sears, and secure . . .' he was saying.

That was ominous. The skipper's wife in her early seafaring life used to wonder if he realized that he never stuttered or hesitated when the sea roared and the wind screamed and things crashed and cracked and whistled around him; she could never quite ask him. So even Kit thought the weather was bad.

A stream of water ran across her feet. The cabin was a little lighter. Oh, ho, that sea had broken in two of the shutters now. She steadied herself into the big stateroom. A flood of water poured in through the broken windows and some was sluicing about on the chart table. The stinging spray blew in. She fetched some of her rags and solicitously stuffed the inside of the chronometer case with them; she covered the whole case with Kit's short oilskin coat, wedging it down with a couple of heavy books. Every time the ship plunged and rolled, another sea crashed against the house and sent in its quota of icy water. Her feet were soaked. She found some dry stockings and went into the after cabin to put them on. Then she could see that a shutter in the pantry had been broken, and already several inches of water rolled about on the floor. Forsaking the armchair, she seated herself on the red divan, drawing her feet up on it. She listened and listened and listened. An occasional crack told her that the sail that had carried away was still at large. This was n't just bad weather; it was a particular storm of increasing violence.

It was three bells — four bells. The short day was over; it was almost dark. Now and then, after some especially heavy sea had crashed and passed, the companionway door would open an inch and a familiar voice would shout down.

'Abby?'

'All right, Kit!' And the door immediately closed.

The steward entered and lighted the lamps, and they shook their heads pessimistically at one another, as became experienced mariners. The water reached halfway up the steward's knee boots as he stood there. He put coal on the fire; then, pausing for a suitable opportunity, he dashed out. She guessed from his clothes that he was lending a hand on deck. It was lonelier than ever after he had gone.

When the ship rolled and the water rushed pellmell from side to side it came ever nearer and nearer to the red plush. She feared she might presently have to sit on that little corner shelf of woodwork where the back of the divan curved, and her feet would get dreadfully cold in the water. She wished she could go on deck. Reviewing the gales of thirty years, it seemed to her, huddled on the divan, that there had never been one to compare with this, and she doubted if the ship would live through it. It would be better to be drowned in one wild moment out of doors than down here like a rat in a trap. Oh! She was sitting in the water. She climbed stiffly to her feet and sat herself against the triangular shelf of woodwork with

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her feet on the wet red plush; it was a ridiculous place to be and she was glad that the steward had gone. When the ship rolled down, down, down on her side she was held there on her shelf easily, though the water rose, rose, and rose around her ankles; but when the ship rolled back in the other direction she had to brace herself against the wall to keep her place. The fat stove kept hissing, hissing. Years she sat there — years.

'Abby?'

'Oh, yes, Kit, all right!' she screamed cheerfully, with her feet in the freezing water and every muscle aching from the long effort of clinging like a bat to the wall. The door closed.

What was that? She heard a shout on deck above the noise of wind and sea. *What* did Kit say? Did he say 'Hold fast'? Almost upon the words followed a terrific shock, a rending and crashing — the end must have come. The ship lay over, over. Water fell in torrents from the place over her head where the skylight had been. It surrounded her. Every drop of water in the cabin leaped upon her, and still the ship lay over. The water tore at her. There was nothing to hold fast to, and this water was getting too deep. Was Kit all right? The water was almost to her chin and still the ship had not righted herself; one more little wave and — The next sea through the skylight washed her from the divan like a chip. Desperately she clutched at anything, at water. Why, she was swimming! Her old arms and legs were going mechanically through motions they had learned when they were short and fat and limber. In that moment of confidence she bethought herself of the companionway stairs; there were two at the top, like Mount Ararat. Perhaps she could get outdoors before the water filled the cabin to the very ceiling — oh, anything to get out of the cabin! With frenzied paddling she turned about; she stroked fiercely, gasping for breath, her gray hair streaming. She reached the door; she was through it, skinning her shin in passing, that old shin kicking undignifiedly about. Something pushed out of the bathroom door and hit her a sharp blow on the arm; it was the corner of her rug frame, bumping around in the bathroom like a raft. More and more desperate strokes she took. The companionway door was snatched suddenly open.

'Abby!' shouted a dreadful voice.

'Kit!' she gasped, reaching out urgently, kicking wearily, wild blue eyes fixed on the brass edge of a welcoming stair.

'Abby!' Her fingers gripped the stair and she looked up into her old husband's face. She smiled exhaustedly.

'Forty-two strokes,' she panted. 'And it's only that little way.'

'That's the girl!' said Kit admiringly. The door closed.

The ship lived on, battered and weary. All night the refugee crouched on the top stair. Now and then she received a hasty bulletin through the door: they had lost the foremast, they had lost the skylights, they had stove in two boats, they had lost this and that; it had been a bad blow, said Kit.

The gale, at last discouraged, abated. In the gray light and comparative peace toward ten o'clock the skipper began to slosh about in the cabin, his oilskin coat wrapped around his shoulders and the water seeping in the tops of his hip boots, seeking something dry for his wife to put on. Nothing was dry. On the top shelf of the slop chest he did find a pair of coarse black trousers that had caught on a nail and so stayed on the shelf. He pondered on these articles, standing in the bathroom holding them above the washing waters.

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'Cap'n!' The skipper backed a little and saw his first officer in the forward cabin door holding aloft a red object. 'Sir! It's the bos'n's shirt! It was pinned to a line in the galley. The cook had washed it for him.' The skipper waded over and took it.

'Th-th-th-thanks,' he said. 'J-j-just the t-t-t-ticket.'

Old Abby, balancing on one leg on the top stair and clinging to the hand-rail, inserted herself in the red shirt and the black trousers, rolled up many inches at the bottom; she had little hope that these horrible garments were concealed by a very damp short oilskin coat and a yellow sou'wester. Blushing, but defiant, she stepped over the high board to the poop deck; a glance assured her that the man at the wheel and the second mate were both suspiciously solemn. Each extended a strong arm to help her as she staggered up against the wind and rain; she reached the lazaret hatch and sat down. The icy wind tore along, the sea roared by the lee rail, and the slanting rain beat down in gusts; the tail end of the gale swooped at her. It was splendid. Why, at the age of sixty — almost — she had swum, kicking and splashing in a highly unsuitable way; she was dressed shockingly for a woman of any age; she sat on deck in the howling blasts of Cape Horn and she could *see* and *hear* and *know* every single thing that went on. It was glorious. Down below, of course, tired sailors pumped and bailed and swabbed, and the weary, dripping carpenter nailed boards everywhere, preparing her prison anew; this once she had escaped.

She was spent and cold, but happy withal.

Old Abby was indeed making her last trip. Mr. Goss surrendered. He wrote, in fact, that Kit might at his own convenience turn over the ship to Kimball, or, if he saw fit, to the cabin boy or the carpenter, observing tartly that Kit had been a stubborn damn fool even when a small boy. In a postscript he added that he knew of a good little house for sale in Bath. Aside from that unjust reflection upon her husband, it was a very welcome letter to a rheumatic seafarer! On another score also she rejoiced — she had finished her rug to the last loop. The outer edge and the red sprays in one corner of the border were made of the faded red wool of the bos'n's shirt. The stout old bos'n never needed any shirt again; he had been lost that squally afternoon off Cape Horn. Three brave men had made that rug, old Abby always thought.

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WHEN I REMEMBER

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

When I remember how I keep the door
Shut on my heart, and how I hide away
Sorrows that are my passion night and day
And names that I have loved and love no more,
And stricken things of pride, and vows I swore
Only to break, and how I lie and say
'Peace,' and there is no peace, lest I betray
The long, long anguish of my civil war —

When I remember this and am aware
How you evade me and are secret too,
Then do I know defeat; and I despair
Of that deep union I have sought in you,
Finding our common fortune sunk to this —
The silent brief enchantment of a kiss.

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ON FINISHING COLLECTOR

BY CAROLYN WELLS

I

As some wise man has said, 'The price of growth is always to outgrow.' And the price is not exorbitant. For often outgrowth is far more pleasurable than any stage of the growth it pays for.

The growths for which I have paid outgrowth are many indeed, and their number is increasing every day.

As a rule, the man who says, 'I am willing to try anything once,' smiles fatuously, as if getting off a witticism or a slang phrase. But I think that experimental willingness has always been found in a certain type of human nature. It is more than curiosity or interest — it is an avid enjoyment of an adventure into the unknown, and a will to accept good or bad results with equanimity.

When I was a child, I was told that to chew a bit of the green leaf of the calla lily would produce most dire and horrible effects on one's tongue and lips. My trial of this experiment was only delayed by the difficulty of finding a leaf. When I did get it, I found the half had not been told me of the awful torture and agony that follow its mastication! I outgrew that habit immediately!

Similarly, when I heard that if you touched your tongue to any piece of cold iron, out of doors, in winter, it would stick to it, I tried it. It did.

And only last week I saw for the first time the wonderful material known as dry snow. A printed caution on the ice-cream container advised me not to handle the stuff. But I did, and promptly concluded never to handle it again.

It may be that these impulses are hereditary. For I remember my little old grandmother, when she listened, enthralled, to a description of a 'live wire,' and was told how its death-dealing powers were instantaneous, said, with shining eyes and a tentatively poked-out forefinger, 'But I'd like to just touch it and see!'

However, it is this spirit of daring inquiry that has brought about most of our modern progress and is responsible for much growth that has paid for itself by outgrowth.

As a small child the word 'collection' had no other meaning for me than the offering taken up at the Sunday church services. My parents had no flair for 'collecting,' as the term is used to-day, and we children had no encouragement to bring into the house anything that came under the general head of 'clutter.' Until my young brother arrived at the age when collecting birds' eggs is inevitable. Of course the boy could bring in clutter, for ours was a 'my son and the girls' household, so brother's room was soon swarming with branches of trees holding birds' nests and boxes of eggs or eggshells in cotton wool. These things achieved the distinguishing title of a 'c'lection,' and were looked upon with awe and admiration by the girls.

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Later the boy collected stamps and then coins, but it was tacitly understood that 'collecting' was a masculine verb.

And then I fell in with an entrancing game of cards called 'Authors.' From these I learned that a man whom I called 'Hug' Miller had written books entitled *The Old Red Sandstone, The Testimony of the Rocks*, and suchlike strange wordings. And, soon after, geology came into my school curriculum, and I too was moved to 'collect.' 'Specimens,' mine were grandiloquently dubbed, and I can see now, in memory, my display of mineral products, labeled neatly 'Quartz,' 'Mica,' 'Iron Pyrites,' and such rare gems of geological formation. But they turned out to be clutter, and anyway I soon tired of them.

It was ever my nature to have short, sharp, finished episodes. My life was like beads on a string, and not matched pearls, either. Every pursuit was hounded to its lair and then forgotten. Scrapbooks delighted me, but I must needs hurry to get all the blank pages filled and the book set up on a shelf, there to rest in oblivion.

All my life my chief bane and chief blessing have been my impulse to finish. To sit up till all hours to finish reading a story; to work overtime to finish my stint; to overeat to finish a pie or a pudding. Always the feat of finishing anything begun was my chief end and aim, and my greatest source of satisfaction.

Never did I possess what is known as the sense of moderation. Indefatigable, tireless, desperate effort to achieve, to finish, to lay aside — such was always my pleasure. Not entirely an admirable trait, yet it has stood me in good stead in the battle of life, even though it has, at times, landed me in trouble.

Then came the day when, for the first time, I saw a small book entitled *Grandma's Attic Treasures*. I devoured it in a few moments, and presto! I was a collector! I knew now what collecting meant, and with my usual energy I set to work. I had a grandma, she had an attic, and it was not long before I was the proud possessor of the family treasures.

Of course I was deemed queer, but that adjective was so often applied to me that it had lost all stigma. And mine was the beautiful mahogany sideboard, with its matching bureau, secretary, wardrobe — all with the darting flames in the door panels that I have never seen equaled and that are still among my chief delights. Mine the prismed girandoles, the gilded and flower-painted parlor bellows, the white and gilt china Victoria and Albert on horseback, the silver candlesticks and snuffer tray — all the real old stuff, which had been in the family for generations.

Objections were raised here and there. One superb chair was denied me because on it, in the attic, hung the sidesaddle that an old aunt used when a girl, and that 'never had hung anywhere else'; likewise a chest of drawers, which had always held shirtwaists — and always must.

But I had it at last — the collector's craze; the real thing.

My sense of moderation still being entirely lacking, I set to work in my home town, and, as ransacking was then in its infancy, I accumulated enough old and valuable mahogany to last me the rest of my life, and it is still lasting. Having no 'Collector's Guide' to aid me, I scorned all woods but mahogany; and a round tip-table, off which my great-grandparents dined on their wedding day, was discarded by me because, forsooth, it was of cherry! To complete the tale of my ignorant desecration, I painted it black, with

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a shiny lacquered finish, and on that painted a huge spray of wild roses. Then I gave the table away.

About that time I began, not to collect, but to acquire books. I therefore desired great and spacious bookcases. Being told by wiseacres that these were not obtainable among antiques, I merely nodded my young head, and silently determined to 'show 'em!' I did. In a few months I had eight enormous bookcases that reached from floor to ceiling, all of the most beautiful old mahogany, with more or less paned glass doors. One I found, its two parts widely separated, in an old chicken house on an abandoned farm near my home. One I bought at a sale of discarded furniture from the Treasury Department in Washington. Two I succeeded in persuading a Fifth Avenue jeweler to part with, advising him his wares would show off better in modern showcases. One I saw advertised at Tottenville, as the heirloom of a German baron. And one came from the estate of some friends in New England, where it had been in the family since 1758.

By this time I was thoroughly bitten by the collecting microbe, but, though I then lived in a large house in New Jersey, the mahogany I accumulated threatened to crowd out the garnet embossed plush furniture with black and gilt frames that was my mother's pride, so I perforce turned my energies to smaller articles.

II

The attic treasure hunt everywhere was increasing in size and volume, and, naturally enough, old china came next; but, as my microbe had the swift-moving efficiency of a Bandersnatch, I soon had all the willow-pattern pieces and even a millennium plate. However, being balked by the refusal of a cousin to sell me the pink lustre tea set that had been our grandmother's,—and which is still in a barrel in her cellar!—I gave over china and turned to fresh fields.

Souvenir spoons held me for a moment, but when I found I could buy them of most places in a New York shop I just purchased a few dozens, and put them on a top cupboard shelf, where they remain to this day.

With intent to make me save instead of spend, my father presented me with a fascinating cylinder of nickel, which was a receptacle for dimes, and could be emptied only when filled to the amount of five dollars. I collected a few straggling dimes in it, and then, having a present of a few dollars, I went to the bank, exchanged the bills for dimes, and filled my little nickel cylinder, thereby liberating the lot.

Feeling that collecting, so far, had left me strangely cold, I concluded it was because I had tried only hackneyed lines. I decided to branch out, and went in for Japanese crystal balls. But finding them impossible, because the big ones cost many thousand dollars and I did n't care much for the little ones, I tried miniatures — with similar results!

Determined to be original, I instituted a hunt for jade cubes. No, I had never seen any, but they must exist. About that time I made my first trip to Europe, and an obliging gentleman in Bond Street cut for me several jade cubes, and very beautiful they are. But they palled, and nobody knew what they were, anyway.

Silver toys came next. I saw a friend buy what she called a 'museum piece' —a tiny chariot and horses of exquisite silver work. Such toys I gathered, and then, as an auction sale of small silver boxes and toys, collected by a connoisseur, came up, I bought the lot, and that was that.

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Cardcases drew my attention. I achieved them in silver, carved ivory, tortoise shell, mother-of-pearl, glass, and other beautiful materials — but *cui bono?* Dolls of all nations accumulated so rapidly that they had to be given away at last.

Regretfully I came to the conclusion that I was not a true collector. I was an achiever, an acquirer, an accumulator, but a born collector — no!

I listened to the talk of my collecting friends. They would tell at length of a search and a final find of some marvelous bit of antique furniture or ornament that they had discovered after months of strenuous hunting. Idiots! Why did n't they go to a reputable antique dealer and buy it at once? I bethought me of that true and beautiful stanza by Gelett Burgess: —

A PRAYER

Not the quarry, but the chase;
Not the laurel, but the race;
Not the hazard, but the play,
Make me, Lord, enjoy alway.

In spirit, there is nothing truer or more beautiful, but it seems to me too big a principle to apply to a tour of New England tea rooms and antique shops to hunt a rising-sun bedquilt. Yet I gathered from their conversation that the fun was in hunting for the bedquilt far more than in getting it, and again I realized that there was something the matter with my collection complex.

Then early American glass came to the fore. Glass is beautiful in and of itself, and it seemed a likely thing to stalk. But my decision to collect it was met by shouts of derision from the knowing ones.

'You're too late,' they cried, exultantly, 'it's all been bought up — that is, all the real stuff. You'll get fooled with fakes!'

As the one thing I really pride myself on is *not* getting fooled by fakes, I determined to show 'em!

It chanced that I spent that summer in New England and in the western part of Pennsylvania. In New England, over almost the entire length and breadth of which I motored, I learned just about all there was to know on the subject of the early glass products of this land of the free and home of the brave. And it was an absorbing and fascinating study. I don't begrudge an hour I spent or a dollar I spent in getting letter-perfect. I polished off by a study of the old glass in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and then I started on my visit to a friend whose country house is perched atop the Alleghenies. I confided to her my intention of hunting glass in the vicinity, and, interested at once, she put herself, her car, her one-hundred-per-cent efficient chauffeur, and the whole of Somerset County at my disposal.

Blithely we started off, not knowing where to go, but trusting to the kindly aid of Fate and Luck. Nor did they fail us. By some occult power, or some superhuman flair, Mack, the chauffeur, knew from the way the smoke curled out of a chimney, or the way a silo was built, which farmhouses held bits of early American glass.

No chance for faking here. No modern stuff, 'planted' for visiting collectors, in these old and primitive homesteads. The Pennsylvania Dutch have lived in their homes for generations, and their household gods are the wedding presents of their ancestors, or of their neighbors' ancestors, sold out in case of need. For as a rule they are poor, and there is little of value in their houses, except now and then an antique.

Nor could we have done much without Mack. Himself a native, he knew how to talk to the farmers' wives and

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daughters. More, he had an ingratiating way with him that allowed him to go right past the women and sidle into their very pantries, from which he emerged with his arms full of dusty glass he had hauled down from top shelves.

'My land!' the owner would cry out. 'I ain't seen them old things for years! Can't be you want to buy *them!*'

And Mack, with a wink at me, would set out on the kitchen table gems of three-section mould pitchers, tumblers, and sugar bowls; amber-colored celery glasses and spoon-holders; covered butter dishes, and, finest of all, covered cracker jars and sweetmeat jars and compotes, most beautiful for to see. Early cut glass, made long before the era of pressed glass. Wonderful plates and goblets, twin sauce dishes, mugs and platters, each of intrinsic beauty as well as historic interest.

The owners were loath to sell, yet greatly did they desire my ready cash. And with Mack's intuitive understanding of just the right brand of argument to use they usually capitulated.

Mack is not the chap's real name. That is short for Machiavelli, and expresses, in part, his type and his methods of procedure.

Sometimes we drew a blank. At one house I said, tentatively, 'I wonder if you've any old pieces of glass you'd be willing to part with?'

'What?' said the lady of the house, looking bewildered.

'Old glass,' I went on. 'You know, old pieces you've discarded — thrown away — old pitchers, plates, bowls — '

'Well,' she said, musingly, 'I did have some, but I threw 'em out last week.'

'Where'd you throw 'em?' asked Mack, confidingly.

'Out back o' the woodshed — mebbe they're there now.'

But Mack was already out there and back, his hands full of small broken bits of glass, easily recognizable as the ten-cent-store variety.

'These are n't old!' I cried, but she said, 'No, not so very. But they was broke, so I pitched 'em out. You want 'em?'

'No,' I told her, and went on to the next house.

Only three days we motored over the mountain, and then, as in a more historic case, the mountain came to us. Before we were downstairs on the fourth day came a summons, and, descending, we found Mack holding at bay a horde of natives, each with arms full of newspaper-wrapped bundles and demanding to know, 'Where is the lady who buys glass?'

This kept up for a week, or until I was forced to deny further admittance to the glass-hawkers. And it was all real, all genuine early American glass. Not Stiegel, save for a few pieces, but products of the other earliest factories, and many bits from England, Ireland, and France.

Nor were the prices abnormally low. The mountain people have small sense of relative value and at once assume fabulous worth if their belongings are coveted. Moreover, in many cases the money was pitifully needed. And another factor in the case was the quick-working jealousy of neighbors.

'Why, you gave Mrs. Remmensdyke twict as much as that for her pitcher, and this is bigger yet!'

No knowledge of moulds or pontil marks was theirs. Only to get more money than another was their end and aim.

Old bottles turned up, too, and we were repeatedly informed that 'General Taylor never surrenders,' and learned that one Booz made the flasks destined to hold the beverage that is now known by his name, and were incidentally cheered by the acquisition of a

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lovely blue spirally waved bottle, indisputably Stiegel.

Well, I felt that I had enough to prove to my scoffing friends in the East that early American glass was not yet all bought up, and, on counting, I found I had over six hundred pieces! Crated and barreled, they were sent to New York and — sold at an auction room!

I had proved my point, I had 'collected' early American glass, and, having added to it the Sandwich and other varieties from New England, as well as a fine lot of Stiegel, for which I paid nearly its weight in gold, I sat back in my chair at the auction and listened to the bids, which brought me in rather more than half the sum I had paid out.

But collecting is not an inexpensive pursuit, and I felt the money and time were well expended. For had I not finished collecting early American glass, in something less than two months, and had I not the rest of my life now to devote to other matters? Now I can walk down Madison Avenue and shake my fist at the one-time tempting Millville glass balls and Waterford candlesticks in the windows of the antique shops. No more glass for me. I've had it!

Yet it left a trail in the shape of paperweights.

Millefiori! They had a lure, and I fell for them. Only real ones, of course — only the genuine early specimens. But I found many, and then one day I was at a house on Park Avenue where I found a friend with like tastes, but with even less sense of moderation than my own, for he had three thousand millefiori paperweights! He had every known variety, even the rare butterfly type, in abundance. He had specially constructed cabinets for them, heavily insured, because even the special constructions have a way of breaking down under the incredible weight of the things. They had overflowed the cabinets and were tucked in every drawer and cupboard, under his piles of shirts, in his shoes, and, his wife frowningly confided, under her hats!

That settled me. I never could get three thousand together, and I did n't want them anyway. I had finished with them. Except, that is, the variety known as snowstorms. The kind that contain a ship at sea, or a little man with an umbrella. Then you turn them upside down and back again, and a miniature snowstorm whirls and flutters down.

They are fascinating things, but are now made in France. These modern ones, of course, are not desirable, and for many months I was most pleasantly unable to get any real ones. At last the daughter-in-law of a friend secured one for me, but when she was carrying it home under her arm, along an icy street, it fell to the ground and smashed. Two ordered from England arrived in a thousand pieces each. Some others, guaranteed old, proved to be modern.

But at last I did achieve several real and beautiful ones. One of them shows a nun kneeling before a wayside shrine to the Virgin, and when the snowstorm is set going and descends on the nun's bowed head the Two Orphans have to hide theirs.

So, having these, I'm through with collecting snowstorms.

III

Well, there were other things I flew at, but all brought only the same result — vanity and vexation of spirit. I pondered over the matter, as is my wont when puzzled, and I came to the conclusion that my collected objects were unintellectual.

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'Collect books,' I said to myself. 'You're by way of being literary — make a literary collection.'

Then I beamed, for surely I was at last on the right track in my pursuit of happiness. Books it should be, and, as I always like to get advice from a proper authority, I went to see my friend, Miss Belle Green, of the Morgan Library. She gave me the best sort of counsel and information, and also some book dealers' and auction catalogues, which, as they were the first I had ever read, held my attention far, far into the night.

Books, of course, but where to begin?

I soon learned that Kilmarnock Burnses, and *Paradise Losts* with the right title-page, were not for me. But first editions of shining though lesser lights might be attained, and, of course, autographed copies.

Presuming on my more or less true and tried friendship with various writers, I made myself a public nuisance by sending them copies of their books with requests for inscriptions. It was amazing the way they responded, and returned the books delightfully inscribed, without an outward or visible sign of the annoyance the pestering requests must have given them!

And a few times I asked for inscriptions from people I did n't know at all. This I freely admit is a base thing to do. But I was prodded to it by friends who took delight in saying, 'Bet you can't get Kipling to autograph a book for you!' 'Or Joseph Conrad!'

Well, thus dared, I did get autographed copies from the two mentioned and many other great authors, but I have the grace to be thoroughly ashamed of such proceedings and have long since mended that error of my ways. However, I knew personally a sufficient number of authors to make my inscribed books a goodly collection, including a complete set of Oliver Herford's works, with his adorable kittens rollicking over the flyleaf of every volume.

But my indefatigable zeal put this sort of thing over quickly, and I found myself with every inscribed book that I wanted.

First editions and association copies, of course, awaited collectors. I achieved them of Lewis Carroll, Edward Lear, W. S. Gilbert — as well as more serious-minded writers. But they left me cold. Perhaps a First Folio Shakespeare or a Gutenberg Bible might give me a thrill, but nothing less can do it.

I studied carefully the psychology of book collecting and the character of the collectors. First of all I discovered that there is nothing literary about it, and nothing erudite. One need not be a scholar to collect books. Indeed, I've never known a scholar who did collect them. One need not be a great reader, or, in fact, a reader at all. For the value of collectible books bears no relation whatever to the matter of the volume, but merely to its manner. A first edition or a rare copy is the same text as that in a popular issue of the same book, but one is of large money value and the other is not.

Collected books are not read and are not meant to be read. The joy of a collector is showing off his books to other collectors, hoping to make them green with envy, or to noncollectors, to enjoy their perfunctory awe as he explains the value of the volumes. It is the body of the book and not the soul that makes it a collector's item.

This is no disparagement of the procedure — it is only a comment on the rooted conviction most people have that book collecting presupposes literary ability or knowledge, when as a matter of fact it does nothing of the

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sort. But I had to collect books to find this out for myself, as I too said in my haste, 'All book collectors are brainy people.'

And so it palled. First editions could be bought by anyone who had the price. The rarest volumes turned up now and then at auctions and were available if one had a purse equal to them.

And, worst of all, other collectors, to a man, refused to appreciate my books, and obstinately preferred to show off or talk about their own. My *Moral Emblems* of Stevenson's was met with 'Yes, I know. But I have a friend who knows a collector who has Kipling's *Echoes!*' And my Allahabad stories of Kipling's brought forth 'Very nice. But I have Stevenson's *John Nicholson*, with the paper cover.'

Of course he did n't — or, if he did, it was in such poor condition as to be practically worthless. But the first duty of a collector is to cry down other persons' books.

However, I stuck to it. I collected books until the whole game was a squeezed orange, a burst bubble. Of course I collected with both hands. The books fairly snowed in, and occasionally I must needs weed out a lot to send to the auction room. And I finished — finished book collecting in all its phases. Now I buy what books I want or need, whether old or new, first editions or last ones, and goodness knows they are numerous enough! But I no longer buy books as a collector.

Collectors loftily declare that they never consider the money value of a book. It hurts them terribly to have the subject referred to. Yet most of the collector's pet stories are about how he found a first Gray's *Elegy* in the sixpenny box of a street stall, or an early Poe in a secondhand dealer's ten-cent trough.

When books began to take up more room than I could conveniently spare for them, I turned me to miniature books. They are fascinating little things to collect. Exquisite bindings and marvelous workmanship — some of them less than an inch in size. Of course I must needs attain the smallest book in the world, among my other tiny books, and did so — Galileo's Letter, less than half an inch either way. But, that achieved, the climax was reached, and I promptly forgot all about miniature books.

Then, by chance, it was said in my hearing that Walt Whitman was a fine author to collect, but that it was now too late to get his most desirable editions, as they had all been avidly bought up by the Whitman collectors. Like a war horse scenting the battle, I inquired further particulars.

'You can't get any Whitman now,' I was told. 'It's too late to begin.' So, of course, I began.

As a poet or as a prose writer, Whitman was far from being one of my favorites. In fact, he seems to me a conceited old egoist, and if that is tautological, it is also true. But if he was a good one to collect, and if it was impossible to collect him now, he was my meat!

So I set to work, in my own way. And my way was the simple process of writing to every book dealer I could learn of, in America and England, and even in Canada and Australia, and asking for quotations.

A very dear friend, and one greatly experienced in collecting, said: —

'My dear Carolyn, you're going about it all wrong! You not only can't get anything in that way, but you'll send the prices of what they may have skyoodling up out of sight! That's no way to collect! You can't sit there at your desk and whistle for books to come to you. You must go out and

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browse around, secretly, stealthily, and then you'll chance upon marvelous finds!'

'Yes?' I said, and smiled, and went on in my own way.

Well, my own way answered my purpose so well that inside of a year I was possessed of the largest collection of Whitman in the world. Not only did I have all the editions, and all the variants of every edition, but I had many unique copies, and quantities of manuscript, letters, and all the association items dear to a collector's soul.

Few noncollectors know of all the various editions of Whitman's one book, *Leaves of Grass*, but there are hundreds of them. Then a book of his, called *Letters to His Mother*, was printed in an edition of only five copies. Two of these are in the Library of Congress. But by dint of search and research I achieved the other three.

At last I had every possible edition or special copy of Whitman, except one exceedingly rare item, the first edition, 1855, bound in paper. Only two were known, and these two were beyond any hope of achievement. I really despaired of this, as it seemed absolutely unobtainable, and paper covers are so perishable that there was small chance of finding the thing.

And then I did! I learned of a copy for sale, and I bought it, with the dire result of finding my Whitman collection complete, and therefore of no possible further interest. It stands before me as I write this — an enormous, tall bookcase filled to overflowing with the only complete collection of Whitman known, and yet *cui bono?*

No, I am not a born collector. My price for growth is always to outgrow. An incomplete collection is a thorn in my flesh and a complete collection is a bore.

I sought to divert and amuse my friends by telling them that the only thing I wanted now was one of Whitman's neckties. Kindly souls, with my own indefatigability of pursuit, endeavored to get this for me. They hunted so seriously, and so earnestly, that I've never had the heart to tell them that, even as the happy man had no shirt, so Whitman never wore a necktie!

One ardent Whitman collector has a lock of his hair. But it seems to me messy. And, too, hair is an expensive item to collect. A few years ago a lock of Poe's hair brought many hundreds of dollars at an auction, and nine hairs of Sir Walter Scott brought even more. In this day of bobbed hair one ought to get a lock from the head of a favorite authoress fairly cheaply, but the masculine hair is doubtless as expensive as ever.

I also collected caricatures of Whitman, and they are screamingly funny; but collectors of Whitman, naturally, have no sense of humor, and they deem the caricatures — some the work of famous artists — sacrilegious.

Moreover, though there are five hundred Whitman collectors in the United States, I know only two of them personally, and though those two are appreciative, it is not a large audience.

IV

You see, a collector is an exhibitionist. If you can't show off, your collection is dust and ashes.

I came to realize the words of the Preacher: —

'So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem: also my wisdom remained with me. . . . For this a man is envied of his neighbour. This is also vanity and vexation of spirit. . . . Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof.'

Surely Ecclesiastes understood.

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Vanity is the keynote of the collector's soul, and vexation of spirit is its undertone. A collector *may* have gray matter, and he *may* have wisdom, just as he *may* have red hair or blue eyes, but none of these things is either cause or effect of his collecting complex. The basic requirements are acquisitiveness and love of display. Taste and discrimination are not only unnecessary but rather a drawback. You get those from the catalogues and price lists.

The wise collect quality, the foolish collect quantity. I have done both and I know whereof I speak.

I am now collecting collections. It is amazing to think of the various things that have been and are being collected. Indeed, it is almost safe to say there is nothing that has *not* been collected.

One friend of mine collects only picture postcards and crown jewels. He has three hundred and fifty thousand of the former, and a somewhat smaller number of the latter. Another collects knots of wood. He has an enormous lot of these, and is continually sending to Arizona or Timbuctoo for some rare knot. A patriotic gentleman collects flags, and boasts an American flag, with at least twenty-four stars, that he gravely declares was carried during the war of 1776!

Carved fruit pits, carved whale and shark teeth, are collected by others. Many incline to old theatre programmes, playing cards, and old newspapers. Samplers, laces, finger rings, antique weapons, fans, and cameos are among the pursuits of the cultured ones, while Rogers Groups and patchwork bedquilts appeal to sturdier souls.

One dear woman, otherwise sane, is collecting a million used postage stamps, 'to save a Chinese baby.' When I said, 'Why save the Chinese baby?' she was as much at a loss for a reply as she was to know how, when, or where the salvation was to be accomplished.

A well-known collector has a gorgeous collection of bandboxes and bird cages, than which perhaps nothing could be more cumbersome, even though interesting. Bibles are collectible, and I have heard of collections of actresses' slipper heels and poets' suspender buttons, of race horses' shoes and of canes.

These collectors I mention are all bona fide seekers and very much in earnest. They prowl and search with unflagging zeal, and enjoy the chase far more than the quarry, the race far more than the laurel.

This is as it should be; but all things have I seen in the days of my vanity, as Ecclesiastes puts it, and from my observation of others I have come to know that *I* am not a collector. An acquirer, an achiever, a go-getter — but a collector, no.

For those who have the esurient complex, the Bruce's spider obsession, who prefer the doing to the deed, the striving to the accomplishment, collecting is a joy and a happiness. To me, after long experience, it seems the Idiot's Delight.

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THE PASSING OF THE PROPHET

BY WALTER SAMUEL SWISHER

I

'WHAT the world needs,' said my friend, 'is a big man — a leader — a prophet. The world suffers for his coming.'

I pondered — or seemed to ponder — his words. Did the world need a prophet? What kind of prophet did it need? What would the world do with him if it had him? What is a prophet, anyway?

In this order my mind asked the questions, obviously because the first was provoked by my friend's contention. But they seemed to require answering in reverse order. For how could I determine to my own satisfaction whether the world needs a prophet until I had settled with some definiteness the last question, 'What is a prophet?'

'It is obvious,' said I to myself, 'that a prophet, with the possible exception of the weather prophet, is no longer a man who predicts the future. Predicting the future is a risky business these days and even weather prophets have been known to go astray. Perhaps a prophet is a man who discloses people to themselves. Possibly his function is to point out the world's needs, lay bare people's shortcomings, then urge that they act upon his advice — set out upon some definite path, follow some definite ideal.'

The answer did not seem very satisfactory or very complete. It was not a good picture of the prophet. When one considered the prophets of Israel — Isaiah, Jeremiah, Amos — one had a vision of tall, stern, bearded figures who harangued people in the market place or at some solemn festival and informed them that some doom was about to fall unless they repented. The dénouement came with sickening regularity — the people failed to repent, and the doom fell. The net result of this kind of prophecy seemed to be to make people uncomfortable. Since the doom needs must fall, why not let the people be happy in the interim? All that this type of prophet ever seemed to gain by his haranguing was the scant satisfaction of a Cassandra, 'I told you so, and now you see it has fallen out as I predicted.' Scant satisfaction in that for anyone. These I might call the 'gloom and doom' prophets.

But over against this type I set another more modern type, the prophet of joy. 'There's a good time coming,' said he. 'Health, wealth, and happiness await you.' This kind of prophecy was highly profitable, for the prophet of joy sent the people off walking on air. He had that valuable asset of the successful prophet — glamour.

'Have you heard the news?' says one passer-by to another. 'There's a good time coming — we are all to be healthy, wealthy, and happy.'

This prophet was a joyous person as he stood in the sunlight, clad in gold and purple. He was good to look upon and people loved to listen to his glowing words. But there was something wrong

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with the picture. In the first place, the people had not questioned nor had the prophet informed them by what means these things were to come about. If he had, it was through some miraculous intervention — angels were to descend and put their foes to rout, or a glorified hero was to appear to bring in the millennium. This kind of prophecy would not bear the scrutiny of analytical minds.

The other thing that was wrong with the picture was that there were no shadows, there was no room for the tragedy of life.

'Suppose,' said I to myself, 'some good woman who has lost her only child comes to this prophet of joy and asks for comfort.'

'My good woman,' says he, 'you must not look on the dark side of things. Look on the bright side. See, the sun is shining.' Then he would pluck a flower with the morning dew fresh upon its petals and say, 'Here is a lovely flower; admire its tender hues and the freshness of its fragrance. Yes, to be sure your child is dead, but never mind — look on the bright side.' How angrily the bereft woman would spurn the prophet's well-meant admonitions and kindly reproof, how disconsolately she would move away.

The gloom prophet was stern, uncompromising, forbidding, but the joy prophet was something worse — he was shallow. One would want to step up to him as he harangued of joy and light in the market place and shout in his ear the one word, 'Buncombe!'

Of course, there was a third type of man — the man who faced issues, saw things as they are, told people the simple truth about themselves and the world, encouraged them to formulate and solve their own problems, and let it go at that. But then he was no prophet, — at least in no generally accepted sense, — he was just a plain, ordinary, common-sense, everyday man with insight.

Fancy a conversation like the following. Two roughly dressed men carrying dinner pails meet in the street.

'Bill,' says Jim, 'Frank's a prophet.'

'Frank's a what?' says Bill.

'A prophet. He told me that I am spending too much money, that I neglect my work, and that my pigheadedness is sure to get me into trouble if I don't watch out. He turned me inside out, he did; he showed me up in great shape.'

'Oh, hell!' says Bill.

I fancied that this type might after all be the true prophet. But then there was no glamour, no necromancy about it. A prophet without glamour and necromancy was unthinkable, at least according to any accepted standards. He must come either clad in resplendent robes or eating locusts and wild honey. He must, above all, be picturesque.

Then it occurred to me that that is what people want and what they mean by 'prophet.' He is a picturesque figure who works some necromancy by which people are saved without effort. That is the secret of prophecy — he saves them without effort on their part.

I submit that this is to take a wrong view of life. It is what occurs in legend, myth, and fairy tale. In these tales people get into serious difficulties — largely through their own selfishness and shortsightedness — and a romantic supernatural figure appears who extricates them from their difficulties by speaking the magic word or by the aid of some talisman.

This sounds puerile enough, but the fact is that man is not yet emancipated from belief in the power of the magic word. He still believes, though he dare not own it, in the omnipotence of thought — thought divorced from action. He still believes in djinn, genii,

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fairies, and the intervention of angels. He is credulous, no longer with an avowed and explicit, but with a half-conscious implicit, credulity.

'Business is bad,' says he, 'but something will turn up.' He still believes in magic, in miraculous intervention. He is slow to learn the fact that nothing is likely to turn up until human effort turns it up.

II

The kind of prophet for whom my friend was looking is the kind who makes people feel comfortable in the midst of individual and collective adversity. But have they the inherent right to feel comfortable in the midst of adversity? Has n't that always been the trouble with man, that he tends to sit down comfortably in the midst of adversity, to say, 'It is the Lord's doing,' whereas he ought to rouse himself to appropriate action whereby he may climb up out of adversity? It was John Stuart Mill, I believe, who used to speak of the 'accursed wantlessness of the poor.'

It is the attitude of subservience. It is simpler and easier to yield to the pressure of circumstance, to wait for the prophet who will speak the word of deliverance, than it is to think a way out and rouse ourselves to action. The demand for the prophet, the 'big man,' the 'leader,' then, grows out of human inertia. As we grow less subservient we demand this kind of prophet less.

When I had reached this conclusion it occurred to me that what the world needs is not a prophet, — in the sense of a leader, a deliverer, — but what it actually needs is concentrated and collective effort. For such effort to be intelligent, the world needs the interpreter rather than the prophet. Though we may not admit it, the world is in crying need of my third type of man, the man who will disclose to men their inner selves, — their shortcomings, their failures, their potentialities, — the interpreter who will assist them to find the way and urge them to walk therein.

'But, 'I said to myself, 'is this man not the truest kind of prophet? Surely the prophet has always been some kind of interpreter, but usually an interpreter of far-off and supermundane things. This prophet will interpret things close at hand.'

There, likewise, was implicit the answer to my third question, 'What would the world do with the prophet if he should appear?'

Well, we do not like interpreters who disclose our own weaknesses. We much prefer prophets who predict a solar eclipse or the end of the world. In such case the rest of the world is bound to share our experience, which makes it bearable. Not so with interpreters of our inner selves. We escape from them as fast as we can. We call them in extreme cases 'fanatics,' or in mild cases 'bores' or 'enthusiasts.' (It is only in New England, I believe, that 'enthusiast' is an opprobrious term.) For the prophet has his one string upon which he harps in and out of season. If he is a man of strong character — and what prophet is not? — he seeks to impose his beliefs upon mankind. There is but one way of escape from your real prophet — crucify him. It is what the world has always done and what it probably will always continue to do — crucify its prophets. It nails them to some kind of cross, which may be another reason why the prophet is passing.

Men do not want truth — they want comfort and complacence. A series of pictures passes through my mind as I contemplate this fact — Martin Luther forcibly siezed by rough men in the

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darkness of the Thuringian Forest and hurried off to the Wartburg lest his enemies set upon and destroy him, Galileo kneeling in abnegation before the august College of Cardinals, Copernicus exiled to a small town, Dante banished to the city of Ravenna, the funeral pyre of Shelley on a storm-swept coast, Keats coughing out his life in Rome by the Spanish steps, Roentgen dying in poverty in Berlin. And these were only lesser crucifixions. There was

> Socrates drinking the hemlock,
> And Jesus on the rood.

Moreover, it is rare that the real prophet is recognized while he is still alive. Were Keats and Shelley — prophets of the inner life — recognized as among England's greatest poets while they breathed the breath of life? Who appreciated the significance of the Reformation until long after Luther's bones had turned to dust? What did his own contemporaries think of Charles Darwin? What do many of our foremost scientists think of Einstein?

If the prophet is right, his novel views demand a revaluation of life. This revaluation is neither comfortable nor easy; it is almost sure to mean action of an unaccustomed sort, even a complete reversal of our way of life. It gives men a profound shock to discover that they have hitherto pursued a way of life and thought that is both wrong and futile.

Men are resentful. A new philosophy, if it contains aught that is valid, upsets old things, and more than one man's life work goes for naught. A new scientific hypothesis, once it gains credence, means that the work of a myriad researchers in a myriad laboratories has been so much waste effort. Who that has put the best years of his life into erecting a fine structure of thought will welcome with equanimity the discovery of facts that relegate his work to the scrap heap?

This, of course, is not rational behavior. Rationally, we ought to accept the new with acclamation. But if the new psychology has rendered us one service more than another it is to demonstrate that for the most part men's behavior is to be explained on an unconscious emotional rather than a conscious rational basis. No one readily forgives a wound to his *amour propre*. We are Narcissistic. The first natural feeling aroused when we discover that our life plans are set at naught is a feeling of resentment. But resentment must have an object. There is slight satisfaction in retiring Achilles-like to our tents to nurse our grievances in silence. Most of us love to shout them from the housetops, or at least write the *Times* about it. We want an object for our wrath. The logical object is the man who — however unintentionally — has upset our life work. We are always ready to cry, 'Crucify him!' Disappointment turns to angry resentment, resentment cries out for an object on which to vent itself. It is the primitive in us.

To be sure, our methods are more indirect than formerly. A member of a savage tribe dies. Here, it is believed, is the work of a malign intelligence. Who by thought or word brought the agency into play by which the deed was wrought? Let us discover him and, when discovered, let us put him to death. It is the talion law. But if we fail to discover him, another will do as well. If a sacrifice is made, justice is satisfied. After all, the Jewish institution of the scapegoat was valuable. The goat, full-fed, was turned loose into the wilderness. Justice was satisfied and the goat suffered no harm.

Something of this primitive punitive conception of justice survives in us. Never was the need so great of constant

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revaluation of our universe as it is to-day. We live in a world of seething change. The nineteenth century claimed to have solved all the mysteries, the twentieth in its revaluation of its universe knows that it has but skirted their rims.

III

We are at sea in this strange world, this 'space-time world' of Einstein and Whitehead. The old chartings will not suffice — they are meaningless. We look for some pilot to steer us into safe havens. We cast longing eyes upon certain ones who seem to qualify, but we do not like their handling of the ship; we fear that in escaping a known danger — a granite rock — we shall founder on some hidden shoal. That is the sort of leader for whom the world hopes at the present moment — someone to bring order out of chaos. We vex ourselves in vain. He will not appear. The day of scapegoats and vicarious atonements is past.

If we have erred in this twentieth century, no one but ourselves is to blame, and no one but ourselves can extricate the world from its difficulties. There is no panacea. There must be collective, intelligent effort.

The day of great military, political, philosophical — yes, and industrial — leaders is gone. They went out with the passing of the nineteenth century. The science of social psychology has shown us all too clearly where the fault lies — in ourselves. It discloses men's motives in the group life as not overhigh.

This collective effort will be all the more difficult because as we evolve we become more individualized. Glenn Frank, writing in the *New York Times Magazine*, predicts that the next achievement of our American culture will be along artistic and literary lines. He holds that the machine age has reached its apogee and we are ready for a more selective culture. This means increasing individualization. If this be true, we are on the wrong track for supreme collective effort. Without collectivity of thought there can be no leader, for a leader without followers is no leader at all. What or whom does he lead? In my student days a young man of my acquaintance thought that the time was ripe for the establishment of a new church, a church which would do away with dogma and get back to first principles. It was to be simple and fundamental. It was to be called starkly 'The Church of God.' He rented a disused school building. But when he opened it for meetings no one came. He was in the ridiculous position of a shepherd without sheep — a leader without followers.

According to the neovitalistic school, as the organism evolves it becomes more highly individualized. It gains greater mobility, a greater independence of movement. When it comes to integration on the psychological level, the evolutionary trend is toward an ever greater independence of thought and action. As man evolves intellectually it is increasingly difficult for him to raise one of his own number to the level of the prophet.

It is due to their own feelings of inferiority — Janet's *sens d'incomplétude* — that men seek a leader. To seek adventitious aid is to confess failure. As men come to possess themselves, they incline less to seek such aid. As they develop self-reliance, they lean upon individual leaders less or not at all.

The last of the great Jewish leaders of ancient times was Judas Maccabæus. His efforts failed — failed because his followers could not exert collective effort and expected him to deliver them single-handed from their enemies.

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Since then there has been no great Jewish leader of his type.

What of Jesus? Humanly speaking, he must have been considered by his disciples to have failed. He was crucified, dead, and buried. Where was now the glorious kingdom that was to be set up in Jerusalem? Where were the legions of ministering and defending angels? Where the splendor? He had died a felon's death. It seemed for some time as though his very gospel were to be lost forever to mankind. The little Christian church at Jerusalem under the leadership of James lived briefly through a lingering death and was snuffed out. Then came Paul. Paul was among the prophets. It was Paul who spread the knowledge of the gospel throughout the Græco-Roman world. Many commentators say that it was not so much the gospel of Jesus that he taught as it was his own metaphysic and philosophy of life. It is certain that under his influence Christianity became something other than what Jesus taught.

What is the prophet, the prophet who is acclaimed? The embodiment of a group idea. William Jennings Bryan was preëminently that — and nothing more. When he sought to be original he failed again and again as prophet. But as Fundamentalism grew in strength and adherents he became increasingly popular. It was not that he made any original contribution — far from that. He was the very epitome of Fundamentalism. It just happened so.

The mass of men are inarticulate. A great organized group demands and requires for its very existence a mouthpiece, a vehicle for the expression of its ideas and ideals. He is spokesman for the people, and should he grow away from them and become his own man his influence is disintegrating. Hence, he is crucified.

It would seem as though we should never have another great prophet — first, because in the light of our common mechanical industrial age it becomes increasingly difficult to cast a glamour; second, because we are becoming more individualized, and the great racial, national, and religious groups dominated by a single idea are breaking up into smaller groups each with its own end and purpose. Time and education have done that for us. Cite Amos and Elijah as we will, there can be no great popular prophet without a large following, and, as we have pointed out, the shepherd can be no shepherd unless he have sheep.

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UNFINISHED JOBS

BY A BUSINESS WOMAN

I

ANNIVERSARIES are not always joyful occasions. Sometimes they are desperate ventures, like a leap from the tried and found wanting to the utterly unknown.

Five years ago I celebrated my twenty-fifth anniversary as 'a leading business woman' by just such a leap in the dark. In other words, I gave up my job, though I knew perfectly well that in doing so I was burning my bridges behind me and could never return. A woman of forty-five is old in the business world. If she is in she may sometimes stay in, but very rarely may she go back again, however successful she may have been. There were no congratulations to spur me on, no rallying of friends, no pension even. There were only grim resolution and a prayer to the high gods, after which I sat down to survey the past and take stock of my earthly possessions.

It did not take long. The past held but one experience — the struggle for support. As for earthly possessions, that quarter of a century of hard labor had netted me exactly six shares of company stock (totaling less than three thousand dollars) and seventeen hundred dollars' worth of participation in a heavily mortgaged coöperative apartment — a participation that ensures us a comfortable home as long as we continue to pay our ninety dollars a month of the upkeep. For that ninety dollars, and for the business of daily living, I had exactly nothing at all and must depend upon my sister's salary. Yet resign I must. There was an imperative family need that made my woman's services in the home even more necessary than my head-of-the-family activities outside.

That need was my immediate reason for giving up the job. The other — the long-distance reason — was that financially it was getting me nowhere. I could not possibly have saved one thousand dollars more than I did in all those twenty-five years. Never once had my salary touched the five-thousand-dollar mark, though one paper intimated in glaring headlines that it was fifty thousand at least. During my salad years it was scarcely a salary at all, yet even then I had to meet the requirements of business in the matter of good dress; to pay off the debts for my education and provide — as my sister and I still do — a home for ourselves and our widowed mother. For many years we have sent a monthly check to a family Negro too old to work. We educated a younger sister and then kept her under the care of specialists for years before her death. After that there was another accumulation of debts to be paid before we could even begin to save.

Those few years of saving were the only years of financial peace that we have ever known. It was then that we bought the apartment and the company shares, and had the luxury of a servant for a little while. Even now our mother

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refers to those few peaceful years as a traveler might refer to a blessed oasis he had lingered in and never forgotten.

But they did not last long. The end of the war came, and with it the demobilization of women. Only business women realize how long that demobilization has lasted, and understand its real significance. As the manager of one of New York's best employment agencies said not long ago, 'More than half the leading women in Wall Street have now, for one reason or another, been let out. That means that there are men enough to fill the executive positions.' It means something more, something permanent: younger women are in demand, and the supply is constantly increasing.

My sister and I saw clearly enough what was coming. Our salaried years were numbered, so we decided to try that desperate venture of launching out alone. I was to take the first leap and do what free-lance work I could in the time spared from home.

The five years since then have been weathered somehow, but we have ceased to live on the edge of safety — we are merely dangling over it. Soon after my venture my sister saw opportunity and she too started on her own, so that at present there is a six-thousand-dollar debt, plus interest, taxes, and insurance, for the advertising business she and her partner have bought. One by one my shares have been pledged against loans for family necessities, and the shadow of rent day is forever ahead. The larder has never been empty — quite, and clothes of a kind have been bought at end-of-the-season sales. Hospitality, though, has come to an end. Club memberships, so valuable to self-supporting women, have been withdrawn, and contact with old friends and associates is rarely possible now, since we cannot afford the downtown luncheons and dinners at which busy women are accustomed to meet. Hardest of all, our mother is feeling the strain at last and we cannot provide the comforts she needs. She *may* get well without them. She has accomplished everything else through sheer force of will, and has succeeded in making a very real home for us during all these years of our breadwinning preoccupations.

If she weathers the storm the other hardships can be borne cheerfully enough. Perhaps it is true that 'we develop by what we buck up against.' At any rate we have untried abilities within us, new and interesting ventures ahead — if! That is where the great fear lies — *if* we continue our hold on the edge; *if* no accident occurs. For the first time in all my life I begin to be haunted by the fear of accident. What if I am run over coming home? What if I lose my hands, my sight? I am not getting morbid; but I should be a dependent all my life, forty years or more perhaps, so small is the insurance I have been able to carry.

II

Now all this drab bit of financial history would be of no interest whatever if it were my history only. It is, at one point or another, the history of thousands of women thrown into the self-supporting class. Even then it would not be told if it began and ended with them. Unfortunately it does not. The great majority have dependents, and the thousands mount. It is these dependents and their peculiar relationship to the self-supporting woman that make her problem not only one of personal difficulty, but important in its relation to society as a whole.

It is not always easy to define just what a 'dependent' is, though sociologists and tax experts strive hard to be exact. Children, of course (if they are one's own), and wives — a fact that is

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usually recognized by a raise in salary when a young man is ready to marry. Mothers too fall under the heading of 'closely related to you and *living in your household*.' Yet it is the dependents not closely related, and those living out of the home, who absorb so much of women's slender earnings and yet cannot win for them the sympathy, the larger salaries, or the head-of-the-family exemptions that help so much.

A striking illustration of this came to my attention a short time ago — the case of a New York professional woman who was earning six thousand a year. While she was putting herself through college her father married again. For a few years all went well. Then he lost his health and his business, and from that time on Miss X had to come to the new family's aid. Fortunately she was succeeding, for very soon her sister was widowed and left with a young baby, and for several years she kept both of them with her. The sister is carrying her own load now, but in the meanwhile a young brother married, without waiting for college or success, and a third family came upon the scene and was soon looking to 'Auntie' for help through its numerous financial crises.

This case is extreme, of course, but it is surprising how many women are carrying burdens for which they are in no way responsible — 'the burdens of the past,' as one of them put it. The income tax collector tells us how many women are heads of families, — over 157,000 in our United States alone, — but even he knows nothing of certain types of dependents that are rarely mentioned. Most women are too loyal to talk of them and of family tragedies. They dress as well as they can, smile gallantly, and tell nothing about the father who is failing in business, the mother in a sanitarium, or the brother who cannot hold up his too heavy load. Such domestic tragedies are no more numerous than they have always been. They are merely more numerous among the gently bred, where the greatest financial pinch is now felt. That is why more and more women are faring forth, not merely, as they would have us believe, to seek independence and the rainbow's end, but because someone they love has fallen by the way and they must take over his unfinished job.

There, I think, is the whole thing in a nutshell — other people's unfinished jobs. It is these jobs, these pathetic and not-to-be-mentioned dependents, that make the salaries of most women so much too small for the demands that are made upon them, especially when those demands are for invalids or the education of children.

For the salaries of women are small. In spite of all the success stories with which the public is regaled, comparatively few, even of the officer class, receive more than five thousand a year. I was one of the many who made even less — who, again and again, took over 'men's work' only to find that by some strange and elusive alchemy it had become 'women's work' and was rated accordingly. Yet, in spite of my low financial status, I was considered a successful woman. Colleges, chambers of commerce, clubs, asked me to talk about my work, while magazines and newspapers 'told how I did it' and syndicated my words of advice. Of the young men who started with me, and who were of the same intellectual and social status, not one is getting less than fifteen or twenty thousand a year at the lowest, not one but is considered in his prime at fifty.

III

The thing that has brought all this so vividly back to me is the visit of my 'twin cousin' to New York. In spite of a few years' difference at the start, we

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began our business lives under exactly similar conditions, with the same background and mental equipment and the same kind and amount of education. As soon as I saw that cousin I sensed the atmosphere of — shall I call it affluence, or merely peace of mind? We talked of his business, his travels, his home, and his car. His wife's expensive simplicity added lustre to their apartment in a Fifth Avenue hotel, to the excellent dinner that regaled us, and to the play that we saw later on — from the very best orchestra seats. A quick mental calculation showed me that the evening had cost nearly fifty dollars, a sum that was a mere gesture of hospitality to that business man; to us the equivalent of half a year's income on our savings of twenty-five years.

Of course he had obligations. They all have, these men with whom I have been associated — wives and sometimes other relatives to support, children to care for and educate, fraternal and philanthropic enterprises to finance. The youngster who ran errands for me a few years ago has obligations, but he also has a car and is buying a home of his own. In contrast is the librarian in the next apartment. She is educating her young sister and doing her own sewing and washing at night. Her janitor is earning a larger salary than she, and providing happily for his *own* child. I could cite cases without end, of educated, self-supporting women struggling to finish the job of others on the slenderest of salaries, before their earning years come to an end. As for those salaries, one case will suffice — that of an able teacher entrusted with a class of mentally deficient boys, two of whom left her care to begin earning, at once, wages larger than hers had ever been.

There is another side to this question — one, it seems to me, that gets too little consideration. What does one get in return? Is everything that one earns swallowed up in daily living, or is it investment in the future, with the hope of easier conditions as the years go on? Men — young husbands, let us call them — have a long term of earning years with constantly increasing earning capacity. Hardships and denials they have without doubt in this time of complicated living and high costs. Their wives must choose carefully, even painfully, when there are so many needs in proportion to the earnings, but — the crux of the whole matter lies here — they *can* choose. Even when the earnings are only fair, there is the boon of choice, and it is being able to choose that makes life interesting and really worth while. They have all been able to choose marriage. Most of them, presumably, were free of obligations during their youth and could marry the men they loved. In spite of cares and anxiety while their children are young, they can look forward to the durable satisfactions of useful, well-educated sons and daughters given to the world.

Nearly every business woman I know feels, deep in her heart, the incompleteness of a life without children, yet very few people realize that she really wants the home and the emotional satisfactions so necessary to business men. A few have been able to adopt children, but for the great majority even that is financially impossible. It has been impossible for us. We have been forced to admit it at last and to face the fact that we cannot make our woman's contribution to even one little life, though the thought of the thousands in asylums is — or should be — a constant reproach to us all.

Young men usually marry as soon as they are on their financial legs, so the care of the older people or the sharing of their burdens gradually falls to the daughters. I have no statistics to prove this. It may be a case of 'all

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generalizations are false, including this one,' but personal observation and a mass of testimony force me to believe it. A by no means uncommon instance is that of a former coworker, who postponed her marriage for eight years to help her mother support the home and bring up three younger brothers, every one of whom married before she was finally free. She and other 'brain workers' rank among the business and professional women, who are supposed to be more fortunate than women in the industrial groups, but they are all moved by the same family considerations and use their money in the same way. For that reason it may not be out of place to quote the following paragraph from a recent report of the United States Department of Labor, on the share of wage-earning women in family support:—

> Comparing single men and single women, the women contributed more extensively, both actually and relatively. In every age group more daughters than sons contributed all earnings. At the younger ages (less than twenty-eight) there was a greater proportion of women than of men who contributed all earnings.

During my quarter of a century in the business world it has amazed me to find how many women — young girls even — were supporting themselves and their mothers. Usually these girls do not marry, and who can wonder, for where are the young men who can keep their heads above water if they start life with a dependent mother-in-law?

But about the women — my sister, myself, and our hosts of fellow workers who are in a fair way to become dependents ourselves if sickness or accident occurs. The all-important question is, dependent upon whom? Since we have no husbands and no children the burden will fall, if fall it must, upon the children of others, for everyone who drifts into old ladies' homes, hospitals, or rest cures, will be a tax upon the charity, or the public funds, of the coming generation — more 'burdens of the past' for the young to carry.

This mention of old ladies' homes is not 'sob stuff' by any means, but the result of thoughtful consideration, based upon what is already happening. Several of our most valued older friends are already immured. One is a woman who, in a well-known university, gave us the technique and the inspiration for the work that we have done. Her woman's earnings, even with constant extra work, were never more than enough to support herself and her mother and help with the upbringing of an orphaned niece.

Since this question of dependence is a matter of such far-reaching concern, the most progressive self-supporting women are giving it thoughtful consideration. Their salaried years approximate the number of years it takes to prepare the younger children for life or to care for the older people. Given a sufficient number of working years *after that*, they could build up their own reserve fund, but it must be borne in mind that their earning years are limited — are, in fact, becoming more limited all the time. This is not because of ill health or decreased ability, but because able and well-trained young college women can be had in increasingly large numbers. Practically every employment agent for women tells of the consequently decreasing demand for the older women — 'older' women, they say, now meaning those over thirty. After forty or even fifty there is ample time to embark upon independent business ventures *if* a woman has been able to accumulate capital enough. It is needless to say how few have been able to do it.

There is another thing that handicaps the efforts of women — they are so

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often breadwinner and 'mother of the family' as well. The home makes a great many demands upon women — demands that retard and even end the career. A well-known New York lawyer told me that in his opinion this was one of the chief causes of the continued prejudice against women in the legal profession; that for his part he would never admit a girl into his group of apprentice lawyers until the demands of home no longer caused women to break their contracts.

One of the most useful women I know may be called upon any day to break her contract. She is a young and able college woman who went into her brother's home, adopted his orphaned children, and brought on an elderly relative to care for them while she earns the money for their education and support. As a father she is a decided success, but she may be called upon in any crisis to be a mother as well. Several crises would seriously interfere with work as important as hers. These children may, when they are older, provide for her future, but it is by no means certain. I have personally known six women — of course that may be coincidence — who have educated brothers or nephews who married young and without the slightest attempt to repay the money spent upon them. The return of the money seems never to be expected. A physician, a woman who is supporting herself and educating two nieces on a four-thousand-dollar salary, put it succinctly when she said, 'I think every one of us should make her contribution to the oncoming generation.'

IV

'Every one of us should make her contribution to the oncoming generation.' That has rung in my ears persistently, — almost like a prophecy, — till I am beginning to wonder if the child pension, or child insurance, is not after all the solution to this problem that is becoming so increasingly difficult for men as well as women.

Let us put the problem in its simplest terms. The father has always been the head of the family, his responsibility its financial support. Until lately he has been able to carry that responsibility alone. Several generations ago, when the family was large and land and rents cheap, it was quite possible for the man of average ability to support a family of ten or more. Not so to-day. The costs of living have risen to such an extent that a man cannot carry more than one fourth of the load that was carried by his grandsires. If the cost of living and the cost of children continue to mount we are threatened with a future in which no one will be able to do more than support himself. Even now the signs are pointing that way. In the so-called working classes, for instance, nearly two million wives have had to come to the rescue, every one of whom, according to the Department of Labor, is contributing her entire earnings to family support. Among the professional groups the strain is so great that not only are unmarried women pulling their own weight and that of others, but wives as well are leaving the home in order to help to support it.

The cost of children is staggering. Not only the cost of getting them safely started in life, but all the costs of health building, education, and training that follow. To reduce, or rather to share, these costs we have been experimenting with such aids as public schools, free clinics, and recently education insurance. Whether we are yet community-minded enough to take the next step and establish the child pension — a joint responsibility of the entire reigning generation for the one to follow — is an open question. As it is, in spite of all the

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good half measures already launched, a child is still subject to every change in fortune, every weakness or mistake, that overtakes his parents. The loss of a father's job, an accident, or a mother's unfortunate investment, may cut short his education and handicap his entire future, unless someone not responsible for him volunteers to take on the 'unfinished job.'

Taking on another's unfinished job too often means leaving our own best talents unused or becoming a 'job' in time to others. Finishing up, patching, curing, — spending millions on the fallen-by-the-way and the dependent old, — that is what we are doing all through the civilized world, but never yet have we tried the simple experiment of guaranteeing everyone a fair start in life. This would have to be done, of course, by holding every citizen equally responsible — even though not equally concerned — for the children; in other words, for the nation builders. Is n't that the writing on the wall to-day, the nearest and cheapest solution of the growing problems of support? Would it not do more than anything else to protect the young from the accidents and the violent turns of fortune that jeopardize their future, and at the same time free the overburdened from those unfinished jobs that continue the vicious circle of dependence instead of bringing it to an end?

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

NOTES ON THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND

BY HECTOR C. BYWATER

I

THOSE who seek the truth about any important military event of the World War find themselves confronted by a mass of contradictory evidence. Either side of the case may be presented in detail so circumstantial as to carry conviction — until the other side is read. This applies to almost every major combat that took place, from the outbreak of hostilities to the Armistice, but it is with regard to the campaign afloat that the facts are most elusive. Here the element of national bias comes into play with least restraint, and the reason is clear. Great Britain, as unchallenged sovereign of the seas for a hundred years, is naturally concerned to prove that her ancient genius for maritime warfare remains unimpaired. Nor is she swayed by motives of vanity alone. The nimbus of naval invincibility has been to her an asset of priceless value ever since Trafalgar. To the prestige she enjoyed as the dominant sea Power she owed in very large measure her marvelous development during the nineteenth century. Primacy at sea confers advantages far greater than those which accrue from armed supremacy on land. Germany, from

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1871 onward, was the leading military Power of the world, yet she had to wait nearly thirty years for recognition as a world Power, as distinct from a State of merely Continental importance.

'He that commands the sea commands the world itself' is still a truism, as Germany found to her cost. At a period when her army stood unrivaled in strength and efficiency, her political influence did not extend beyond the confines of Central Europe. As late as the mid-nineties, Germans resident in the Far East were complaining to their Government of the low esteem in which the German flag was held by the Asiatic peoples. The same naïve faith in direct action which governed German policy throughout the World War had impelled the Kaiser in 1900 to give to Graf von Waldersee, commanding the allied expedition to Peking, his oft-quoted orders, the purport of which was so to deal with his adversaries that no Chinese should thereafter look at a German without blenching. These were the instructions in which that unfortunate reference to Attila and his Huns occurred. When the first German Navy Bill of 1898 was drafted, the precursor of more ambitious measures of naval expansion which helped to make the World War inevitable, stress was laid on the importance of forming powerful squadrons to show the flag abroad. By 1914 a considerable proportion of Germany's naval strength was to be found in foreign waters, and had not the war ensued the outlying squadrons of the Reich would soon have rivaled in majesty those of Great Britain herself. German battle-cruiser squadrons were to have been assigned to the Mediterranean and the China stations as soon as new ships became available. We see, therefore, that the German navy was designed to be the instrument of an imperialistic policy, which aimed at the acquisition of new colonies, the conquest of foreign markets, and the enhancement of German prestige overseas. In this respect it did not differ fundamentally from the British navy. The latter, it is true, existed to defend an empire which its power had brought into being, while the German navy, on the other hand, had first to create an overseas empire to defend.

It does not come within the scope of this paper to inquire whether the motives which guided Germany's prewar naval policy continue to animate her present rulers. But it is permissible to remark that a very pronounced effort has been and is still being made to defend the reputation of the old *Kaiserliche Flotte*. In countless books and pamphlets the heroic deeds of the navy are recorded for the edification of the rising generation. Barely eight years have elapsed since the High Sea Fleet surrendered for internment at Scapa Flow. Yet to-day there is a strong and growing movement in Germany for the building of a new fleet. In the last six years a sum of nearly $300,000,000 has been devoted to this end. Extraordinary efforts are being made to fan the smouldering fires of naval ambition which the events of October and November 1918 seemed to have extinguished forever.

Thanks to skillful propaganda, the part which the old navy played in bringing about the great collapse has been glossed over. The naval mutiny which precipitated the revolution is ascribed to the machinations of a handful of professional sedition-mongers, and in defiance of notorious fact it is represented that the bulk of the personnel remained staunch. The excesses committed by the mutinous seamen in Berlin and other inland cities are either ignored altogether or lightly dismissed as the work of a few

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irresponsible youths. As for the palpable failure of the navy to perform its mission of defending Germany's trade and colonies and keeping the sea routes open, this is attributed to the supineness of the war politicians, among whom the late Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg is singled out for special opprobrium.

That this intensive campaign of vindication has not been without effect is shown by the generous response with which the appeal for a new fleet has been met by the German people. Naval appropriations for the current year, amounting to nearly $55,000,000, were voted by the Reichstag in the course of an afternoon's sitting. The Battle of Jutland has always been the trump card in the hands of the navy propagandists, and they have played it with remarkable skill. The annual celebration of what is acclaimed as a great victory assumed this year a nation-wide significance. For the tenth anniversary of Jutland, May 31, patriotic demonstrations were organized in every large town, the newspapers devoted many pages to reminiscences of the great national *Ruhmestag*, and the official naval organ of the Ministry of Defense published a special 'victory number.' The purpose of all this inspired jubilation seems obvious. It is intended to convince the German people that their future still lies on the water, that they possess in even greater measure than their British cousins the qualities which make for maritime ascendency, and that with a powerful fleet once more in being they may look forward to regaining all, and more than all, that was lost through defeat.

Since Jutland has thus become a symbol of high hope and promise, it is not surprising to find the soberest German historians betraying a tendency to magnify the achievements of their navy in that battle. Honesty compels the admission that a similar want of objectivity is perceptible in British versions of the action, the motive for this treatment of the subject being, as we have seen, one of considered policy rather than vainglory. Neutral versions of the Jutland campaign, based on data from both sides, have also been published, and serve as a useful check upon the more detailed if less impartial narratives prepared under official auspices in England and Germany. Thanks to all this literature we are now able to form a reasonably clear conception of the drama as a whole. Yet many of its details remain obscure, and some of these are important.

We have, for example, no definite knowledge of the plan of strategy which the fateful cruise of the High Sea Fleet on May 31, 1916, was to have initiated. The German official history merely states that a raid on enemy shipping in the Skagerrack was intended, with the ulterior purpose of destroying such isolated British forces as might be encountered in those waters. While this statement is probably accurate so far as it goes, there are grounds for suspecting the raid in question to have been only the prelude to a more ambitious undertaking. Since Admiral Scheer had assumed command of the fleet in the previous February, he had persistently urged the expediency of taking more vigorous action at sea. His views carried weight at headquarters, where he was known as a bold and resolute leader, and withal as a consummate tactician. These attributes were certainly revealed in his handling of the fleet at Jutland.

Scheer was at one with his mentor, Admiral von Tirpitz, in dissenting from the view held by the Kaiser's entourage that a pitched battle with

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the British Grand Fleet was too hazardous to be accepted. He believed the fighting power of that force to be overrated, and had made up his mind to put the matter to the crucial test. With the Tirpitz school it was an article of faith that the German fleet made up for what it lacked in numerical strength by the unique quality of its material, and above all by its admirable system of tactical training. Previous naval actions of the war were considered to have justified this confidence. Had the Skagerrack adventure gone according to plan, Scheer would certainly not have rested on his laurels. He was determined to carry out the operation which unsuitable weather conditions had caused him to postpone — namely, the bombardment of Sunderland, coupled with the laying of a submarine snare across the track of the British fleet. It is clear from his own testimony that he foresaw the contingency of having to fight the Grand Fleet, and did not shrink from it. With Tirpitz and other senior officers of the navy, he was convinced that Germany's salvation depended on a decisive victory at sea, and his writings leave no doubt that he took over command with the fixed idea of achieving such a victory.

In that case the suppression by German writers of the purpose underlying the Skagerrack cruise becomes intelligible. This cruise led to the Battle of Jutland, and though the engagement may have been inconclusive from the tactical point of view, it was decisive enough in the strategical sense. Only once thereafter did the High Sea Fleet show itself outside the defenses of the Heligoland Bight, and its movements on that occasion (August 18–19, 1916) were anything but indicative of a desire for battle. What, then, is the inference to be drawn from these facts? Surely this: that the Jutland encounter, notwithstanding the fine performance of the German fleet, disillusioned Scheer and his colleagues as to the possibility of ending the war at a blow by disabling the Grand Fleet, which constituted the main prop of the Allied cause.

This conclusion is fortified by a wealth of evidence. The testimony of Captain Persius, a reputable German historian, has never been challenged. 'On the day following the battle,' he writes, 'it was clear to all persons of intelligence that this fight would and must be the only one to take place. Those in authority often and openly admitted this.' Again, there is the acknowledged fact that work on the new battleships then under construction in Germany was discontinued soon after the battle, from which time forward the national shipbuilding resources were devoted almost entirely to the production of submarines. This circumstance, taken in conjunction with the inactivity of the High Sea Fleet after the half-hearted sortie in August, and the subsequent declaration of unrestricted U-boat warfare, points unmistakably to the adoption of a new naval policy in which offensive action by the main fleet had no place. On these grounds British historians have a strong case for claiming the Battle of Jutland as a strategical success of the first importance.

II

As for the battle itself, it is now possible with the aid of diagrams, time-tables, and other data to follow the movements of the contending fleets with some precision. It is not until we approach the incidents of the mighty drama that we find ourselves groping in a fog. Of the two distinct stages into which the action was divided, it is with the first that we are

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chiefly concerned. The British Battle Cruiser Fleet, consisting of six battle cruisers and four battleships, under the command of Admiral Beatty, met and engaged Admiral Hipper's First Scouting Group of five battle cruisers. Upon sighting the foe, Beatty proceeded to close as rapidly as possible. His four battleships, being somewhat slower, were several miles astern, and he did not wait for them. Had he done so he would have had a numerical superiority of two to one, and his artillery would have been reënforced by thirty-two 15-inch guns, the heaviest and most accurate naval weapons in existence at that time. As it was, these splendid ships (Queen Elizabeth class) were left far behind, and though eventually they did come into action at extreme range, the distance at first was too great for effective shooting. Beatty's reasons for going into the fight without his battleships have never been disclosed. Probably, however, he feared that if he waited for these ships the Germans would take advantage of the respite to make their escape. His decision to strike while the opportunity occurred is applauded by the majority of naval critics.

Both sides opened fire simultaneously at a range of 16,500 yards. As the two lines were converging at full speed, the distance between them diminished rapidly. The British battle cruisers had been expressly designed for long-range fighting, in accordance with the ideas of Lord Fisher. They had less armor protection than the German ships of their class, but their guns, besides being heavier, had a higher angle of elevation (20 degrees), and could therefore outshoot the lighter German weapons, which had an extreme elevation of 16 degrees. Nor was this all. As the collective speed of the British squadron was at least one knot above that of the German force, it lay in Beatty's power to choose and maintain his own battle range. Had he elected to fight at 19,000 yards, the Germans would have had to endure a cannonade to which they could not reply. True, the number of hits scored at this immense distance must have been small, but the very fact of being subjected to punishment without the possibility of retaliation would have had a depressing effect on the German crews.

Beatty, however, did not choose to fight at extreme range. Relying, apparently, on the superior weight of his gunfire, he closed to within 14,000 yards. This gave the German gunners a chance of which they made the most. They fired with the utmost rapidity and with an accuracy to which Lord Jellicoe has paid full tribute. Fifteen minutes after the first shot had been discharged the Indefatigable, at the tail of the British line, was hit by two successive salvos and blew up with a tremendous explosion. Her destroyer was the Von der Tann, a smaller ship armed only with 11-inch guns. A few minutes earlier Beatty's own flagship, Lion, had narrowly escaped the same fate. A shell detonating in one of her turrets touched off some powder cartridges, the flash from which must have penetrated to the magazines had not the dying turret officer given with his last breath the order to close the communicating doors. Disaster next overtook the Queen Mary, a larger and more powerful vessel than the Indefatigable. She, too, was hit by several full salvos, and blew up with practically all hands. Two of Beatty's six battle cruisers had now been lost, while his opponents had received only superficial damage.

The German sailors who had seen these two great enemy battle cruisers explode, as they put it, 'like powder casks,' while their own ships had

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scarcely been touched, may well have deemed themselves invincible. As for the British, if the sudden blotting out of two of their finest ships had disconcerted them they gave no sign of it. While yet a pall of smoke hid the grave of the Queen Mary, and débris was still descending in showers, her consorts raced past the spot with undiminished speed, their guns firing as steadily as before. It was a triumph of morale and discipline, but it should not blind us to the sinister aspect of the tragedy. Why should these great ships, upon whose construction the highest technical skill had been lavished, succumb to punishment far less severe than they had been designed to withstand? This is a question to which the British histories supply no answer. It is, apparently, thought undesirable for national reasons to dwell upon the subject. The destruction of the Indefatigable and the Queen Mary, followed by that of a third and similar ship, the Invincible, in identical circumstance, is merely ascribed to 'lucky hits.'

There is, however, no real reason for shirking an inquiry into the facts. On the contrary, the national interest would benefit by their free ventilation. A modern battleship is valuable national property. It represents a cash investment of anything up to $40,000,000; it is at once the floating home and the fortress of more than a thousand trained officers and men, whose fate is bound up with that of their ship; and upon the efficiency of this great vessel the destiny of the nation may one day depend. That naval warfare had become far more deadly since the introduction of high explosives was realized long before Jutland. But few can have foreseen the appalling destructiveness of this new agency against ships inadequately prepared for its assault. That the Germans had a clearer perception than the British of the material elements of naval attack and defense is revealed by the careful attention they paid to such problems before the war. Where the British spent a pound on practical experiments, the Germans spent ten. No German battleship was laid down until the salient features of her design had been experimentally tried out. When torpedo and mine developments brought into prominence the problem of protecting ships from underwater attack, the Germans did not rest until they had evolved a thoroughly efficient method of defense. Then they proceeded to test it by building, at vast expense, a full-sized target representing part of the underwater section of a battleship. This was attacked under every conceivable circumstance, and the experience so derived was incorporated in new ships. The result was that the subsurface protection of German battleships was definitely superior to that of their British contemporaries.

It was the British custom to design ships with an eye to existing dock accommodation. In other words, new ships were built to fit old docks, in consequence of which their dimensions, and particularly their breadth, had to be circumscribed, so that less room was available for protective devices below the waterline. The Germans, on the other hand, gave their ships the measurements imposed by considerations of safety, and then built new docks to take the new ships. There is no doubt that consciousness of the vulnerability of his ships to torpedo attack influenced Admiral Jellicoe's movements on the day of Jutland. He knew, or feared, that whereas his own dreadnoughts were liable to be disabled by a single torpedo, it would probably take several such blows to cripple one of the enemy's vessels. In the event, however, torpedoes did not cause much damage

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at Jutland. The big gun proved infinitely more formidable. Of the six large British ships that were lost, the Indefatigable, Queen Mary, Invincible, and Defense all exploded suddenly, before their waterline armor had been pierced; the Black Prince was set ablaze by a torrent of shell at point-blank range, and blew up in a few minutes; the Warrior was so badly knocked about that she became water-logged and had to be abandoned, though not until hours after the fight. Clearly, therefore, the defective point in these ships lay somewhere in the vicinity of their magazines, and not in their system of waterline protection.

It is now possible to throw new light on the circumstances attending their destruction. The first instance of a ship exploding occurred quite early in the war, when the British cruiser Good Hope, flagship of Admiral Cradock, blew up during the action off Coronel. Unfortunately there were no survivors to describe what had happened, but the explosion itself was observed from another British vessel present. Its true inwardness does not appear to have been appreciated at the time, either in Britain or in Germany. But an incident that occurred three months later was destined to prove of incalculable benefit to Germany. In the Dogger Bank action of January 24, 1915, the German battle cruiser Seydlitz received a hit which set fire to some cartridges in the after turret. The flames spread to the next turret, both positions were completely burned out, and 150 men perished in the holocaust. But for the presence of mind of an officer, who promptly flooded the after magazines, the ship would certainly have gone up in one tremendous explosion, just as the Queen Mary and other British vessels did at Jutland.

When the Seydlitz returned to port a board of experts was appointed to probe the matter. In the after compartments of the ship, which were converted for the nonce into a well-equipped laboratory, numerous tests were made to determine the best method of protecting the powder charges from ignition in the event of a flash reaching the magazine. The measures ultimately taken remain to this day a German secret, but of their absolute efficacy there can be no question. In the Jutland action at least three German ships received hits precisely similar to those which proved fatal to the British battle cruisers. The Derfflinger, Lützow, and Seydlitz each had two turrets disabled by powder fires, but in every case the powder burned without exploding. In the British ships such fires almost invariably developed into explosions, causing the complete destruction of the vessel concerned. But for that single hit on the Seydlitz eighteen months before, it is not merely possible but extremely probable that the three German ships mentioned would each have disappeared in an eruption of flame and smoke.

III

It was the misfortune of the British that they did not have access to the vital knowledge which their rivals turned to such good account. Not until after Jutland were similar preventive measures adopted for British men-of-war. Special valves were then fitted to the ammunition hoists to prevent flashes from penetrating to the magazines, the powder charges were kept in asbestos bags until they reached the guns, and the routine of fire drill was modified.

But while due allowance must be made for the German advantage in this respect, it does not of itself explain the disparity in the losses suffered by the contending fleets. So pronounced

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was the British superiority in weight of gunfire that, had the shooting been equally good on both sides, nothing could have saved the greater part of the High Sea Fleet from annihilation. The Grand Fleet mounted a total of 344 heavy guns. Two hundred of these were of 15-inch and 13.5-inch calibre, firing shells of 1920 and 1250 pounds respectively. The remaining 144 guns were 12-inch, discharging 850-pound shells. The Germans had 244 guns all told, the heaviest being a 12-inch piece that fired a shell less than half the weight of the British 15-inch projectile. Forty per cent of the German guns were of 11-inch calibre only, and half of these again were of an old-fashioned model. In aggregate weight of broadside fire the Grand Fleet's preponderance was at least two to one.

But mere weight is of no avail unless the marksmanship is good. In view of the data now accessible it is impossible to resist the conclusion that German shooting in the first stage of the battle was superior to the British. Whether this superiority was due to better optical instruments, which play an indispensable part in long-range practice, to better guns, powder, and shells, to more advanced principles of training, or to a combination of all these factors, can only be surmised. What we do know is that the German guns registered many more hits than the British, and that almost every hit they made was devastating. Salvo firing was the rule in both fleets, but the methods were different. The British endeavored to enlarge the danger zone by 'spreading' the projectiles of each salvo, so that when four shots were discharged together they fell at a considerable distance from each other. This, of course, increases the chances of hitting, but only by single shells. Now the Germans made a point of 'bunching' their salvos; the dispersion of the projectiles was very small, and if the aim was true all four would land on the target with one tremendous impact. This is what happened when the British battle cruisers were hit.

We owe practically all our knowledge of the gunnery results at Jutland to German historians, this being a phase of the action on which the British versions are decidedly vague. Captain Punt, of the Berlin Admiralty, states that during the battle-cruiser engagement the British received thirty-six hits and the Germans only ten. Moreover, two of the British ships were sunk, while on the German side not a single gun was put out of action. Captain Paschen, who was gunnery officer of the Lützow in the battle, has this to say: 'The British have always maintained that our fire was invariably rapid and accurate in the beginning, but that it soon fell off and became wild, while their own shooting, though slow in finding the range, remained steady and precise throughout. Nevertheless, neither the Lion nor the Princess Royal made a single hit on us between 6.20 and 7.23 P.M., and scored only three hits altogether in ninety minutes. Within the same period both ships, by their own admission, received a total of twelve hits.'

The German shells, in spite of their comparatively light weight, proved infinitely more destructive than the heavier British projectiles. The German type of shell, like every other item of equipment in the German fleet, was the outcome of prolonged research and experiment. A full account of the process has since been published in the German technical press. Steel of an exceptional hardness and toughness formed the body of the shell. It was loaded with a high-explosive aromatic compound, which had first to be 'phlegmatized' to resist the

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shock of impact against armor, though without impairing the violence of its disruption when, after penetrating the enemy's armor, the shell was exploded by a delay-action fuse. 'The severity of the problem involved in the production of this type of shell,' writes Commander Kinzel, of the German service, 'may be gauged by the fact that at the date of the Jutland battle the British had not succeeded in solving it. In spite of exhaustive experiments they had been compelled to load their armor-piercing shells almost exclusively with black powder, which although less sensitive was far less efficient than the high-explosive compounds.'

It is notorious that the British shells were defective in penetration and disruptive power. Admiral Jellicoe has written frankly on this subject; nor have his criticisms ever been refuted by Admiralty apologists. The topic, though primarily one of technical interest, has a wider significance. The lesson it teaches is that success in naval warfare, as in other spheres of human activity, depends in large measure on attention to detail. The British navy had the biggest ships and the heaviest guns, but its controllers appear to have lacked the infinite capacity for taking pains which was so marked a feature of the whole German naval organization. 'The want of success at Jutland,' writes Admiral Sir Cecil Lambert, who was a member of the British Admiralty when Jutland was fought, 'was due mainly to the fact that ship for ship, gun for gun, engine for engine, there was a higher standard of efficiency in the German fleet than any which the British could claim. The great asset on which the British admiral could rely was the incomparable personnel of his ships; otherwise it was indeed a melancholy experience to find at the outbreak of war that all the public money which had been expended by Parliament on the assurance that they were getting the best that money and science could provide had produced such meagre results.'

Students of the Jutland campaign still find their researches handicapped on the one hand by departmental reticence and on the other by an element of personal controversy which has even found its way into the official histories. In England we have a 'Beatty school' and a 'Jellicoe school.' The former party, which is most active in presenting its case, represents the engagement as a triumph for the Battle Cruiser Fleet, led by Admiral Beatty. It argues that had Admiral Jellicoe, commanding the main battle fleet, displayed more resolution and given his subordinate closer support, the High Sea Fleet must have been annihilated. Against this it is contended by the partisans of Jellicoe that the fight was rendered indecisive by the faulty leadership and poor gunnery of Beatty's force. The latter, they point out, had already suffered an undeniable reverse before Jellicoe came on the scene, two of its best ships having been sunk and others damaged, without the infliction of any corresponding loss on the enemy.

Such controversial issues need not be pursued here, but it may be of interest to glance at the record of enemy losses appended to Jellicoe's original dispatch, in regard to which there has been much disputation. Among the 'certain losses' claimed were two dreadnoughts, one pre-dreadnought, and one battle cruiser. The British public, dissatisfied with the inconclusive result of the battle, consoled itself for two and a half years with the reflection that the Germans had, in any case, suffered losses far heavier than those they acknowledged. But even this consolation vanished when,

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in due course, the High Sea Fleet surrendered for internment, and ships which had long figured in the British list as being at the bottom of the sea were observed to be steaming past with the rest. The only German vessels sunk at Jutland were one battle cruiser, one pre-dreadnought battleship, four light cruisers, and five destroyers — a less imposing list than the official British estimate.

That the table of enemy losses had been compiled in all good faith no one can doubt. In the stress and turmoil of a great sea battle, with hundreds of craft moving at high speed and vision obscured by smoke, spray, and mist, it is almost impossible to establish the fate of individual vessels. The keenest eye may well be deceived. Cruisers may be mistaken for battleships, shell bursts for magazine explosions, and the splash of a salvo for the death throes of a dreadnought. Allowance should be made for such optical illusions, which have been a feature of all naval battles in modern times. But since Admiral Jellicoe has been publicly charged with the responsibility for an apocryphal record of enemy losses, it is worth while to look into this matter. A brief search reveals the interesting fact that a still longer list of 'German losses' was put forward by Admiral Beatty himself. Here is an extract from the dispatch he addressed to the Commander-in-Chief twelve days after the battle: 'A review of all the reports which I have received leads me to form the following estimate of the enemy's losses during the course of the operations described in this report: Sunk, three battle cruisers, two battleships (König or Kaiser class), one Pommern class, two light cruisers, three destroyers.' It would seem, therefore, that the overstatement of German dreadnought losses for which Jellicoe has always been blamed originated in the misleading reports from the Battle Cruiser Fleet, commanded by his subordinate.

The full story of Jutland has yet to be told. Of many incidents, apparently trivial in themselves but full of instruction to those versed in the technique of the subject, the published accounts are vague and conflicting. Doubtless the archives of Whitehall and the Wilhelmstrasse contain very precise intelligence on all these points, and at some future date, when the advancement of naval science has rendered all existing tactical methods obsolete, and when personal reputations have no longer to be considered, the whole truth may be revealed. But it will not be in our time.

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RETROSPECT

BY RUTH KATE STOWELL

WHERE are my horses, my jubilant horses,
That distance the uttermost stars in their courses,
That speed past the worlds and strike out star fire
With their pounding hoofs on the purple steeps
Of the midnight sky? A universe leaps
Pebble-like from their tracks as higher and higher
They carry me swift and carry me free
Towards the reddening dawn that was fashioned for me.

Where are my horses, my great-hearted horses,
That sped past the uttermost suns in their courses?
A mist fills the star-strewn paths of the sky.
I see no red dawn. Have I slept? Did I fall?
Why come my swift horses no more at my call?
A vision of fluttering years has passed by.
But what of my horses? Oh, tell me, I pray,
Have riderless dreams galloped this way?

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TIGER, TIGER

BY J. M. DEFOSSE

[MANY readers of the *Atlantic* will remember the glimpse of M. Defosse which Douglas Burden afforded them, in July 1924, in his paper, 'The Ibex and the Elephant.' Honored by his countrymen as *l'empereur des forêts*, he is one of the two hunting guides in Indo-China, where some twenty years' intimacy with tawny tigers has given him an unrivaled knowledge of their mode of life and an uncanny cunning for compassing their death. 'I had a young American tourist just out of college who stayed only ten days,' writes M. Defosse, 'and as he wanted tigers more than anything else I took him to the east part of the Lagna plains, and there in six days, with one bait, he got three tigers. The first one measured nine feet, eleven inches, between pegs; the second, nine feet, three inches; the third, eight feet, nine inches. The two smaller ones were beautifully colored and marked. In addition to the tigers, he got one wild boar, one peacock, seven hog deer. How is that for a ten-day trip, which, counting three days for traveling there and back, leaves only seven days for real hunting?'

That M. Defosse responds to the throbbing life of the country is very evident. 'The Lagna plains are always the same. The elephants are still roaring for all they are worth every morning; the muddy, deep voices of the crocodiles are still heard as they sport in the river. The hog deer whistle and the peacocks send their liquid call as they spread their beautiful tails on the sand banks. The buffaloes are always grazing on the young grass or wallowing in the pools, and Mr. Tiger lurks in the reeds, seeking whom he may devour. Overhead in the blue hover the kites and the big adjutants, waiting for things to die so that they may live. Fishes splash on the river and in the pools, while hawks fall on them like a flash and fly up with a silvery body writhing in their talons. And all this is not an attempt to make a fine description of something. It is all very real, round me, over me, everywhere within sight or hearing.'

Strange visitors sometimes come to M. Defosse in search of sport; he has even been known to help a lion tamer to catch tigers. 'It would be interesting work if the lion tamer were not such a timid fellow. That man, who is not afraid of entering a cage full of lions, is scared of everything here. He does not dare to stay alone in camp even in the daytime.' Which seems rather Gilbertian.

If any reader is impelled to hunt the tiger in Indo-China, let him take warning and book early, for we learn that 'people are toppling over each other to get first place, and as we are only two guides for the whole country our hands are pretty full.' — THE EDITORS]

I

THE tiger of Indo-China is a large, long-limbed, short-haired animal, very much like the Bengal tiger, but lighter-colored. In different parts of the country slight differences in shape, coloring,

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and length of hair can be detected — due, I suppose, to climatic conditions and environment.

The weight of a full-grown animal may be anything between 350 and 600 pounds, although exceptionally big beasts will weigh even more. Two tigers of apparently the same size may show a difference in weight of over one hundred pounds, and compared with other animals they are very heavy for their size. I once shot one which four strong men, with poles, could not lift clear of the ground.

A very large tiger will measure three feet ten at the shoulder, with a length of about ten feet and a half from nose to tip of tail. Larger ones have been shot, but any sportsman who kills one with a length of nine feet and a half can boast of having got a fine trophy indeed.

The largest are found in the big plains of tall grass surrounded by thick jungle, where game, water, and cover are plentiful. Their hair is short but fine, and the ground color varies from very light yellow to a reddish brown. The markings also show much diversity. Those living in the swampy jungles near the sea are smaller and thinner; their fur is poor and often mangy or scarred. Since game is scarce, their main food consists of monkeys, wild pigs, and occasionally fish.

Some tigers have broad and well-defined black stripes; others have thin marks close together with some white hairs sprinkled into them. The belly is sometimes pure snow-white, sometimes a dirty-looking sort of whitish gray. I once shot a tiger whose ground color was a bright golden yellow; the belly was pure white and the marking very black and sharp. It was one of the finest skins I ever saw. As a rule the tigress has a finer fur, both in color and length of hair.

With the exception of the more settled places near the larger towns, tigers are distributed all over Indo-China.

In the Lagna plains, owing to the abundance of game, cover, and water, the number of tigers is great. In the dry season, when the grass is short, they are occasionally seen in the daytime roaming about or lying in the cool mud at the edges of the pools. In the higher country, where there are plenty of clearings interspersed with small woods and patches of thick brush, they are also fairly numerous; but in the wide forests of tall timber they are very rare because game is scarce there. On mountains like the Dalat plateau or the Darlac range, there is a good number of tigers; these mountains have many grassy slopes where deer of all kinds are plentiful; and where there is game there is tiger. The thickly wooded mountain ranges contain nothing but monkeys and snakes, and consequently no tigers; in the grassy valleys between the ranges, teeming with wild life, they are certain to be found.

But they are generally shy of man and give him the right of way. That is why one sees so many tracks and so seldom meets the animals. Now and then, to prove the rule by exception, they are very bold and will attack cattle in the daytime, right in front of the herders; they will come in to the villages, notwithstanding fires, dogs, or noise, and try to snatch a pig or a goat. When a tiger loses his natural fear of man to such an extent, he will eventually turn into a man-eater.

A strong, healthy, active tiger will seldom touch cattle where game is plentiful. In the Lagna plains, where tame buffaloes belonging to Mois wander all day long, it is very rare that even a calf is killed. But when a tiger does take to cattle killing, he becomes a nuisance and must be got rid of.

A few years ago a French lumberman came to me complaining that a tiger had killed five of his best buffaloes in a

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week, with the result that his work was almost at a standstill. In the forests of Indo-China buffaloes are used to haul timber and they work in teams of five or six pairs. The lumberman asked me to try to get the brute, so I went to his place and found three buffaloes killed outright; two more had been wounded and were dying. I sat all night over one of the kills and the tiger came and fed on it the whole night. But clouds obscured the moon so that I was not able to get a shot, and just before dawn the tiger dragged the remains into a small thick wood. As soon as there was light enough to see my sights, I followed. As I stepped quietly into the wood I caught a glimpse of a huge striped body sneaking away through the bushes, but I could not fire. However, something had to be done, so I went back to the camp and secured a small piece of fresh meat, poisoned it, and put it on the carcass. The next morning that piece of meat was gone, although the carcass remained untouched. With two Mois I followed the spoor for a short time, but lost it on hard ground in thick brush. We beat the bushes for two hours without result. That tiger was never heard of again, nor were the cattle touched after, so I suppose he died in a secluded spot. I do not like using poison, but a man-eater or cattle-killer must be considered as vermin and destroyed by any means, fair or foul.

Unlike the lion, the tiger is usually a very silent animal. The full roar close by in the thick jungle, or in the dark near the camp, is an intimidating sound, and, although a roaring tiger is very seldom dangerous, it is quite likely that the noise will upset the nerves of the novice. When a tiger means business, he comes silently.

Breeding time, between November and January, is about the only time when the tiger's roar is really heard. The young are dropped usually between March and June. I do not know how many are born to a litter, but I have been told five or six. Personally I have never seen more than two or three cubs following a mother, and more often two than three. The cubs are dropped in a clump of thick tall grass or in bamboos, rattans, or rushes, always near some water. They are seldom found, but if one is lucky enough to get them when quite young they are easily reared by hand. Fresh goat's milk is the best food for them, but condensed milk, though far from being as good, has been used with success. As soon as they can eat, finely chopped meat should be given them with a little salt added to it now and then.

A friend of mine, the owner of a small plantation in the Anloc territory, once kept two cubs for three months, and I must tell the story of their capture because it shows such pluck on the part of the Mois who caught them. Two of these men had gone into a swamp to cut rattans when a tigress came out of some thick bushes and charged them with a great show of ferocity, roaring and snarling. She did not push her charge home, however, and as soon as the men fell back she returned to the bushes. The two Mois then crept up slowly to try to discover what was the matter, and she came out just as before, only to retire again to the same bushes. The men ran back to their villages and, having gathered two or three of their fellows, returned to the swamp, armed with crossbows and arrows. As soon as they approached the spot where the tigress lay, out she came, looking nasty; but, seeing herself confronted by five men, she turned back again. As she did so one of the Mois fired an arrow, hitting her just beneath the tail; she faced round immediately and got another arrow in her chest. She then made a real but somewhat blind charge, though more than

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half the arrow in her chest was sticking out; as she came on she hit the end of that arrow on a small tree trunk so that it was entirely driven into her chest, reaching the heart. This took all the fight out of her, and turning tail she staggered back into the bushes, pursued by two or three more arrows. After waiting a little the Mois followed her, and once inside the thicket one of them caught sight of something yellowish moving under some rattan palms. He fired an arrow at it and a squeal was heard; at the same time another man saw the tigress lying near by, quite dead. So they walked boldly on and found that what they had seen under the palms was a litter of three cubs lying in a bunch. One of them was dead, transfixed by the arrow. They caught the two others and took the whole lot, dead and alive, to their master, who reared the live cubs on condensed milk diluted with boiled water. He kept them for three months and then sold them to the Duke of Montpensier, but the Duke left them to the care of native servants at the hotel in Saigon and they got diarrhœa and died. The servants were probably careless about boiling the water used to dilute the milk.

II

I have already said that as a rule tigers are shy of man. Some experiences of my own will illustrate my point.

A few years ago I was using as a bait for tigers the carcass of an elephant which I had shot. Early one morning I was creeping past an ant hill toward the blind when a deep growl startled me, and there, on my left, not three yards away, was a big tiger facing me. I brought up my rifle at once, but the animal turned suddenly and with one jump was engulfed in the tall grass.

At another time, while hunting in the Lagna plains, I was coming back to the camp at eleven o'clock in the morning, following a small footpath skirting a large pool. As it was so late in the day, and as the camp was not over three hundred yards away, I did not keep a sharp lookout. In fact I was walking without looking ahead at all, but with my eyes on some waterfowl disporting themselves on the pond. Suddenly an angry snarl startled me, and right before my face rose the huge head and chest of a tiger, so close that I could have struck him with my fist. I jumped back immediately, keeping my face toward the brute and disengaging my gun, which was hanging from my shoulder by the strap. The tiger could have caught me by reaching out with his paws, but he also jumped back and started running away through a fairly open space. I fired then, and an angry growl told me that I had hit, but he went on and disappeared in a bamboo thicket. I came back to the spot in the afternoon with a party of Mois and we took the blood trail, but the tiger, after crossing the patch of bamboos, had got in a flooded jungle, and, the blood giving out, it was soon impossible to track him any farther.

One day some natives came to tell me that one of their bullocks had just been killed. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon, and I went immediately to the spot, not over one mile from my house. There I found that the tiger had killed the bullock in a clearing and then dragged it into a thick wood near by. I followed up with five or six Mois and we discovered the carcass only a few yards inside the thicket. We pulled it back into the open and I remained sitting behind some bushes with one of the natives, having sent the others back, talking loudly as they went. Usually when a kill is dragged back into the open the tiger comes as soon as he thinks that the ground is clear, following the tracks made by the

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carcass, and I expected this one to do so. I was facing the direction from which I felt pretty certain he would come. Behind me and on both sides was grass about three feet high, so that with the bushes in front and grass all round I was well hidden when sitting on the ground. I had been in that position for about half an hour when some big black ants coming from a neighboring ant hill started crawling up my leggings. I stood up quietly to brush them off, leaning my rifle against the bush in front, when a deep growl coming from right behind my back made me turn round quickly, and there was the tiger — a big brute he was, too — standing not seven yards away, looking at me. I slowly reached down for my rifle, but with another angry snarl the animal went off at a gallop, and all I could see was his head showing up over the grass now and then as he made for the wood. I risked a shot, but it was hopeless. If I had not happened to get up to shake off the black ants, that tiger would have walked straight on top of me.

III

Man-eating tigers are not common in Indo-China, but they occur now and then. An old tiger, no longer active enough to catch game, will through pressure of hunger turn at last to man and, finding what easy prey a human being is, will keep on hunting him, sometimes with an appalling regularity. A tiger disabled by a severe wound, such as a broken leg, will also turn man-eater. It is said that young tigers deprived of their mother before they are big enough to fare for themselves may turn man-eaters, and that they are the most terrible of all, as they lose their fear of man entirely, while their strength increases all the time.

In 1905, when the railroad between Saigon and Thanthiet was being built, a man-eating tiger effectually stopped work for nearly three weeks at the point where Suôi-Kiêt station now stands. During that time twenty-two men were killed, most of them being carried off and devoured. The brute was very bold and at night would break through the huts where the coolies slept. He attacked also in broad daylight while the men were at work, with the result that nearly all of them ran away, leaving only the French staff on that section of the line. Breaking into a small hut one night, he caught one coolie sleeping, and at the same time unknowingly stepped on another. He carried off the first man, and in the morning the second one was found dead on the floor, with just one claw mark on his neck, where the artery had been cut, probably when the tiger stepped on him to snatch his other victim.

Another time he tried to break into the house of one of the French surveyors. This man was a big fat fellow and not by any means a tiger hunter. His wife, a big fat lady, was with him. For two hours the tiger walked up and down the verandah, sniffing at the doors and trying to break in here and there, while husband and wife, scared to death, kept him off by shouting and lighting all the lamps and candles they could lay their hands on. They also called to the native servants, who were in an outhouse near by, to come and drive the brute away. But the servants did not care for that kind of sport. At last the tiger turned toward the outhouse, which was much more lightly built than the house itself. A dreadful scream was heard and then all was quiet. When morning came two of the three servants were found shivering on the roof; the third was gone. Some blood and his brains spread on the ground showed that his head had been crushed in the tiger's grip. The next day the surveyor went back to Saigon

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and applied to his chief to be removed to another spot — a request which was granted.

A few years later another man-eater made his appearance in the vicinity of a large Moi village, Vô Dat, near the Lagna plains. That tiger killed eighteen of the villagers in less than one month. He caught some of them at night, breaking into the houses, but the greater number were seized while on the trails or at work in the fields. A woman was killed while she was walking behind a bullock cart loaded with paddy. She had her baby strapped across her back, Moi fashion, with a blanket loosely tied in front. The tiger jumped on her and she fell, but the blanket got loose and the baby rolled on the ground. The mother was carried off, but the child was found, unhurt, by a party of men who came up a few minutes later. The bullock-cart driver had not seen or heard anything. The baby was brought back to the village and he is a big, strong boy now; he can boast of having had a narrow escape indeed.

This same man-eater was at last wounded by a party of Laotians who were hunting in the Lagna plains near that Moi village. Three of them were looking for deer; only one of them had a gun, an old muzzle-loading flintlock, and he shot a hog deer at the edge of a large pool. The two other men set about cutting up the deer, one of the two squatting and holding it on its back and the other one using the knife. The man with the gun was standing by with his piece unloaded. Suddenly a huge tiger came out of the belt of rushes surrounding the pool and seized the fellow squatting behind the deer; the man with the knife immediately stood up and with great courage planted his weapon between the tiger's shoulders. Either the point of the knife was blunt or the blow was not hard enough, for it did not penetrate very deep. The tiger then hurled himself on the man who had wounded him, who struck again, but the knife glanced off the shoulder blade, making a long, shallow wound, and the poor fellow fell on the ground, where the brute made short work of him. The man with the gun ran away with his still-unloaded weapon, and that is how the story was known.

Fifteen days later I was hunting in that very spot and shot two wild buffaloes near the pool where the two Laotians had been killed. Returning there early next morning with some coolies to skin the dead buffaloes, I saw at a distance a big tiger feeding on one of the carcasses. Leaving the coolies behind, I crept up to within fifty yards and shot him. He was very large and his head was enormous, but he was thin and his wounds were in a very bad state and full of worms. The skin was covered with scars and the hair was falling off in patches. It was useless to try to save that skin, so I took the head and the claws and left the rest for the vultures. From that day to this no Moi has been killed by tigers in that village.

Natives have a great respect for the tiger at all times and will always call him *ông* (sir) when mentioning him. They have many superstitions connected with the animal. For instance, they believe that when asleep the tiger hears all that is said about him; therefore it behooves men not to say nasty things about the striped gentleman, or revenge may overtake the offenders. Luckily when the tiger wakes up he usually yawns and stretches his limbs, and in so doing forgets all he has heard in his sleep. The Mois also believe that a man-eater is not always a real tiger, but an old sorcerer from a hostile tribe who transforms himself to bring destruction upon them. They affirm that such a tiger will come at night outside the houses and, talking like a man, will lure the villagers out and kill them.

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IV

There has been much controversy among sportsmen about the way a tiger kills his prey. Very few people have ever seen a tiger actually make his kill, and from an isolated instance it is impossible to infer that the thing is always done the same way. It depends, first, on the kind of animal the tiger has to deal with — whether it is a buffalo, a bullock, a deer, or a small beast such as a dog, a pig, or a goat; secondly, on the kind of ground — whether it is thick jungle, tall timber, thorny shrubs, open grass, hard ground, soft mud, or water; last, but not least, on the tiger himself — whether he is big, heavy, strong, full-grown, old, or young.

The old-time belief that the tiger springs from a distance, landing on top of his prey with a graceful trajectory, must be discarded. The usual method is to stalk an animal as close as possible, using any cover that may be handy, and then, with a final rush, seize it by the throat, or the fore quarters, or more often the hind quarters, and throw it down. The jaws are then fastened in the throat, if they are not already there, until death follows. But this method is not an absolute rule by any means; it differs greatly according to the kind of animal the tiger attacks. A small beast, such as a pig, dog, or goat, is usually seized by the nape of the neck, sometimes by the middle of the back.

I once lost three dogs out of four while hunting deer, and all of them had been bitten through the back. There were no claw marks on any of them, only the deep fang holes; the tiger must have caught them as a cat catches a mouse. In thick scrub the tiger will often seize a bullock or a cow by the hind quarters, grabbing the rump with his forepaws and biting through the spine, while his hind feet on the ground act as braces.

A long-horned animal like the buffalo is never attacked in front, but always from behind, the tiger seizing the rump or biting the hind legs to hamstring the animal. As soon as his victim is down, he always fastens his jaws in the throat.

I was once an eyewitness of a fight between a tiger and a buffalo on the edge of the Lagna plains, where, accompanied by three natives, I was looking for deer. A herd of tame buffaloes, under the care of some native boys, was grazing near a large swamp. Suddenly there was a commotion among the herd and the scattered buffaloes started running toward the plain, where they gathered in a bunch and stopped, looking toward the swamp. We then saw a big buffalo bull coming out of the rushes, followed by a large tiger who was biting his hind legs, for all the world like a dog biting a sheep. Every time the buffalo wheeled round to get at his enemy, the tiger turned with him, always keeping behind and tearing at the legs.

We started running toward the spot, which was about three or four hundred yards from us, but the tiger saw us and left his victim, which by that time had fallen to its knees. The little boy herders were yelling for all they were worth. When we got near the buffalo, we saw that the hamstring had been almost severed, but there were no other marks of any kind on the body. The poor beast tried to get up, but could hardly move. When the owner arrived I asked him to let me shoot it and use it as bait, but he would not hear of it; he thought that he might save his buffalo, but I knew it was hopeless. He and a few other natives dragged the animal to a small pool near by, and left it in the water while a little boy was sent to cut some grass to feed it.

The following night the tiger came

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back and walked up and down the mud bank of the pool for a long time, as the tracks showed the next morning, but he did not dare to attack the buffalo in the water. He did the same thing on the second night, and the next day the buffalo died. The third night the tiger dragged the carcass to the bank and devoured part of it. The nearest cover was over three hundred yards away and I went there in the morning, hoping to see the tiger in the daytime and to be able to crawl within reasonable shooting distance while he was feeding. He came back three times, but I was unable to get near enough without being detected. When night came I tried to get him with the headlight, but he was too smart for me. The following day I decided to try a shot at three hundred yards, and I took my 250–3000 Savage rifle, which has a very high velocity and a very flat trajectory. At about nine o'clock the tiger showed up and, coming to the kill, sat down on his haunches like a dog, looking slowly round and facing my way. Lying down, I aimed carefully for the chest and knocked him over.

A man walking is nearly always caught from behind, and instantly killed, the neck being broken or the head crushed with one bite of the powerful jaws. Men lying round a camp fire or in huts may be seized by any part of the body; some, alive and screaming, have been dragged away by a leg or a shoulder. The tiger kills them as soon as he thinks himself at a safe distance.

Tigers are not invariably victors in their attacks on strong animals. Some have been known to be killed by buffaloes or sladangs, and others have been ripped open by wild boars. An old boar is an ugly customer when enraged or fighting for its life.

A tiger always drags his prey under cover if he can do so, and sometimes to a considerable distance from where he killed it. Even a buffalo weighing nearly a ton is pulled through thick, thorny brush, over logs, down and up the banks of deep ravines.

In the case of a heavy kill, such as a cow, a horse, or a buffalo, the tiger pulls it stepping backward. A deer or a calf is pulled alongside the tiger as he walks through the jungle. A small animal, such as a goat, a pig, or a dog, is carried in very much the same manner as a rat is carried by a cat. I have never seen a tiger carrying his victim on his back and I do not see how he could do so without its falling at every step. Many and careful observations of the spoors have never indicated that this manner of carrying prey has been used by the tigers in Indo-China.

V

It has been said, and I think it is a widespread belief, that a tiger always eats his meat when high and not before. But if a tiger happens to stumble on the bait when it is still fresh, he will start on it without waiting five minutes.

A tiger almost invariably starts feeding on the hind quarters of his kill, and very seldom, if ever, touches the entrails. A leopard, on the contrary, tears the belly open and starts on the guts. It is therefore easy to guess what kind of cat the killer is, even when the telltale pad marks are not visible on the ground.

Another of the tiger's traits is his wonderful cleverness at hiding. A tiger's skin made into a carpet seems gaudy enough, and one would think that the bright yellow, black, and white would be very showy. Yet they blend so well in the jungle that a tiger standing motionless in a bush so thin that one could see a squirrel in it is almost impossible to detect. The only thing that betrays him sometimes

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is the slow waving of his black-and-white tail.

Once I was tracking a big banting bull, and the spoor was just skirting a bit of jungle about thirty yards wide when I felt a slight touch on my shoulder. The Moi walking behind me had caught sight of a large tiger standing in that jungle not fifteen yards away. I looked in the direction in which he was pointing, but could not see anything; my eyes, scanning every bush, passed two or three times over what I took for a dead rattan palm, to which I did not pay any attention. The Moi was getting excited. 'There! There!' he whispered. 'He is looking at us.' But still I could not make out anything. At last I caught sight of a black-and-white thing moving slowly to and fro. It was the tail of the tiger; then, of course, I saw the outline of the body, and the whole animal was soon clearly defined, and I realized that the dry rattan palm was nothing less than the tiger himself.

The wounds inflicted by tigers are always dangerous. A mere scratch can bring death in a short time. The reason for this is that the tiger is a dirty feeder, eating his kill as long as it lasts, even when it is in the last stage of putrefaction, filling his claws with a poison of the most virulent form. I have seen buffaloes die in twenty-four hours from a very slight wound.

One of the men wounded by the man-eater of Suôi Kiêt had only one bite, in the thigh, and that not very deep. I saw him waiting for the train to go to the hospital. He was joking and laughing with some other coolies and he told me that he did not feel any pain. His wound had been disinfected and bandaged by one of the French surveyors and he could walk easily without help. Yet he died in the afternoon of the next day, a few hours after his arrival in the hospital.

A Frenchman was terribly mauled in the leg and foot by a wounded tiger and it was necessary to cut his leg off at the knee. Two months later all seemed well and he was sent back to France. But on arriving at Marseilles blood poisoning set in and his whole thigh had to be amputated quickly. He lived, but was a helpless cripple for life.

When hunting tigers it is well always to have iodine or some other strong disinfectant handy, and one must not be afraid of enlarging the wound if necessary — when the thing is possible, of course.

VI

To hunt tigers with any hope of success it is essential to know something about the habits of the animals. A raw hand can get deer or wild pigs by just walking through the jungle; he might even stumble on bantings, sladangs, or elephants, although this does not occur often; but he will probably never see a tiger, at least in such a way as to get a shot.

It is by taking advantage of some of the tiger's habits that it is possible to circumvent him, and to do so is not so difficult as one might imagine. For instance, it is a well-known fact that a tiger will come to feed on a dead animal in the jungle if he can find it. Out of that knowledge sprang the method of shooting tigers by putting out dead baits in likely spots. This is a very successful method and almost the only one used in Indo-China. After a likely place has been chosen, the bait, usually an old bullock or a buffalo, is killed and fastened by the neck to a tree trunk with a thick wire, or, better, a steel cable. The bait should always be placed in fairly thick jungle where the trees give good cover overhead. This is to prevent the vultures from seeing and spoiling it. Also plenty of cover all round gives the tiger more confidence,

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and he will come more readily in the daytime. A *boma* is then built at a short distance. The boma is a sort of cage about four feet high and large enough for one man to sit in comfortably. It is made of strong poles tied together with rattan. Four posts are driven into the ground and the poles, cut to the proper length, are then placed crossways at a distance of a few inches from each other. Then the whole thing is carefully camouflaged with palms and green branches in such a way that when it is completed it looks just like a dense bush. A small peephole is left in front to watch and shoot through, and a door at the back allows the hunter to crawl inside. The door is then shut and camouflaged as carefully as the rest. In the rainy season a roof can be built overhead. A small path is cut through the jungle, and the dry leaves and dead twigs are carefully brushed off to prevent any noise when one comes to visit the bait. At the end of the path, at about twenty yards from the kill, a blind is built to cover the hunter's approach. Early every morning the bait is visited to see if it has been touched overnight. If by any chance a tiger is found still feeding on it, he is shot from the blind. If, on the other hand, the bait has been touched and the tiger has left, the hunter gets into the boma and stays there to wait for the animal to come back. A tiger nearly always visits the bait several times during the day, unless he suspects that a man is near by. It is useless to stay in the boma as long as the bait has not been touched. But when the smell is strong and carries at a good distance, it will pay sometimes to visit the kill in the evening, just before dark.

Dead elephants make splendid baits when shot in a good tiger country, even when shot in the open. In this case they should not be cut open, or the vultures will spoil them. Some people prefer a platform built on a tree to a boma on the ground. They feel safer there. They are safe, but a boma is much better for the shot and one is not so likely to be detected as on a platform. I have never heard of accidents happening in bomas.

Of course the best shot of all is from the blind as one comes up early in the morning and finds the tiger still feeding on the bait. There is nothing between the hunter and the animal but a flimsy bush, and the knowledge that there may be real danger appeals to a man's sense of sportsmanship. Three things are necessary in hunting tigers: a bait, a rifle, and plenty of patience. A restless, nervous, impatient man had better give it up.

Another of the tiger's habits is to use the trails, footpaths, and cart roads at night. Sitting in a tree alongside such a trail, night after night when the moon is bright, one may get a shot in the end, but it is weary work and the mosquitoes as well as the heavy dew make it unpleasant. Moreover shooting with a rifle by moonlight, almost straight down from a tree, is very unsatisfactory, and more tigers are missed or wounded than killed in that way.

In the Lagna plains, in the middle of the day when the sun is very hot, tigers may be seen lying on the cool mud at the edge of the pools. They even lie down in the water, with only their heads showing. By going slowly from one pool to another one can sometimes get a shot.

Sometimes live baits are used, as in some parts of India. A bullock, a cow, or a buffalo is tied up near a trail where tigers are known to pass at night, and a boma or a platform is built at a short distance. But this kind of sport is very disappointing in Indo-China, and one has to wait for a long time before a kill is made.

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A certain number of tigers are shot at night by men using a headlight, a kind of searchlight, usually an acetylene lamp like a bicycle lantern, with a lens throwing a bright beam in front. This is fixed on a hat and worn on the head. It is used chiefly for hunting deer; the animals' eyes reflect the light and shine like glowworms. All there is to do is to put a bullet between those two bright spots. Now and then a tiger may be shot that way, but not often. In twenty years I have killed only eight tigers while hunting with the searchlight, and except in two or three cases I did not even know I was firing at tigers until I saw the animals dead on the ground. It is hardly possible to tell the difference between sambhur eyes and tiger eyes at night. A remark in passing. It is commonly believed that the eyes of a tiger shine naturally in the dark. This is not so. No mammal has phosphorescent eyes. There must be some light reflected by the animal's retina and this light must be behind the observer. When sitting by a camp fire one can occasionally see eyes shining in the dark if one is looking out in the direction away from the fire. It may be a tiger, but it may just as well be a dog or a civet cat or even one of the camp animals, — horse, mule, or bullock, — and one should be careful about shooting if one is not absolutely sure to what kind of animal those eyes belong. On a moonlit night animals' eyes may shine faintly if the moon is behind the observer. The animals with the brightest eyes are the civet cats, mongooses, weasels, and others of the marten family.

When scouting for tiger signs one should not fail to look for 'marked trees' — that is, for trees slashed with claw marks. These marks are visible up to a height of from six to eight feet, thus giving an idea of the size of the tiger. The number and the different degrees of freshness of the marks show whether or not that particular spot is much or little frequented. Fallen trees may also be used by tigers to 'sharpen' their claws. I know a log near the Lagna River which the Mois call the 'scratching log.' It is entirely covered with claw marks; there is not the smallest space on it without a scratch.

Driving tigers with elephants is not practised in Indo-China. Tame elephants are very little used here and it would be impossible to collect a sufficient number of them to organize big drives like the tiger hunts of India.

A question often asked is, 'What sort of rifle is best for tigers?' My answer is, 'Any modern high-power rifle.' If you are a good shot and your nerves are steady, a small bore or a medium-sized bore is the best, as such a weapon is light, short, easily and quickly manageable. If you are an indifferent shot and subject to 'buck ague,' use a heavy bore such as a .450 and trust to luck. Whatever the size of your gun, always remember that accuracy is the main thing and that the weapon which knocks down any animal, hit anywhere, has not yet been invented. From the boma, where you have plenty of time, and where the range is always short, take the head shot — between the eyes if the tiger is facing you; at the base of the ear if he is sideways. When it is not possible to take the head shot, or at long range, aim for the middle of the neck or the centre of the shoulder. Do not shoot behind the shoulder, for it is then five to one that you will hit too far back, your bullet passing through the stomach. Such a wound will enrage the tiger, and if he does not charge at once it will be very dangerous to follow him up in the thick cover where he always takes refuge. The vital parts are between the shoulders,

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and that is where the bullet must go. It should be remembered that even a shot through the heart seldom stops an animal on the spot. Tigers have been known to run over one hundred yards with their hearts torn to pieces. The same thing is true with deer, wild boars, and other animals. I remember the case of a young officer who was killed by a tiger he had shot through the heart, the brute dying across his body. Take the head shot whenever you can do so, and never fire at a tiger until you are quite sure of the part of him you are shooting at. When a tiger falls instantly after the shot, or, when following up, you see him lying apparently dead, never rush blindly toward him. Walk slowly, with your rifle ready, and do not hesitate to put in another bullet if you see the slightest movement. It may save your life.

MORE LIGHT!—AND POWER TOO

BY WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY

With increasing intensity, and particularly during the last two years, there has been a marked tendency toward the growth of great electric light and power systems all over the United States. The number of new small independent plants seems to be keeping pace with the growth of the country; but the overpowering impulse of efficiency and economy is putting an ever-increasing number of the important central power stations, first into closely coördinated tributary systems of their own, and secondly into widespread interconnection one with another. Plainly visible and also down out of sight, a boiling, seething corporate rearrangement is taking place. A quarter, in fact, of the aggregate capitalization of the electric light and power industry was affected one way or the other by this movement during 1925. One reorganization alone involved $200,000,000, three over $125,000,000, and twenty-one were in excess of $25,000,000 of capitalization. So far has the movement progressed at this writing that five of the largest holding companies control 43 per cent of the national central station output.

I

The advantages of holding-company organization have been persistently and elaborately set before the public for a decade. They are substantial and convincing up to a certain point. Mere recapitulation must suffice, particularly to indicate that practically each merit has its attendant defect, by virtue of the abiding motive of self-interest. The distinction between sheer operating functions and those appertaining to finance, as well as the difference between engineering, technical, and business activities, must be continually kept in mind. Types shade into one another. But, by and large, the following are the obviously serviceable attributes: —

Holding companies afford a wide distribution of business risk, although the extraordinary inherent stability of

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earning power, said to be independent of prosperity or depression, somewhat minimizes the relative importance of this advantage. Secondly, more skillful administration, both on the business and on the technical side, at low cost, through coöperative effort; perhaps best illustrated by the first-class organization of the Electric Bond and Share Company. On the business side, the purchase of supplies at wholesale. Large-scale centralized financing, by volume rather than piecemeal, through this high-powered vehicle of finance — sometimes, as it appears, a bit over-engined. Economies in power production through provision of large central stations, with interconnection for minimizing investment to meet peak load or emergency. Concentrated and more effective public relationships, dealing with regulatory bodies and consumers, publicity flying squadrons, or more competent legal staffs.

Unquestionably, also, as in the formation of the Engineers Public Service Company, there is greater defensive power for resisting the stock-purchasing onslaught of competitors. As the companies stand back to back, perhaps in closed-up, trust formation, like the New England Power Association, there is safety in numbers against attack. And finally it is alleged that subsidiary properties can be rearranged more readily: buying and selling corporations — passing them, that is to say, from hand to hand. A mere statement of these advantages will suffice to call to mind the shadow cast by each. The dean of the industry, Mr. Samuel Insull, defines the holding corporation's task thus: 'to strengthen and guide the local companies.' Guidance raises the question of direction, too — merely another way of stating that every virtue has its attendant vice. And of course one may also register the query in general as to how far many of these advantages are peculiar to the holding corporation, not being attainable through downright merger in single corporate units.

Having viewed the face of the coin, reverse it and give thought to certain defects of the holding corporation, glaringly in evidence at the moment. Herewith are two typical public-utility hierarchies, large and small, illustrative of modernist extension practice in the field of public utilities.

1. Financial interests, Hulswit & Company, Managers, control
2. United Light & Power Company (Md.), owning all stock of
3. United Light & Railways Company (Del.), owning 95 per cent of common stock of
4. Continental Gas & Electric Corporation (Del.), owning majority common and preferred stock of
5. Kansas City Power Securities Corporation (Ill.), owning all (under trust agreement) of
6. Kansas City Power & Light Company (Mo.), owning all common stock of
7. Kansas City Light & Power Company and Edison Electric Light & Power Company (Mo.?)

This group comprises eighteen gas, light, and power companies, and central heating, artificial ice, cold storage, street and interurban railway, and subsidiary merchandising companies, serving a population of 1,725,000 people.

1. North American Light & Power Company (Me.), owning all preferred and common stock of
2. North American Light & Power Corporation (Del.), owning all the common stock of
3. Illinois Traction Company (Me.), owning, directly and indirectly, all common stock of
4. Illinois Power & Light Corporation (Ill.), owning all stock of
5. Kansas Public Service Company (Me.), owning all capital stock of
6. Kansas Power & Light Company (Kas.), controlling
7. Union Power Company (Kas.?), owning stock of the small operating companies about Topeka, Kansas

This is a small company, serving only 300 municipalities, with 285,000 people, for gas and electric light, together with 800 miles of electric railway. There are no gaps in ownership of total capitalization from top to bottom.

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In the days before corporate jazz, the Rock Island Railway set-up of 1900, which imposed two holding companies upon the operating property, was regarded as downright scandalous. But that was almost a generation ago. Here we have six piled one on top of another, and the practice is so common as to arouse no gossip whatsoever. It will be noted, furthermore, that these heaped-up concerns are not loosely held by ownership of a bare majority of stock. That feature is a phase of concentration of control. This one, characterized by heaped-up corporations bound together by ownership of all the stock, is distinctively an American development. Nor can the phenomenon be fairly laid upon the doorstep of the industry itself. It is an outcome of our federal form of government, and of the conditions under which these companies, pursuing their 'tramp and bauble existence,' — to borrow a phrase from the Supreme Court of Kansas, — are spawned. The keynote is found in the variety of states, indicated in the exhibit, which have a hand in their forth-putting. Thus, as Abraham Lincoln once said, in enumerating the assets of a client of doubtful standing, 'Last of all, there is in one corner [of the office] a large rat hole which will bear looking into.' Nonuniformity of state corporation laws, however, is no rat hole. It is as deep as a well and as wide as a church door, and, as experience shows, ''t is enough.'

Is n't it queer how these corporate hierarchies seem to peter out after attainment of a seventh-degree unfolding? What magic is there in that figure seven? We have it in the seven-day week, the ecstasy of the seventh heaven, the healing powers of the seventh son of a seventh son, and the reputed rejuvenation of our bodies every seven years. These even suggest, for the moment, poor mortal man with his existence of threescore years and ten. In the Northeastern Power Company family circle — nor yet by reason of strength, either — is the only case thus far discoverable of an extension of a corporate holding genealogy to fourscore, exceeding the set limit of seven. And thus far this strength gives evidence of being but labor and sorrow. One is inclined to sympathize heartily with Mark Twain on a certain occasion — 'not a bit superstitious myself, but I always did hate to sleep thirteen in a bed.'

II

Utility managements are less to blame for this overextended situation than are the people of the United States. Corporations are oftentimes compelled by the diversity of state laws to resort to these artificial arrangements — albeit perhaps not without a modicum of quiet satisfaction that our conflicts of laws are so baldly permissive of profitable indirection. Thus many states require that public utilities be conducted by domestic corporations; else they may be denied the enjoyment of such rights as that of eminent domain. Hence the domestic operating concern has to be controlled by a holding corporation chartered elsewhere, in order to couple up these local privileges with others which may alone be attainable by going abroad. A case of Jack Sprat and his wife — 'and so, betwixt them both, they licked the platter clean!' The Minneapolis General Electric would forfeit its charter were it to transfer its properties to a foreign corporation. The only thing to do is to keep it alive and hold its stock from elsewhere, catch as catch can. Minnesota also lays a double liability upon stockholders in public utilities. Marketability for Northern States Power

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stock would be impaired thereby; hence one markets customer stock of a holding corporation, elsewhere chartered without this double liability. Indiana may require a vote of 75 per cent of the stockholders of an Indianapolis public utility in order to validate a mortgage. Utilities Power and Light can perhaps corral only 71.4 per cent of the stock. Off we go to Virginia for a charter, creating an intermediary corporation, which proceeds, not to mortgage the property, but to mortgage its holdings of stock in the corporation which does hold the property.

Shall we call it whipping the devil round the stump, or is it a case of the House that Jack built, and all that? Still further to build up a record; some domestic corporations have to be kept alive because of bond issues outstanding, perhaps with sinking funds. No accounts save minute books are kept, but they go on like brooks — almost forever. Maine permits resort to steamroller tactics in winding up corporations, allowing condemnation proceedings to compel recalcitrant minorities to fall into line. Under certain conditions a Maine charter might be convenient for a holding company, that it might the more freely traffic in subsidiaries. The New Jersey Board of Utilities, partly as a result of our nonvoting stock campaign in 1926, has recently condemned a voting trust for control of an interstate bus line. Query: Why not, as they do on local buses in Rhode Island, back down a bit over the Massachusetts line, in order to get a good fresh start on a local run to another point in Rhode Island, because, forsooth, a cargo of interstateness is thereby taken on? The similarity of names, where these corporations are driven by pairs, Twenty Mule Team Borax fashion, is still further confusing. Northern States Power Co. of Minn. has another of Wis. close alongside; the Kansas City Power and Light Co. of Mo. is yoked with a corresponding Kansas City Light and Power Co. of Kas. — titles twisted tail-end-to, or perhaps one a Co. and the other a Corp. It is the Middle West Securities Co. one day, and then, presto! it is the Middle West Utilities Co. Only Alice, with adequate legal counsel in Wonderland, could do justice to such a situation. It all seems so witless and tortuous, this conflict of state legislation, over taxes, no-par stock, and every other conceivable issue; and to it there is no end. Rather, we are irresistibly trending to one of two goals: either greater unanimity of state legislation or supersession of state incorporation for interstate business by direct assumption of Federal authority.

The awkward and even deceitful nature of these involved corporate relationships is fully recognized by responsible managements. Several first-class attempts, in fact, are now under way, aiming at a simplification of such overextension. The outstanding instance, perhaps, is that of Standard Gas and Electric. This attempt at simplification through substitution of direct ownership from a single holding company of the various operating concerns is an outcome of the recent acquisition of the involved public utilities of San Francisco and Pittsburgh. General Gas and Electric has also recently directed its attention toward the acquisition of practically all the securities of a number of subsidiaries, to the end that the top corporation may own the common stock of its operating concerns directly, driving them all abreast, so to speak, without resort to these intermediary holding concerns. And as part of its attempt to unify its financial set-up, Associated Gas and Electric is engaged in a similar praiseworthy endeavor, whatever one may think of the new plan just as a bit of finance.

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Holding-company organization is highly provocative of unwarranted concentration of power, well defined by Lyon as 'controlling not the ownership of the operating concern, but controlling the control of the operating concern.' First, holding corporation A may control the operating company by ownership of 51 per cent of its capital stock. If, thereupon, corporation B controls corporation A by ownership of a like bare majority of its common shares, the investment necessary to swing the entire enterprise is again practically cut in halves. And so on ad infinitum. This use of the holding corporation differs essentially from the one previously described, wherein the hierarchy is tied together by ownership of practically all of the shares of the subsidiaries all down the line. There is nothing new about the device; but the unprecedented elaboration of it permits the power-magnification process to be run into the ground clear down to bed rock. And then on top of this the differentiation of securities comes into play to accentuate the process. If, as in most utility companies, senior reliance is on either bonds or preferred shares, the bonds never vote and the preferred shares quite often cannot. And a still further development in the last few years — that of the nonvoting classes of stocks — may carry the business well toward infinity. Take the United Light and Railways Company, with three kinds of nonvoting stocks in 1923, an authorized total of $37,500,000. On top of this is a funded debt of $26,000,000. The voting control is vested in $12,500,000 of common stock.

It is probably true in most cases that the controlling common stock of the banking or management firm standing at the head of the utility hierarchies already instanced practically represents no actual investment in first instance. The following table shows the small proportion of capital stock to total system capital obligations for a number of groups.

FISCAL YEAR 1925

	Per cent parent company capital stock to total system capital obligations	Per cent of gross operating revenue to book value of property
Columbia Gas & Electric	56	22
American Telephone & Telegraph	47	29
Detroit Edison	52	25
Standard Gas & Electric	11.8	14.4
Public Service Co., N. J.	25	22
National Public Service	14	20
General Gas & Electric	21	20
Cities Service Co.	34	24.8
American Water Works & Electric	12	16

If one were to cut down some of these percentages still further — National Public Service, for instance — by resort to the nonvoting-stock device, an almost unbelievably exaggerated inverted pyramid of control would be disclosed. On top of all this, you may add, if you please, that this infinitesimal fraction of controlling shares at the top may be trusteed as a still further measure of protection against loss of control.

III

A further serious defect of overdeveloped holding-company organization is the temptation afforded to prestidigitation, double-shuffling, hornswoggling, and skullduggery. Sound and defensible management shades off almost imperceptibly under stress of self-interest, given such concentration of control as has just been described, into all sorts of nefarious dealings. Practically all of this lies within the domain of financial activity. It takes its strength from domination through common-stock control of banking houses which may or may not have a sufficient actual investment to hold

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them to a steady course. Public-utility systems, large and small, are now commonly affiliated with a single banking house. It is rather the thing to do, giving prestige to even the lesser bankers to establish themselves in such positions of responsibility. The open market for competitive financing is, of course, thereby closed, and perhaps in this pioneering stage necessarily so. Even the enjoyment for the nonce of the cash resources of the system might, in a pinch, under nonchalant or irresponsible chaperonage, be right convenient. Such things do happen. Most of this banking service, it goes without saying, is above criticism. Yet a sufficient number of lapses have already occurred to reveal the possibilities of wrongdoing. Probably the most illuminating instance is afforded by the Slaymaker Case, in which $1,136,000 was recovered by shareholders of the Columbus Railway, Power, and Light Company in 1923 from the banking house which had assumed charge of construction work, internal and external financing, management, and allied services. An indication that this is not an issue local to the United States is found in the recent report of the Committee of the British Board of Trade on Amendment of the Companies Acts, in which a glaring defect in the statutes is detected — that there is 'nothing to prevent a holding company from using the dividends received from profit-making subsidiaries in order to pay a dividend on its own shares without taking into account loss suffered by other subsidiaries. . . . The effect of this may be that the holding company is paying a dividend at a time when the group as a whole is in debit on the year's working.'

Equally serious, especially in this domain of public utilities, is the disposition of some of these holding companies to adventure far afield in search of profit, even though it carry them well beyond the natural province of utility operations. This is fortunately rare, but it is also sufficiently in evidence to call for reprobation. The Southern Ice and Utilities Company, serving a population of 960,000, may naturally enough slip over from ice into ice cream and creameries; or it may dabble in plain cream, light and heavy. It is less easy to d scover the sound basis for an investment of American Water Works and Electric Company in some 26,000 acres of fruit lands in the Sacramento Valley. The transition from artificial to natural gas, and then again from natural gas into petroleum development and refining, is perhaps inevitable. But when the Standard Gas and Electric Company owns a majority of the common stock and some of the preferred shares, and guarantees 'as to principal, interest, and sinking fund' $8,300,000 worth of bonds of the Shaffer Oil Company, 'a complete unit in the oil industry, embracing petroleum production, transportation, refining, distribution, and marketing,' it becomes a matter of substantial interest, not only to the 110,000 ordinary and customer stockholders, but to a general public scattered over some seventeen states of the Union as well. Yet the Standard Company in its annual report does not give even a résumé of the affairs of this oil concern. Although the statements of all the other subsidiaries are given in full, it merely recites that the oil earnings have increased some 90 per cent during the year. It strikes one as decidedly casual, to say the least. One queries what would be the effect of its inclusion in a consolidated balance sheet, if there were one.

Then there is Cities Service Company. This premier public-utility holding company first dipped into the oil business in 1915. By 1920 from this

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source flowed 81 per cent of its consolidated gross earnings — less than one fifth of them from public utilities proper. Apparently oil saved the day in that year of trial. Thereafter the oil business dried up relatively; then again it took on new life after 1923; the proportion of consolidated gross earnings thereafter rose until in 1925 it amounted to about 38 per cent of the total for the system, contributing something like the same proportion, apparently, to net income. In this second instance the whole story is set forth frankly in the published reports, so far as gross earnings are concerned; together with plans for further development of 'large acreage in Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, and Montana.' One stands face to face with a dilemma under such circumstances, which can best be baldly stated in terms of logic. Such a company either is a public utility or is not. If it is, it has no possible right to be engaging on any such scale in one of the most speculative businesses in the United States. If it is not, it has no right to be posing as a public utility, adding 41,000 new stockholders to its list in 1925, most of them customers, to bring the aggregate up to 235,000, one of the very largest for any corporation in the world.

And, oh, the annual reports of these full-flowered interstate supercorporations! Any impression that supermen competent to handle them from the standpoint of intelligibility have thus far been evolved will vanish on slight acquaintance. Try it for yourself — not for the state-limited and state-regulated companies, of course, but for the top holding ones. Many of them pursue a straight course in this regard. Some have recently made encouraging progress — United Gas and Improvement, and Columbia Gas and Electric, for example. But for the bulk of them, the maze at Hampton Court, Einstein's theory of relativity, current political platforms on Prohibition, are not in it with them for convolution. Try — even with those holding companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange — to reconcile their statements for exchange consumption with those which are rendered to their public shareholders. Even with the best of intentions the current kaleidoscopic transmogrifications are utterly thwarting to any attempt at comparisons from year to year. Attempting to deal with them reminds one of Lincoln's characterization of office-seekers: 'Paton, did you ever try to shovel fleas?' Reappraisals at cost of reproduction, perhaps on an ever new price footing, still more completely knock the ground from under any such attempt at an historical analysis. Cities Service denies to its 235,000 shareholders in 1925 any information about the earnings of its subsidiaries, confining its consolidated statement of earnings to seven lines of type. Its outline of earnings year by year would be informative, except for the utter absence there and throughout the report of any references to retirement or renewals. They simply do not occur in the document. Some corporations blandly allocate to themselves all earnings of their subsidiaries, figuring results in percentage earned on capital stock, quite irrespective of the minor detail as to whether these earnings have been distributed as dividends or not. Most of these companies afford a consolidated income account and balance sheet, but Northeastern Power, while its securities have been issued in large volume, gives no earnings whatsoever, even in the prospectus — presumably because there were none. Some companies trifle a bit with the shareholders' patience, as it seems, in respect to the lag between close of the fiscal year and distribution of the statements. And a whole group of companies, in varying

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proportions combined of investment trusteeship and operating management, — American Super-Power Corporation and Electric Bond and Share, for example, — while vouchsafing a list of their investments, afford no indication whatsoever of the number of shares or of the cost thereof as carried on their books.

Inadequacy and 'limitless obfuscation' — that's what a lot of these perpetrations are.

The last serious indictment against the overdeveloped holding corporation in the public-utility field has to do with rate regulation. Under the terrific involution of accounts it may become practically impossible to allocate costs and to determine earnings as related to the investment. The holding company is exposed to the temptation to exploit its subsidiaries, taking its own profit by undue enhancement of the operating expenses of the local concerns. Alpha Company, the operating concern, apparently runs at a loss, while Omega Company, which holds its stock, pays dividends nevertheless. Such things may be accomplished by overloading management expenses. 'Too many crossed wires' was the newspaper headline applied to the Massachusetts Public Utilities decision in 1916, when something like $240,000 out of its total expenditures of $318,000 was paid by the North Adams Gas Light Company to the Light, Heat, and Power Corporation of West Virginia for current supplies, construction, and management. How easy for the interstate holding company to dilute earnings in order that they may become digestible in the public view; and how difficult in a massive hierarchy of such holding companies to trace anything like costs in relation to investment back to some solid bench mark. How difficult to pass upon the reasonableness of contracts for use of property or sale of power. This too has recently been brought to the attention of the Massachusetts legislature. Proceedings degenerate under such circumstances into a mere muzz of words.

IV

Public-utility finance under these merger transformations is going through a process of change little comprehended by the general public, to whom appeal must of course be made for the necessary funds attendant upon its growth. The new capital issues by such companies in 1925 alone reached the stupendous total of $1,500,000,000, upward of one third of the total new corporate financing of the country. Of bonds alone, $892,000,000 at par were placed on the market during the twelvemonth. It is peculiarly essential that these changes be clearly understood, because a substantial and ever-increasing part of this new capital is being drawn from the little people, particularly by the sale of customer securities. First one must keep in mind clearly the distinction between the financing of the basic or operating concerns and the issue of securities by the top holding companies. As for the former, the unusual preponderance of funded indebtedness is noteworthy. Among railroads such indebtedness, although it far exceeds that among industrial corporations, finds its equilibrium at about a fifty-fifty figure. For the public utilities the normal minimum of funded indebtedness is about 60 per cent of the total capitalization, with the balance more or less evenly divided between preferred and common shares. The public regulatory commissions are in part responsible for this relatively high proportion of senior issues among the operating companies, assuming perhaps that essential industries, characterized by a fairly stable rate of return

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independent of cyclical fluctuations, can well support so heavy a burden of fixed charges.

The major reliance of the new holding corporations, on the other hand, is upon the issuance of preferred shares; and it is particularly in reference to these, since they are most widely dispensed in connection with customer-ownership campaigns, that the true situation should be made clear. Such preferred shares ought properly to stand first in their rightful claim to whatever income from investments the holding corporations may be entitled to. If preceded by bonds of the holding company, they ought to be widely distributed only in cases of exceptional soundness of the subsidiary concerns. Such securities are in considerable measure the result of the discovery a dozen years ago of the device of customer ownership for public utilities. These companies, eager to raise funds up to the full measure of the equity in their properties, have since been enabled to dispose of such shares, too often to represent the entire margin between feasible bond issues and the full value of the property. Such financing, through offerings of preferred shares to the general public in small allotments, is made directly, without the intermediation of banking houses. That has the advantage, of course, of eliminating commissions; but it is open to the marked disadvantage that the long-time experience and natural conservatism of the banking fraternity are denied to the consumer. Such preferred shares of holding companies are not comparable as to security with similar shares, either of operating companies or of railroads, for that matter. That, of course, is why they yield so much higher rates of return.

A particular menace lies in the appeal, often under guise of a plea for simplification of an involved corporate structure, for the little holder of bonds of a local operating enterprise to give them up in return for shares of the newly created finance corporation. This danger is contemplated in the preamble to a resolution of the Board of Governors of the Investment Bankers Association of America, May 14, 1925, as follows: 'It is obvious that, from the standpoint of sound investment, it is inappropriate for many investors to exchange mortgage bonds of operating public-utility properties for the preferred and other stocks of public-utility holding companies.' For obviously by such exchange the uninitiated investor may have shifted his position from that of a preferred to that of a junior claimant upon earnings. The record of preferred issues of operating companies is on the whole excellent. By and large, however, non-cumulative preferred shares in any enterprise are not inaptly described by a leading lawyer as 'waifs of the stock market.' They fall between two stools — neither a partner sharing in the increment of future growth nor a true creditor with a prior lien upon earnings and assets. They are exposed to the danger of vanishing returns soon to be set forth in another connection, as well as to the possibility, unless duly safeguarded, of the intrusion of new securities with claims upon earnings prior to their own. Nevertheless, within reasonable limits they have proven themselves a present help in time of trouble — that is to say, a handy means for satisfying the gluttonous appetite of this lusty, growing industry for capital. The upshot of this warning, then, is not that their use should be prohibited; but that their possible precariousness should be safeguarded by some substantial measure of public supervision. This the separate states are incompetent to give.

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The matter lies entirely beyond the scope of their jurisdiction.

The new holding corporations, topping off these recent consolidations, depend, of course, for their income upon dividends paid by the operating companies. They have little if any real property which can be mortgaged by bond issues directly. What they do, therefore, besides selling preferred shares of stock, is to mortgage the income from their investments in shares of these subsidiaries through the sale of collateral trust bonds, secured by deposit with a trustee of these selfsame shares. Obviously the proportion of bonds, if any, must be less than with their subsidiaries. That is the reason why they depend so much more largely upon raising funds by disposal of their preferred shares, or it may be in part of common shares; although these common shares which spell control are customarily quite closely held. Concerning even the bonds of these top companies, then, few people understand that they are not true bonds in the sense of being mortgages upon property. They are not permissible for investments of savings banks, for example, in a conservative state like Massachusetts, which limits such investments to mortgages upon operating companies with direct liens upon property. Nor is it true — except, as we children used to say, 'over the left' — that the bonds of these holding companies constitute the 'only funded debt of the company,' if perchance there is an odd hundred million or so of bonds of the subsidiary companies which have a prior claim upon the same income. The legend in capital letters on the prospectus of the Northeastern Power Corporation in 1926, 'No Funded Debt,' fails obviously of a statement of the true fact, since every bond outstanding on the subsidiary corporations stands ahead of the holding-company issues. The prime test, therefore, of financial stability for these holding corporations, particularly for the preferred shares which come after bond issues, is that such mortgages should not be issued to excess. And yet in some instances the proportion of bonded indebtedness rises as high or higher for such holding companies than it customarily does for operating concerns. It should be said that the present tax policy of the Federal Government puts a premium upon such financing by holding companies, as well as all others, inasmuch as the deduction of interest upon such borrowings before computation of the tax upon net earnings is permissible.

V

These public-utility holding companies thus financed are, as we have already seen, highly provocative of pyramiding of control. In much the same fashion they lend themselves also to magnification of returns in finance. Pyramiding in this second sense consists of 'making a little capital go a long way.' It is otherwise defined as 'the custom of trading on a thin equity, control resting in the hands of the common stockholders, while the funds are supplied by the sale of preferred stock and bonds.' By this simple expedient, then, the attenuation of the equity in the property brings about an abnormally accentuated rate of return upon a relatively small part of the total investment. This contingency of magnified earning power operates something like the nozzle on a hose pipe — in speeding up the flow, so to speak. But the financial danger in such a set-up, customarily created on the crest of a wave of prosperity, arises from the little appreciated but simple mathematical proposition that declines are accentuated as truly as are increases

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in revenue. In other words, a minor drop in the income of the operating concern is at once translated into a major one for the holding company.

By way of concrete illustration, assume that a holding corporation owns all the stock of a subsidiary operating company, and that the subsidiary has no preferential securities, bonds or stocks, with a claim to earnings prior to the dividends of the top corporation. A fluctuation of 10 per cent up or down in the earnings of the subsidiary will, in precisely the same degree, affect the income, through dividends, of the holding corporation. But now assume that the subsidiary has already mortgaged 50 per cent of its income, for payment either of interest on bonds or of cumulative dividends upon preferred shares. Then, with a 10-per-cent fluctuation in earnings of the operating company, the entire change is focused upon only 50 per cent of the capitalization — that is to say, the junior stocks of the subsidiary. In other words, a shrinkage of one tenth in the income of the subsidiary all falls upon its junior dividends, reducing them by one fifth instead of one tenth. And just in proportion as the fixed charges of the subsidiary increase, so in geometric ratio with a drop in income will the income available for dividends to the top company fall. If the prior claim on the subsidiary for bond interest or preferred dividends consumes 80 per cent of its total earnings, a drop of 10 per cent in net will cut the dividends payable to the holding corporation in halves; if the prior claims are 90 per cent, this minor change in operating income will wipe out the income of the top company entirely. And so it goes. In other words, a small normal variation in the rate of return of the operating subsidiary may effect a very large and abnormal change in the rate of return from the junior securities of the holding company. And each corporation piled upon another in series, provided each of them has a certain amount of fixed charges, magnifies its sensitiveness still further. The explanation of resort to this dangerous device is, of course, that fluctuations upward are magnified for the holding corporation in time of prosperity, just as they may move conversely in time of depression. This characteristic of holding-company finance, thus somewhat tediously stated, may readily enough become a root of much evil. It is said from the outset to have been a veritable bogeyman in the estimation of the farsighted founder of the General Electric Company, Mr. Charles A. Coffin.

The application of this principle of sensitive or of vanishing returns, to coin a phrase, for holding corporations is intended to be demonstrated by the table on page 678. It purports to show the relative stability of the financial set-up of a number of different holding companies in face of possibly fluctuating conditions of business from year to year.

Judged by this exhibit alone, these companies range in financial stability from top to bottom. Thus, for example, one of them, Columbia Gas and Electric, even precedes the almost impregnable American Telephone and Telegraph Company, in that it would require a reduction in operating income of 79 per cent to wipe out earnings applicable to dividends for the parent company, and actually 88 per cent reduction in earnings to cut the ground from under interest on its funded indebtedness. Detroit Gas and Electric, notably conservative and efficient in its management, even exceeds American Telephone in this latter regard. At the opposite extreme stands the American Water Works and Electric Company, in which so slight a reduction

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in operating income as 12 per cent makes dividends of the parent company impossible, 17 per cent cutting off even its interest on holding-company bonds. The knife, of course, cuts both ways; and in the present time of prosperity one may figure earnings for the last fiscal year in excess of 20 per cent on par of the common shares of the top company. Yet one cannot resist dubiety as to whether such a public utility engaged in indispensable service for 3,500,000 people, in fourteen states, is on entirely safe ground with so narrow a financial margin. It should be distinctly noted, however, that of course this particular test is but part of the story. One must dig much deeper in order to judge whether even such slight fluctuations as these in each particular case are apt to occur. A company like General Gas and Electric, or Public Service of New Jersey, operating in a dense industrial district, with many first-class stations, may more than counterbalance any defect in its set-up by the inherent strength of the several units of which it is constituted. On the other hand, National Public Service Company, by reason of its high proportion of fixed charges (about 70 per cent), made up as it is of less dense traffic, may appear unduly strong in such an array of its rivals. Or, again, one has to consider the proportion of what may be called outside or unrelated income. Both Standard Gas and Electric and Cities Service, as has already been shown, are deeply involved in oil development — something which comports ill, when pushed to such an extreme, with the operation of a public utility. Thus it appears that this showing is by no means conclusive. But there can be little doubt that it is indicative of a dangerous tendency in certain quarters, which should be promptly taken in hand.

Answering this criticism, it is averred that these electrical utilities are inherently immune from the ill of fluctuating earnings which harasses other lines of business, and consequently that they may safely trade upon a much thinner equity. This is probably in part true. Yet their apparent stability is somewhat beclouded by the practice of loading retirement and renewal upon the good years,

FISCAL YEAR 1925

	Per cent reduction in operating income (after taxes and depreciation, but before interest) necessary to wipe out all earnings of parent company, applicable to dividends	Per cent reduction necessary to wipe out all earnings of parent company, applicable to dividends and interest	Per cent of depreciation for year to plant value, end of year
Columbia Gas & Electric	79	88	1.13
American Telephone & Telegraph	76	89	4.6
Detroit Gas & Electric	64	94	3.4
Standard Gas & Electric	56	60	.93
Public Service, N. J.	36	54	1.8
National Public Service	30.5	42.4	1.05
	(1926 — 26.8 to June 30)	(1926—38)	
General Gas & Electric	26.4	26	1.4
Cities Service Co.	19	26	no data
American Water Works & Electric	12	17	1.4
Middle West Utilities Co.	(no consolidated statements — not calculable)		

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lessening the burden in the lean ones, thereby smoothing out the curve from year to year. It must be remembered, moreover, that since becoming really full-blown they have not been called upon to weather a really protracted period of frost. Sharp stabs we have had, but no long lingering chills since 1893. The drouth west of the Rockies in 1924, as affecting Pacific Gas and Electric, affords a good local example. Perhaps they may never recur. Who knows? Moreover, one is tempted perhaps to take a chance, so deep-seated has become what Lyon aptly calls 'the growing habit.' The worst that most of them have had to endure has been a lessened rate of growth, but always there is growth. Yet an examination of the ratio of net earnings before interest to the average plant, for two typical large utilities, each covering a wide territory (nine states altogether), indicates that earnings for one of them dropped in 1920 by about 50 per cent, as compared with 1918, and for the other dropped in 1921 by 33 per cent, as compared with 1919, only to rebound in 1922 by more than 40 per cent. The company which, disregarding compensation by deferred depreciation and facing the issue manfully, did not experience a real jolt in 1920 is the exception, not the rule. It is important to notice also that these utilities are handicapped on either a rising or a falling industrial cycle through their inability to shade prices to meet competition or to advance prices as an offset for heavy operating costs. They cannot change price policies, forestalling the future, without official administrative approval. The Steel Corporation, in its trade policy adhering to the principle of fixed prices, is yet free in a pinch to deal with extreme situations. This the public utilities may not do; and they must face the future, with whatever chance or change may come, without recourse to this advantage.

A widespread criticism of the unwarranted complexity of the financial set-up of these top companies is not without foundation. An exaggerated instance is afforded by the Associated Gas and Electric Company. This concern is not unimportant, serving, as it does, a population of 1,750,000 in 18 states, the Philippine Islands, and so forth. Its capital structure, however, was recently characterized by *Barron's Weekly*, assuredly a competent critic, as 'a financial nightmare.' 'If bond salesmen, like lawyers, had to pass a test of their competence to practise the profession, the problem of the complexities of the capitalization of this company would be too much for all but the most expert. As of December 31, 1925, there were four classes of preferred stock, Class "A" stock, Class "B" stock, and common stock outstanding. In addition there were outstanding interest-bearing option warrants with the choice of conversion into several other securities. Several million dollars of convertible debenture certificates were also outstanding, which carried the unusual feature of conversion at the option of the company. Besides this miscellany of securities, there were of course large amounts of bonds, preferred stocks, and minorities common stocks of subsidiaries in the hands of the public.' It deserves to be added that plans are under way to straighten out this tangle. It would not be difficult, however, to match it with a number of others. Cities Service Company, with its B and double B preference shares, is another case in point. Such intricacy is always apt in any corporation to result from the gradual accumulation of financial operations through many years. Railroads, for instance, periodically go through a financial housecleaning in order to clear

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up such an accumulation of odds and ends. But the unusual circumstance is that among the public utilities some of the most complicated structures have been thus deliberately set up from the start. The best among them, however, are evidently working with more or less success toward plainer living and higher thinking in this regard.

VI

No comment upon public-utility finance could omit consideration of the age-old charge of stock-watering — that is to say, of the overissue of securities in proportion to the actual investment. Public interest in this matter usually arises from the misconception that overcapitalization creates in and of itself a higher scale of charges for service. This notion is now completely exploded. It is peculiarly vulnerable as respects these top holding companies, which of course have nothing whatsoever to do with the determination of rates. They simply live off the earnings of subsidiary companies, each of which in turn has its schedule prescribed nowadays under more or less strict state regulation. Under these circumstances there is no possibility of any interrelation between overcapitalization of the holding concern and the rate level for the subsidiary operating company. The industry itself never wearies of demonstrating this point. The experience of three generations demonstrates that the public has a rightful interest in this matter. But the foundation of that interest is in the fact that an overissue of securities in proportion to the investment tends to dilute credit, to the end that there is an impairment of service rendered. In accordance with this principle, these top holding companies are tied in, then, with the public interest by virtue of the fact that they serve primarily as guide and financial next friend for their subsidiary hosts. If the financial company is weak, the operating concern is bereft of the advantage of this comfort and support. It is in this sense, then, that an examination of this charge is warranted in the public interest.

The best way to demonstrate the customary technique of the issue of junior securities for no valid consideration is by a concrete case. At Conowingo, Maryland, on the Susquehanna River, a first-class hydroelectric enterprise was projected recently. As it lies in both Maryland and Pennsylvania, the matter came under the jurisdiction of the Federal Power Commission at Washington; and, inasmuch as no administrative control over finance was exercised by Pennsylvania, this Federal administrative body assumed fiscal jurisdiction. The enterprise was to cost $52,220,000. The financial set-up first proposed included the sale of bonds to yield $35,410,000 and of preferred stocks to yield $16,810,000, thus aggregating the entire estimated first cost of the enterprise, $52,220,000. With the project thus wholly paid for, in addition thereto a large number of no-par common shares were to be issued: Class A common shares, which were to 'sweeten' the distribution of the first preferred stock, and Class B common shares, carrying sole voting power, which would involve no investment whatsoever. All these common shares, therefore, represented that which in the popular view is held to be an overissue of securities. No valid consideration whatsoever was to be given for them. This set-up — entirely in good form, judged by customary standards — was disallowed by the Commission, however, and an order strictly conformable to the most advanced criteria of public regulation took its place. In this order the bond issue remained as before, to pay for the bulk

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of the installation. But the amount of the preferred shares was cut down, and it was then required that a par value of $25 per share should be paid in for the common issues to make up the balance of the total cost. The net result was, of course, the same; total receipts from sale of bonds, preferred shares, and common stock all together were to produce the estimated sum of the investment. Should it exceed this figure, additional common shares might be issued at a fixed par price, producing dollar for dollar what they purported to be worth.

Another prime cause of excessive issue of securities in relation to value at the present time is the frantic bidding for independent properties either for competitive and strategic purposes or for the immediate profit to be made by turning them over to some incipient combination. Just to be specific, evidence of such exorbitant prices paid has come to me personally concerning such widely separated places as Pensacola, Florida; Columbia, South Carolina; Derby, Connecticut; Keene, New Hampshire — Vermont, Minnesota, Michigan, and all over. Shares which little more than a year ago sold below par have been picked up for four times that figure. A well-known company with a par capitalization of $1,600,000 refused flatly an offer of $5,000,000 for the property. The recent Pennsylvania Giant Power Board reports a rise of 300 per cent in common stocks of electric holding companies in the five years to 1925. Promoters have not hesitated to overpass the normal limit of a price equal to ten times the net earnings in their zeal for a quick turnover, not troubling to examine too closely into the situation. The promotion of the Northeastern Power Company, above mentioned, is also apparently an instance of such excessive prices paid. Several, in fact, of the good-sized holding companies seem to have been constructed upon such a flimsy footing from the outset. Old-timers in the industry, with a background of long experience, do not hesitate to condemn such practice privately, holding as they do that such excess is bound to bring about a reaction.

The almost irresistible impulse to pad income accounts is one of the evils of permitting capitalization of these interstate public enterprises to go on without let or hindrance. The purpose, of course, is to lay a foundation for further public sale of securities. Customarily, since the common shares represent no value, it makes little difference how many there are. Every effort, therefore, is directed toward making a strong showing of earnings, in order to warrant as large an issue as possible of new preferred stocks or bonds. Promotions and new issues of securities, of course, always take place on the crest of the wave of prosperity, whenever feasible under stimulus of speculative furor. In consequence there is too often an overweening temptation to bank upon future prospects through inadequate provision for depreciation, retirement, and renewals; or to puff up the income account by crediting profits on intercompany transactions within the system; or to reappraise assets on a rising scale of general prices — all such procedure to lead up to a full capitalization of the earning power thus sometimes speciously demonstrated. It is this combination of overissue of securities regardless of plant value, supported primarily by the utmost demonstrable earning power, coupled with the high proportion of this new capitalization consisting of bonds, which tends sometimes to produce a condition of extreme topheaviness or of instability in the case of the weaker concerns. Rarely does it happen that a company like Columbia Gas and Electric, as in 1924,

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not only currently reduces the par value of its capital stock outstanding, but reënforces itself at the same time by peculiarly heavy reserves for retirement and renewals; or that one like the General Gas and Electric Company pays off all its funded indebtedness, clears up its current obligations, and accumulates a large reserve of unpledged securities in the treasury. Rather is the disposition all the other way, particularly among the companies which make it a practice to pay all or a part of their dividends in stock instead of in money.

An urgent disposition toward overstatement of earnings may even bring about the payment of dividends not warranted by the actual income. A prime service of most of the management corporations within the great systems is to market securities for their operating concerns; and assuredly, by reason of both volume and prestige, they can do this to better advantage than can the small or isolated companies acting alone. But a nice question is raised as to whether profits which flow from such financing by the management companies — either controlling or, it may be, owned by the top holding company, but in either event component parts of the one system — are really distributable profits of the system or not. Middle West Utilities Company (144,000 shareholders) for 1925 reports net income for the year of $5,842,000. Of this sum $3,265,000 is 'net profit from sale of securities to subsidiary companies and others.' This leaves a balance of only $2,577,000 of income actually derived from operation of subsidiary public utilities. Assuming that these companies contributed all that they conservatively ought to turn in, their earnings produced only about one half the sum paid out in top company dividends. The other half was the result of a banking or investment business. The disconcerting thing is that that is what most of these holding concerns, in greater or less degree, actually are, although few people fully realize it. The same year witnessed an increase of the authorized capital stock from 900,000 shares to 1,750,000. Of this doubled capitalization, a considerable number of shares became at once available for marketing. Will the profit on the sale of these for the next year be necessary in order to keep up the payment of its three classes of dividends?

Not merely are such profits not certain to be recurrent, but question also arises as to whether they are properly system earnings at all. If not, either one of two things must happen. Rates must go up or dividends will go down; unless, perchance, a steady stream of such additional securities can continually be marketed at a profit to the top company to produce the ever necessary total. Or, if you please, turn to Standard Gas and Electric for 1925. The income statement for the top company — no consolidated statement is available, eliminating duplications — again includes the item of 'net profit on securities sold, $1,266,000.' This is practically equal to the amount carried to surplus for the year, after dividends on the common capital stock. Query once more: Is such an item sufficiently certain to recur year after year to warrant such a policy? And, even if it is, is it certain that all of it is clearly income? Baron Munchausen once performed a bootstrap feat, I think it was, of somewhat the same cast. In his case it seems to have worked successfully. But, as I remember it, he tried it only once.

VII

The Standard Gas and Electric Company is unique in adhering to the businesslike practice of reporting earn-

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ings only upon the basis of dividends actually received — a practice unfortunately not too common among some of its compeers. For 1925 this income was publicly reported to amount to 4.23 per cent upon the common stock. Then the annual report goes on: 'For comparison with similar public-utility companies reporting consolidated earnings, which would include the collectible income, as recited above, and the Company's interest in the undistributed surplus earnings (after deduction for depreciation and depletion) for the year 1925 of the operated public-utility companies and Shaffer Oil and Refining Company, there was earned $6 a share on the 765,635 shares of common stock outstanding on December 31, 1925.' Yet examination of the annual statement of the oil company — not published along with the annual accounts of the other subsidiaries in Standard's report — shows that no dividends have ever been paid on its common stock; that there are arrears of cumulative dividends on the preferred stock amounting to 19¼ per cent; although evidence is not lacking of substantial undistributed income. Does it not savor a bit of window dressing for the holding company to include any part of the net earnings of the oil company, to create an impression of enhanced earning power, without a more complete disclosure of the amount of these profits? The 110,000 stockholders of the company have a right to the information.

Whether or not there is to be a progressive overcapitalization of this great business depends in part upon the adequacy of its policy as a whole respecting depreciation and renewal. In paying the present rates of dividend, is it keeping the properties whole? Or is it in part 'living off its own hump'?

Acute controversy prevails throughout the industry concerning this matter. The dean of the business, veteran president of its strongest company financially, Detroit Edison, is in command of a valiant corporal's guard in this matter. He holds that in point of fact the whole policy of the industry is at fault. His view is that there is a definite life for each item of property in service; and that there should be set aside as a reserve, charged currently against income, although not entitled to returns upon it, an amount sufficient at the expiration of that ascertainable life to re-create the property without the issuance of any new securities whatsoever.

In opposition to this view, following a far pleasanter path so far as immediate showing of income is concerned, is the theory that for the most part, if plants by liberal maintenance expenditures be kept in prime condition for service, age is of no moment in a property sense, so long as an undiminished ability to serve persists. The practical difference between the two policies is demonstrated by the third column of figures on page 678. Detroit Edison, true to the sound conviction of Alexander Dow, its president, is the only electric utility in the lot which measures up handsomely alongside the American Telephone Company in this regard. The difference for all the others is symptomatic of conditions far and near throughout the industry.

The unanswerable refutation, of course, of this whole line of corporate conduct is that the mere advance in technique, particularly in the electrical industry, will certainly bring it about sometime that these old plants must be junked, and that entirely new ones must be created to take their place. Truly conservative managers would by this time have created funds available to take care of this matter without the necessity of new capital issues. Fair-

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weather artists — in pursuance of the prevailing fashion — will trust to luck to be able to re-create the plant and equipment through a forth-putting of new stocks and bonds, again trusting to luck that the greater efficiency of the new plant will take care of interest and dividends on both the old capitalization and the new one combined.

This whole debate, which is of far-reaching public importance, at bottom turns upon which generation, past, present, or future, is to bear the brunt of this consumption of a capital fund. The easy-going policy which provides that the retirement of old plants shall be paid for by the people to be served by the new ones has been aptly transliterated thus by the President of the Detroit Edison Company: —

> They [the public] are to pay for the upkeep of the living critter which is serving them and also (for some time at least) for the dead horse. . . . Also I am afraid that there will be a succession of dead horses to pay for, and that some new horses may not go any easier on the feed box than did the old ones. . . . One would think that the gas company, upon shutting down an old plant, forthwith arranged to drown or otherwise summarily dispose of the population which had been served by it — or maybe they died of sorrow of seeing their gas plant, that ancient and holy thing, fade like a dream. . . . That sort of thing sounds too much like the song that these modern youngsters sing to us old folks to explain their purchase of a new automobile before they have paid the last installments on the old one. The new machine is going to run so much cheaper as to allow them to pay the deficit out of the savings in gasoline and rubber. They sing that song to me, those children, and I smile at them, and remember that I was young myself before the days of automobiles. But I don't encourage them. Sometimes they do get away with it. Mostly they don't.
>
> When I find myself managing other people's large investments, I prefer not to take the chance of being able to earn the price of a dead horse out of future economies.

Were the wholesome reasoning thus picturesquely stated to be applied to the overwhelming majority of the public utilities of the United States, except the American Telephone Company, it would make a profound difference. As a concrete illustration, one notes the peremptory call-down to the Boston Edison Company in 1922 as to the inadequacy of its depreciation reserves, on the ground that this policy resulted in an overly high investment as compared with output. This followed from the fact that such retirement and renewal reserves, if created, would not of course lie idle, but would ordinarily be invested in the plant. Without them the company is bound to be continually in the market borrowing money or issuing stock to obtain capital which otherwise should have been saved out of current income. And that fact, of course, uncovers the nigger in the woodpile, the real reason for the indisposition of the industry as a whole to pursue a more conservative path.[1]

VIII

The impotence of state administrative agencies in face of the growth of these great combinations is indubitable. The chairman of the Massachusetts Public Service Commission recently admitted before the state legislature the inability of his Board to pass upon the details of long-time contracts for interstate transmission of power, due to the fact that one party had been chartered in another state. The chairman of the up-state New York Utilities Commission, in connection with the

[1] At this point we omit criticism of reproduction cost as the basis for valuation in view of possible reversals of price movements through future years. — THE EDITORS

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recent creation of the Northeastern Power Company, likewise reported the impotence of his commission to deal with the terms of sale of the New York properties because the purchaser was chartered, as I recall it, in Delaware. Cases before the Supreme Court recently touch upon this issue. A company produces or buys natural gas in Kansas and pipes it to connections in Missouri, there to dispose of it to utilities engaged in local distribution. The Supreme Court held that neither state had power to regulate the rate. Apparently Congress has but to stretch forth the Federal arm in order to provide a suitable agency for this purpose. Matters of finance and accounting seem likely to play a larger part than those of rates in controversies of this sort. Over these the Federal Power Commission at the present time may take jurisdiction in those cases only where no competent state regulation obtains. But, even then, authority is specifically limited to electrical service generated by water power. It would be a relatively simple matter to enlarge the scope of this administrative body, by conferring plenary jurisdiction over all interstate matters, whether or not there were an existing state agency, and by authorizing it to deal with electric service however generated, by steam as well as by water power.

A concluding word about customer ownership as it has developed within the last decade. Its proportions are indeed prodigious. There are now approximately 1,307,000 customers of public utilities who are shareholders in their respective companies; and it is reported that the sale of securities direct to such customers amounted to $296,000,000 in 1925 — that is to say, about one quarter of the total new financing done by central station companies. Not a few of us from the outset regarded this movement not only as of doubtful value but as embodying elements of grave danger, certainly unless the movement were kept well in hand. At first it appeared as if the prime impetus came from the desire to create a more favorable public environment, to the end, for instance, that these great companies should to a lesser degree be operated in what might be called an enemy country. Unquestionably this phase of the matter under the sane and conservative management of the American Telephone Company has contributed substantially to a public understanding of the main problems confronting concerns of its particular class. Succeeding this argument, successful propaganda — and it too contains an element of truth — ran to the effect that beneficial results would flow from local coöperation and initiative. Housewives, either in the densely populated cities or out in the open, passing the time of day in neighborhood gossip, would perhaps keep a watchful eye upon Tony in the trenches or the lineman up aloft. Perhaps they would even report cases of inefficiency or malingering. But now the real reason has gradually thrust its head above water. It is this: that by this device of customer ownership an almost inexhaustible reservoir of new capital may be tapped; together with the further advantages that this capital may be drawn upon, not indirectly through payment of commissions to bankers, but by direct sales campaigns, through billboards and through the friendly offices (for a commission) of the meter man and the bill collector, as well as of the technical employees.

The menace of a development reaching such proportions as it has within little more than a decade arises from a number of circumstances. The first is that the creation of a great body of customer investors, while it may operate to bring about a more coöperative spirit

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among the people at large in matters of franchise rate regulation and the like, may conceivably work the other way in case of mismanagement or dereliction. The seriousness of such an occurrence is fully understood by great corporations like American Telephone, which treats the matter from the high standpoint of a trustee upon whom the direst penalties are bound to be visited in case of recreance. But in the electric-light industry, the appetite for new capital and the freedom from banking connections and chaperonage have opened the door on occasion to practices falling far below the level of trusteeship. Dewing, in his *Financial Management of Corporations*, concludes that the sale prices for such securities run on an average ten points above the market quotations. I personally know of an instance in New England, specifically cited by Dewing also, where farmers were paying seven or eight dollars a share more for such securities than the price which prevailed over the counter not far away. Such things, of course, are the exception. But the greatest danger of all is the chance that some one of these great companies may go on the rocks, a fearsome thing to contemplate under such circumstances.

The president of Electric Bond and Share, an ardent advocate of customer ownership, somewhat enthusiastically describes his clientage in the Lehigh Valley anthracite coal fields as follows:

> The list of stockholders looks like the immigration roster at Ellis Island. There are all the Z's and Y's and W's imaginable, Czechoslovaks, Jugoslovaks, Poles, Greeks, Italians, Finns, Huns, and in fact practically every known nationality. We advertise in the newspapers and through circulars printed in practically all of these languages. Our socialist friends in that section are in our list of stockholders. We have something like 70,000 customers and we feel that for a long time to come we can add to our list from 500 to 1000 of these customers per month. They are averaging about three shares each. One of our Czechoslovak employees was the other day heard explaining the advantages of this stock something like this: 'These are the finest shares in the world — they are not like stocks in mines, patent medicines, or flying machines, which sometimes you see but generally you don't. But with this stock push the button, and if the light shines you know your money is safe.'

Some of us have known what a run was like on an East Side bank in New York. The malcontents would perhaps number a few thousands. What would happen to one of these companies, with shareholders numbered into the hundred thousands? Both the proportions and the character of this customer-ownership movement make it clear that questions of public responsibility are involved which call for the same measure of supervision as those which for long we have been accustomed to extend to our savings banks. If for no other reason, the question of submission of these great interstate holding companies to some sort of Federal supervision and control would obtrude itself upon the public mind.

As to recommendations, several specific proposals for dealing with concrete issues are engaging. Disfranchisement of the stock of operating companies deposited as collateral for superposed issues of holding companies might perhaps act as a deterrent to undue corporate involvements; or the requirement by law that all public utilities engaged in interstate commerce should make their annual reports along standardized lines, and particularly that they append thereto a certified copy of their Federal Income Tax returns. But such proposals either require uniform state legislation, which is beyond the range of possibility, or else drive us into the arms of the

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Federal Government. And in any event such proposals call for precise data, in order that the legislation shall be practicable; and particularly that it shall not, in the endeavor to restrain the ill-intentioned few, operate to discourage the legitimate initiative of the many. About a hundred such things we need information. The light at present falls upon many of them in slanting shafts, due to the natural self-interest of those who now command the situation. The surest source of disinterested illumination would be a comprehensive examination into the whole subject of public utilities, preferably under the authority of the Federal Power Commission or some other special board temporarily created for the purpose. Consequently a wise policy at this juncture would seem to be to refrain — ostentatiously, as it were — from advocacy of any particular programme; but to urge instead that the President recommend to the Congress that provision be made for such an exhaustive inquiry, to be so prosecuted as to command the confidence of the entire country. The result would be a substantial contribution to the body of our information on a subject of profound importance at this time to some millions of the people of the United States.

A searching inquiry by real experts, stripped of all political bias and affording a field day for all comers; an open contest in which the truth, regardless of self-interest, shall prevail — this is the downright need of the moment. And if the objection be advanced that the whole truth might cast a blight upon development here and there, the answer is ready at hand. It was Abraham Lincoln who was wont to emphasize 'the proneness of prosperity to breed tyrants.' Something like this seemed recently to be taking place in the domain of corporate management. Fortunately it was possible effectively to nip it in the bud without an iota of disarrangement. Prosperity, not real but specious, may indeed be unduly protracted by artificial means; but in the end the truth is bound to prevail. Nor can the truth work harm to those whose custom it is to work in daylight. It is the wrongdoer alone, delving in darkness and diligent in deviousness, who fears the strong tonic of publicity. And so we close with those prefatory words from Abraham Lincoln's 'House Divided' speech — second in importance only to the Gettysburg Address: 'If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do, and how to do it.'

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OUR SOLEMN FARCE

REËNTER THE TARIFF

BY BERNHARD KNOLLENBERG

I

THE defeat of the McNary-Haugen Farm Relief Bill has again brought the tariff to the fore as a political issue. The protective tariff now affords wheat and corn farmers little or no protection. The farmers believe that this bill, if enacted, would have made the present tariff on farm products effective, and its defeat by Republican protectionist leaders has embittered the farmer against them and against the tariff policy that they represent. The significant feature of the present movement to reopen the tariff question is that it is particularly active in Iowa, Washington, Oregon, and other Western states which have been bulwarks of the Republican Party.

The McNary-Haugen Bill, although nominally designed to assist all farmers, including the cotton grower, was introduced primarily for the benefit of the producers of wheat, corn, and livestock. It provided that the Federal Government should supply a fund and the necessary machinery for buying up the excess wheat, corn, hogs, and cattle produced in the United States over the amount required for domestic consumption, and should sell this surplus for whatever it would bring in foreign markets. The Government's expenses and losses were to be recouped by a tax to be paid by the farmer. The restriction of the domestic supply to the domestic demand would, it was assumed, raise the price in the United States of the principal domestic farm products to an amount equal to their price in the world market plus the protective tariff on them.

For example, the protective tariff on wheat is 42 cents a bushel. If the tariff were fully effective the price of wheat in the American market would be 42 cents a bushel higher than in foreign markets — that is, the American consumer would pay a tariff bonus of 42 cents a bushel to the American farmer. But the tariff is at present almost completely noneffective because the annual wheat crop in the United States is from 10 per cent to 20 per cent in excess of the normal domestic consumption. This surplus, hanging over the domestic market, forces down the price of the entire wheat crop in the United States to approximately the level of the foreign price of wheat. Many a farmer who could make a comfortable living if he were able to sell his wheat at the present foreign price of $1.40 per bushel plus the tariff of 42 cents is hardly able to 'break even' at the present price of $1.40. The McNary-Haugen Bill, by removing the 10 per cent to 20 per cent domestic surplus, would, it was hoped, make the tariff on wheat effective and raise the price of wheat consumed in America to the price in

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the foreign markets plus 42 cents a bushel.

It has been asserted that the farmer should by private means restrict production to the domestic demand, and thus secure from the American consumer the increase in price which the protective tariff is intended to afford him. This, however, is impossible in the case of the grain and livestock farmer. Producers of such crops as Burley tobacco and raisins and of other crops that can be profitably grown only in certain limited areas have formed successful coöperative associations, and through these have controlled production and increased the price level of their products; but no one has yet devised machinery for coöperative restriction of the production of wheat, corn, and livestock. It would obviously be futile for any individual farmer to leave, say, a fifth of his wheat crop uncut with a view to reducing production and increasing the level of domestic prices.

The underlying objection to the McNary-Haugen Bill is that the assistance which it would render to the farmer must come out of the pockets of the rest of the country. Its plan is to rob Peter to pay Paul. As Secretary Mellon said in attacking the bill, 'It is, of course, apparent at once that the effect of the bill will be to increase the cost of living to every consumer of the five basic agricultural commodities in this country.' Moreover, there is no indication that this burdening of one group for the benefit of another would result in a net benefit to the country as a whole. Quite the contrary. By artificially diverting to the production of farm products land and labor which could, and otherwise would, be more economically devoted to the production of other commodities, the subsidizing of farm products would be injurious to the country as a whole.

These objections to the bill are thoroughly familiar. They are, in substance, the same as those which for years have been urged by the free trader against the protective tariff. The feature peculiar to the present situation, which has stung the farmer to revolt, is that Secretary Mellon and other Republican leaders who have been the foremost opponents of the bill are among the principal beneficiaries and most solemn defenders of the present effective protective tariff on manufactured goods.

The farmer is naturally asking why, if it is bad policy for the country to subsidize the farmers by making the tariff on wheat, corn, and livestock effective, it is not equally bad policy for the country to continue to subsidize the manufacturer of wool or aluminum by maintaining the present effective tariff on these articles. If the so-called 'practical' considerations advanced by the protectionists in favor of the protective tariff in general are unpersuasive as applied to an effective protective tariff on cereals and livestock, why are they not equally unpersuasive as applied to manufactured products? He is coming to the conclusion that the Democrats, who joined forces with the Administration in defeating the bill, were probably on the right track in maintaining that the sound way for the farmer to obtain relief is not by forcing Congress to saddle the country with additional tariff burdens for his special benefit, but by having existing tariff burdens removed.

II

The principal arguments on which protectionists rely to support the protective tariff are: (1) the 'infant industry' argument — a protective tariff is needed to foster desirable new industries which, once having been given the

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opportunity through protection firmly to establish themselves, will thereafter be able to carry on without tariff protection; (2) the 'American wage' argument — the protective tariff is necessary to maintain the high wages and resulting high standard of living of the American workman; and (3) the 'national defense' argument — certain American industries which would be vital to the United States in time of war cannot be maintained in this country without tariff protection.

The infant industry argument was originally advanced during the early years of the Republic, at a time when there was practically no industrial manufacturing carried on in this country. There was, of course, much handwork, such as spinning, cabinet-making, weaving, and cobbling, but machine-made products were almost all imported from Europe. It was urged that if manufactories, conspicuously of iron and coarse cotton cloth, could once be firmly established in the United States, the proximity of the American manufacturer to supplies of cheap raw material and the saving in cost of transportation of the finished products to the American market would make it possible for the American manufacturer to sell his product to the American consumer at a lower price than the latter had previously paid for the European product. But until skilled mechanics could be trained or induced to settle here, and economical methods of manufacture could be worked out from experience, production in America would be more expensive than in Europe. During this initial period the American manufacturer would not be able to meet the price of his European competitor except at a loss.

Since at that time the supply of liquid capital in the United States, even for enterprises promising large immediate returns, was small as compared with the demand, this prospect of initial loss hampered, it was thought, the rapid development of manufacture in the United States. Therefore, to stimulate the investment of capital in American manufacture by protecting new American industries, Alexander Hamilton and others urged, ultimately with success, that a tariff on imports of cotton cloth, iron products, and various other commodities be imposed for the purpose of fostering infant American industries. The tariff, by raising the price of the European product in the American market, was to make it possible for the new American manufacturer to obtain from the American consumer sufficiently high prices for his products to yield him an immediate profit. The justification for thus burdening the American consumer in favor of the American manufacturer was that protection would be given only until the industry had had a reasonable opportunity to establish itself, and that, once firmly entrenched, the American manufacturer, without protection, could and would undersell the European producer in the American market. The eventual saving to the American consumer would more than compensate him for the additional cost borne by him during the period of protection. The temporary nature of the duty was invariably stressed. Hamilton, for example, in his famous protectionist *Report on Manufactures*, declared, 'The continuance of bounties' (in which Hamilton rightly included protective tariffs) 'on manufactures long established must almost always be of questionable policy, because a presumption would arise in every case that there were natural and inherent impediments to success.'

The American infant industry argument, however sound originally, is to-day obsolete. Most of the protected

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American industries have been in existence so long that Hamilton's statute of limitation has run against them — if by this time they cannot stand on their feet unaided, there is a strong presumption that the industry is unsuited to the United States. Moreover, even in the case of new industries, the basis for the infant industry argument has ceased to exist. This country to-day so abounds in capital that investments are sought by American business men in Russia, Germany, South America, China, and wherever else profits, immediate or future, are in prospect. If an industry in the United States gives reasonable promise of eventual success, ample capital is readily at hand for its development.

In considering the second, the high wage, argument of the protectionist, it should be borne in mind that wages were much higher in the United States than in Europe long before the United States adopted a protective tariff. One of the arguments against protection in the early days was based on this fact. Would the American farm hand or sailor leave farm or ship to work for a lower wage in an American factory? Obviously not. How, then, it was asked, could the American manufacturer, forced to pay the high American wage, hope to compete in price, after the temporary period of protection, with the products of cheap European labor? The protectionists replied that, since American farm products and American ships, despite the higher wages paid to the American workman, successfully competed with those of Europe, there was no good reason why American factories, once they were firmly established, should not also be able to compete successfully with those of Europe.

The modern protectionist disregards this historical fact. According to him, protection has *created* the high American wage; remove protection, and the American wage, together with the high standard of living of the American workman, must fall. Putting the matter in a concrete way, he points out that the American manufacturer pays his workmen fifty cents an hour for the same work for which the German manufacturer pays his workmen only thirty cents an hour. This being the case, it is obvious, says the protectionist, that if the protective tariff is repealed one of two things must happen: either the German manufacturer will undersell his American competitor even in the American market, or the American employer must cut the wages of his employees.

In claiming that the American manufacturer needs tariff protection to make it possible for him to continue the high American wage, the protectionist not only forgets that the higher wage scale in the United States existed before protection, but disregards the fact that in foreign markets, in which the American manufacturer and farmer is unprotected, American farmers and many American manufacturers successfully compete, despite the higher wages paid their employees, with European and Asiatic competitors. The American cotton planter pays his men five times as much as the wage paid to the Chinese coolie or Egyptian fellah, and yet American cotton dominates the markets of the world. The American automobile manufacturer pays a far higher wage than the German, and yet the Dodge and Cadillac outsell the Opel and Benz wherever automobiles are used. The protectionist makes no attempt to trace the alleged connection between protection and high wages. He fails to explain why the wage scales of Germany and France, which have long had exceedingly high protective tariffs, are below that of England, which

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has long had free trade. He fails to explain how it comes about that the protective tariff makes it possible for the American workman to pull himself up by his own bootstraps, and why, if the tariff is the real basis of the high American wage, the workmen of the high-tariff countries of Continental Europe have been unable to achieve the same high standard of wages by adopting the same simple expedient. Since no explanation is given, presumably none exists.

The argument has been advanced that the tariffs of France and Germany do not bring high wages in their train because the artificial hothouse treatment is effective only where the tariff wall encloses a sufficiently large territory — a continent. Again no reasons are given why a matter of area should involve so vital a difference in result; or why Germany, which has almost the same diversification of industry as the United States, should respond so sluggishly to the treatment alleged to be so tonic in the case of the United States.

Unbiased students of the wage question hold that the high wage scale in America results from the greater productivity of the American workman; that so long, and only so long, as this is maintained will the American wage scale exceed that of Europe; and that the protective tariff, by artificially diverting labor into fields less productive than those in which it would naturally be employed, tends, on the whole, to lower, not to raise, the American wage scale. This explanation is intrinsically reasonable, and, unlike the protectionist theory of the American high wage, is consistent with the fact that the high American wage antedated the protective tariff and with the fact that the countries of Continental Europe, despite their high tariffs, have not succeeded in producing a high scale of wages.

The position that the high wage scale in America is based on the greater productiveness of the American workman does not imply that the American workman is more industrious than the European workman. It simply means that our ampler and better-developed natural resources, the more widespread use of labor-saving devices, the higher efficiency of industrial management, and perhaps the greater alertness of the American workman, enable him to accomplish more.

Let me illustrate. In Europe as many as five laborers are frequently found working on a fifty-acre farm, producing, say, 1000 bushels of wheat per year. The machinery used is so crude and the cultivation so intensive that the laborers are fully employed on this small acreage. With somewhat less intensive cultivation these laborers could probably maintain a one-hundred-acre farm, with a yield of 1600 bushels. By substituting modern agricultural machinery for scythes, rakes, and ploughs pulled by hand, they could cultivate five hundred acres yielding 8000 bushels per year. In the United States an ample acreage of good farm land and the employment of efficient agricultural implements and machinery would permit of the full utilization of the productive capacity of these laborers. Although it could not fairly be claimed that the fruitfulness of their labor would be increased from 1000 to 8000 bushels, — the labor that went into the manufacture of American farm implements and machinery must of course be taken into account, — nevertheless, after making all necessary allowances, the productivity of these same laborers in the United States would be very greatly increased.

A similar and in some industries as great a difference between European and American productivity is found in manufacturing. Unrivaled developed

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resources of iron, copper, coal, oil, and timber, combined with a use of labor-saving machinery not approached in European factories, have made it possible for the American workman to achieve a measure of production far outstripping that of the European workman. The recently issued report of the British Coal Commission shows, for example, that in 1924, a normal year and the latest as to which figures are available, the production of coal in the United States was 734 tons per man, as compared with 246 tons per man in Great Britain, 167 tons in France, and 234 tons in Germany.

If the laborer were a serf or apprentice the greater fruitfulness of his labor might redound solely to the benefit of the employer. But in the United States, where, except in a few backward communities, the laborer is free to change employment and employer as he pleases, wages are governed by productivity, and in general the workman's wages roughly reflect the success of his labor.

The third argument of the protectionists, that a protective tariff is necessary to preserve certain industries vital to this country in time of war, has unquestionable force. Well-equipped chemical and dye plants might, for example, be a more valuable war asset to the nation than many brigades of infantry. But it does not follow that the present all-inclusive protective tariff is sound. To maintain the present tariff in order to protect dependent war industries is using a truck for a job requiring only a wheelbarrow.

A large majority of industries in the United States can be successfully carried on without tariff protection. Of those which would be crippled or destroyed by free trade, many would either have no vital military importance or, upon the outbreak of war, could and would be reëstablished in time to replenish stocks of imported goods on hand when the emergency arose. The remaining industries — those which would be seriously crippled by the removal of a protective tariff and whose maintenance is really essential for war purposes — should be treated as an industrial arm of our military establishment, and, as such, should be given adequate protection. But in return for this tariff subsidy the Government should insist that these protected industries preserve their plants in readiness for war purposes. An analogy is found in the so-called Jones Act of 1920, under the provisions of which Congress, in effect, gave the American shipowner a subsidy of one dollar for every two dollars of capital which he would invest in the construction of new ships in American shipyards, but only upon condition that the ships be constructed and equipped along lines laid down by the Navy Department to make them readily convertible for war use.

III

The farmer, having failed to obtain effective protection for his major farm products, and painfully aware that protection for others adds materially to his business and living expenses, from the fences around his fields to the hat on his head, is asking what, if anything, the protective tariff gives him in return. Finding that the protectionist arguments, long accepted on faith, lose their plausibility when closely scrutinized, the farmer has begun to demand that the tariff shall go. In his impulse to rid himself of the tariff it is to be hoped that he will not lose sight of the fact that ill-timed tariff repeal would lead to serious disorganization of American industry, farming included. In any radical modification of the tariff this must be guarded

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against. The repealing act should be framed so as not to take effect until after a considerable period of time.

Even the most ardent free trader, if familiar with business conditions, must concede that free trade is less important to agricultural prosperity than stability and confidence. The worst move the farmer could make would be to force Congress to repeal the tariff at one session and then permit Congress to reimpose it at the next. A cooling period would also be valuable in that it would give American manufacturers and growers who were convinced that they could not profitably continue without tariff protection an opportunity to liquidate at a minimum of loss or transfer to a branch of manufacture or agriculture not dependent upon the tariff. American industry, as shown in the successful change from a peace to a war footing and back to a peace footing, in the period from 1916 to 1920, is amazingly resilient. With reasonable time for readjustment, and with assurance that the new policy would be adhered to, there is basis for confidence that the change from protection to free trade would not adversely affect American industrial prosperity even temporarily.

Delay, furthermore, would permit adequate consideration of other questions which the repeal of the protective tariff would reopen. For example, the sugar planters of Hawaii, despite hampering Federal labor legislation which takes no account of the peculiar conditions prevailing in Hawaii, are at present, owing to tariff protection, reasonably prosperous. If tariff protection were withdrawn, justice would require that the Federal Government resurvey the Hawaiian labor situation. Considerable time will also be needed to work out a well-matured plan of tariff for revenue, to replace the present protective tariff.

The political effect of an about-face by the Northern farmer on the tariff is unpredictable. The swing, for the moment, seems to be toward a strengthening of the Farm Bloc, nominally Republican but really Independent. If, however, the progressive wing of the Democratic Party should dominate the next National Democratic Convention, the logical swing of the Western farm group would be to Democracy. A Democratic Party uniting the old South and the new West on a platform of tariff for revenue only would revitalize American politics by transforming a mere party label, covering factions as wide apart as the poles in principles and character, into a homogeneous and vigorous party.

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ORIENTAL BATTLEPIECES

BY ELEANOR LATTIMORE

I. THIRD-CLASS TRAVEL

TRAVELING third class in China is an uncomfortable process, and in war time it is little short of an ordeal. Then inducements must be great indeed that lure one into a train.

I was lured once last winter to attempt a trip to Nanking, and fortune favored me. I had spent the night in the station master's office in Tientsin. He had told me that the train up from Nanking would probably be in sometime during the night and that as soon as it arrived it would start back again; and as the station was full of rowdy soldiers he had hospitably offered to let me wait in his office, had swept pens, ink, and papers from a long desk in the corner so that I could roll up in my fur coat and attempt to sleep, and promised to wake me when the train arrived.

All night the office was bedlam — messages pouring in from military officials demanding a private train to go here or so many troop trains to be sent there, officers themselves in clanking swords coming in to curse the station master because a certain troop train was not ready on the track or to complain insolently that a private car had not been properly arranged, until I marveled that any attempt at all was made to continue ordinary passenger service.

About five in the morning the Nanking express pulled in, having taken nearly five days to make what was ordinarily a thirty-five-hour trip. The station master sent a clerk with me to the train, from which bleary, weary, and disheveled passengers were pouring, rejoicing to have at last arrived. Hurrying the length of the train, we found one third-class compartment car, a relic of the Blue Express. The clerk helped me into an empty compartment and admonished me not on any account to leave my seat or I should lose it. Whereupon I rolled up in my steamer rug and went to sleep.

When I awoke the train was jolting along and the compartment was full. There were several women, two with babies, and an old gentleman who had removed his long silk coat and was carefully folding it, leaving him feeling more comfortable and at home in his gray padded trousers and short black jacket. As I fell asleep again he was taking a noisy drink of tea from the spout of a teapot.

We jogged along all that day, stopping interminably at stations to wait for troop trains to pass and getting farther and farther behind schedule. Late in the afternoon I was just dropping off to sleep again when we stopped at a station and I heard a great bustle in the aisle. The compartment next to ours was being cleared out for some new passengers. A guard looked at my ticket. He looked at the tickets of the others in the compartment, and three of the women who were not going all the way to Nanking were put out with their babies and their bundles into a crowded car behind.

We stayed an hour at that station for much switching about of cars and engines. The new passengers seemed

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to have been shaken down into their places, and no one had come into our compartment. But I did n't breathe freely until the bell rang for the train to start. Then curiosity got the better of me and I went out into the aisle to see what important people had caused all the commotion. I had just come out of the door when a fat, pompous little man in civilian clothes emerged from the next compartment. He smiled and bowed and, fumbling inside his silk jacket, produced a large calling card, with Chinese printing on one side and English on the other.

'My name Wu. I brigadier general,' he said ostentatiously, pointing to the name and title on the card. 'I go to Nanking. You also go. We go very quick. Other cars not go.'

And sure enough, we were pulling out of the station and leaving all the other cars of our train sitting on a siding. I never knew how long it took them to reach Nanking, but our one car, attached in foolish solitary grandeur to the engine and carrying the retinue of the important little brigadier general who for some reason needed to get to Nanking in disguise, forged ahead. We no longer stopped at stations; troop trains waited on sidings for us to pass. Heat mysteriously appeared in the once cold pipes; I no longer needed my coat, and the old man in our compartment shed another jacket. We had room to lie down for a good night's sleep. And, the involuntary beneficiaries of the power of the military, we arrived in Nanking an hour ahead of time instead of three days late.

Inducements to travel proved great again this spring, and I set out to journey from Peking to Kweihwa, on the border of Mongolia, during this year's war against the Kuominchun. Even to set out was more difficult than I had anticipated. For several weeks the other lines out of Peking, to Hankow and to Tientsin, and even the little railway into the Western Hills, had run no passenger trains, but trains on the line north from Kalgan had continued to be more or less regular.

I finally found a friend who had a friend who knew the station master, and the station master promised to tell his friend to tell my friend to tell me when a train would leave. The next midnight word came that a train had come down from Kalgan and would probably start back about nine in the morning. I packed, collected a Mongol girl whom I had promised to take as far as Kalgan, and reached the station at eight. There was the train, nearly full already. After I had deposited girl and baggage in the least crowded car and stood in line for half an hour to buy the tickets, I was dismayed to find that the train was going only to Kalgan, about a third as far as I wanted to go. I trusted to luck, however, that there would be another train on from Kalgan, and bought the tickets.

When I returned to the train I found our car jammed full. A large family of Mongols had just crowded through the door, plunked their bedding rolls on the floor, and sat on them in such a position that the door could be neither opened nor closed, that the conductor could not even enter, much less walk, that the man who made the tea could not budge to deliver it, that the boy who sold cigarettes and pink sugar candy could not find space to stand to call his wares. There they sat, dressed in dirty gay red and yellow and purple and orange clothes, the women with gorgeous headdresses and rings and bracelets of heavy silver and coral and decked in extra bits of finery they had purchased on their visit to Peking, the men with gilt and yellow caps and sashes hung with pipes and tobacco pouches and pipe cleaners, knives, chopsticks, flints, and tinder boxes.

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The conductor, the guard, the tea man, and the candy boy all tried to move them into another car, but there they sat like potatoes, affecting neither to listen nor to understand. The louder and angrier grew the voices of the conductor and the guard and the tea man and the candy boy, the more dumb and placid grew the expressions on the faces of the Mongols, until finally the attendants were driven to the use of force, and one by one they shoved them out of the car on to the platform and dumped their luggage after them.

The Mongol girl with me regarded all this with a placid smile. She was not dressed in Mongol clothes, but wore a homely modern Chinese cotton coat and felt herself superior to her barbaric countrywomen. Besides, her father was a prince in his tribe, and although when she had left Mongolia she had had no nose at all, she had been to the foreign hospital in Peking and plastic surgery had presented her with a new one. It was rather sketchy and amateurish, and it had only one nostril; still it was a nose. When it was healing she had been given a complicated gauze bandage which tied around her head with tapes. The nose was quite healed now, but she liked the bandage. When she looked in the mirror it made her laugh; and no one else had anything like it at all. It was getting a little dirty, but still she continued to wear it. It gave her a feeling of distinction. She could speak very little Chinese, and of course no English, though one of the internes at the hospital had taught her to say 'Top hole' when the nurse asked her how she was in the morning, and she used this on every occasion.

All that afternoon the journey was delightful, and it did n't seem to matter how late we got to Kalgan. It did n't even matter that Mongols never wash, for a warm spring breeze blew through the open windows to keep the air fresh and sometimes even fragrant with spring blossoms. The unusually slow pace of the train and the long stops were pleasant as we rolled along through blossoming orchards and between long lines of vividly new green willow trees, and up beyond Nankow we had glimpses of the Great Wall climbing up over the ridges of the bare hills which loomed high above us. And, for contrast, beyond it were gentle slopes of orchards and a little brook and the glow of the sunset on them all.

The trip from Peking to Kalgan usually takes about six hours, but it was already dark and we were only halfway there, and the passengers were philosophically disposing themselves for the night. New Nose stretched out on the part of the bench where we had both been sitting, with the bundle which composed her luggage as a pillow under her head. I climbed up into the wide baggage rack, put one suitcase under my head and the other at my feet so that they could n't be stolen without waking me, and tried to go to sleep.

At four in the morning we finally arrived at Kalgan. My instructions had been to drop New Nose at the station, but she was terrified at arriving in the night and assured me that she did not know where to go. On inquiring I found that a train would probably leave for Kweihwa at seven that morning. I knew that there was a small hotel at Kalgan kept by Americans and I determined to try to find it, in order to leave New Nose with someone who would see that she found the friends who were to take her the next lap of her journey, and to rest and wash and get something to eat in preparation for the next lap of mine.

I explained to ricksha coolies that I wished to go to the foreign hotel. They appeared to understand perfectly. After pulling us for twenty minutes through narrow deserted streets lined

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with mud-walled houses weird in the light of the waning moon, they stopped before a great black gate. I had my doubts about its being the right gate because there was no name on it, but we knocked and finally aroused the gateman, who looked at us through a crack and disappeared. After several minutes the gate swung open and out tumbled a tousled sleepy Russian, who spit a torrent of explosive language at us and slammed the gate again. He was a foreigner and he may have kept a hotel, but it was n't the hotel we wanted. The ricksha men had another bright idea in vain, and then another, but after knocking on several wrong doors and waking irate gatemen they finally managed to land us at the right place. By this time it was six o'clock and light, so all I could do was to leave New Nose in the care of the gateman, wash hastily, and return to the station, where I found my train already full to overflowing.

I blew up my air cushion and prepared to make the best of a bad seat, my fellow passengers watching my every move with frank curiosity. After they had all become quite accustomed to what I looked like they began to talk to me. 'China is bad, but America is very good,' said an old workman, and I knew that the answer to that was, 'Oh, no indeed; America is bad, but China is very good.' 'Ai, she is polite,' they all nodded, and continued the conversation. 'Is America warmer or colder than China?' 'America is better than England. Americans are more polite to China. England is bad.' 'Yes. I heard,' said one of the soldiers, 'that Americans also do not like the English and that you had a revolution to free yourselves from their oppression.' He spoke as if this had been a recent occurrence which somehow supplied a bond between us.

Doubtless inspired by the trend of the conversation, the two students across the aisle, who had evidently had a mission school somewhere in their past, began to sing softly, —

'Jesus loves me, this I know,
(We will overcome the English!)
For the Bible tells me so;
(We will overcome the French!)
Little ones to him belong,
(We will overcome the Americans!)
We are weak, but he is strong.
(We will overcome all the foreigners!)'

By dark we were only halfway to Kweihwa and my seat had become so unbearably hard that I could scarcely face the prospect of a night on it. There was no room to stretch out, and the baggage racks in this car were far too narrow to sleep on. At about eight o'clock we stopped at a station and I went out to investigate the other cars in the hope of finding somewhere enough room to sleep. Each car I came to was as crowded as the next, but there was a half-empty baggage car the bare floor of which looked so inviting that I made bold to beg the guard to let me occupy a corner of it for the night. After several minutes' parley he consented, hurried me in, and sent for my luggage. Delighted at the prospect of a good night, I immediately rolled up in my rug and went to sleep.

Alas, I had not slept long when I was awakened and gradually became aware of men standing over me and talking about me, and of a terrific clatter and chatter all about. I was terrified until I remembered where I was and realized that the men were only discussing whether or not to awaken me in order to ask me to move. I rose immediately and saw that the car had filled with soldiers who, when they had found it empty, had immediately appropriated it. I knew then that there would be no sleep that night, so I climbed on top of some sacks and made myself as comfortable as possible.

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The soldiers were of course all curiosity at seeing a foreign woman, and immediately began discussing whether I was American or Russian. 'There are four kinds of foreigners,' proclaimed a soldier sitting on a high packing box and eager to exhibit his superior knowledge. 'There are Americans, Japanese, English, and Russians. Japan is the largest foreign country, but I knew a man once who went to Russia. He traveled for days on a train and was so cold he nearly froze to death. This woman is probably an American. At any rate she is a Christian. All foreigners are Christians. A Christian is one who neither drinks nor smokes.' Whereupon they all fell to discussing whether or not all foreigners were Christians, as several of them had seen foreigners smoking. It might be that some Christians smoked. Still, General Feng did not allow his soldiers to smoke because he was a Christian. The discussion was getting over their heads. And it seemed that some of them did smoke in spite of rules to the contrary, as cigarettes were pulled from pockets and passed from hand to hand. And then they started to sing, first a Chinese tune, then 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' and a Chinese tune again.

The soldiers sang and chattered all night long and I stood for hours at the door of the car watching the moonlight on the high hills. Finally, at five, we arrived at Kweihwa, and I spied the servant who had come to meet me peering up and down the train with a lantern in his hand. He had been at the station all night and still clung to his lantern, though it was light by now.

I may add that I expected to return to Peking in a week, everyone having assured me that the troop movements would be over in a few days. But no one can prognosticate about Chinese wars. In a few days the trains stopped altogether. I have been in Kweihwa for two months. And sometimes I wonder if I would n't rather spend my life here than travel back in a third-class train in war time.

II. WHERE THE CARAVANS START

The China that we are living in now seems as far a cry from the storied China of emperors and poets and the pursuit of ancient learning as does the America of Western frontier towns in the days Zane Grey writes of from the America of Emerson or Thoreau. For we are on China's frontier, on the edge of the desert, in a land of horses and camels and the barter of sheep and wool and furs.

It is from this 'Blue City,' as the Mongols call it, that the camel caravans have, since the beginning of history, started on their long trek across the desert to Chinese Turkestan and the west, carrying out tea and silk and sundry trade goods and returning with wool and skins and fur. It is one of the oldest trade routes in the world, continuing much the same to-day as it was two thousand years ago, and on the wealth of its cargo depends largely the prosperity of all this northwest country.

Kweihwa, as the Chinese call the city, was for centuries a part of Mongolia and was not counted as Chinese until the advent of the Manchus in the sixteenth century. At that time the Manchus built a new city a mile or so away from the old Kweihwa, and, in spite of its now being three hundred years old, it is still called the 'New City,' and its four walls look as strong as if they had been built three or thirty instead of three hundred years ago. With the fall of the Manchu dynasty, however, the glory of the New City has departed. Of the wall of the old city only one crumbling gate remains, but the city itself is far the more

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picturesque of the two, as it is the lively centre of the caravan trade and contains all the inns, shops, markets, and amusements incident to it.

When I first came to Kweihwa I marveled most at the camels. The streets were full of camels. The country all about was strung with camels, long caravans coming down from passes in the hills or smaller groups of three or four being led about the countryside for exercise or water. And in the town, through the half-open massive wooden doors cut into high brick walls which in Peking would reveal a flowery courtyard or a vine-clad moon gate, one here sees the wide bare clay-floored courts of camel inns with shaggy camels lying or standing about and sometimes an old-fashioned camel cart.

One of our first excursions was to the camel market, which was held every morning in an open space before a crumbling Lama temple. There were hundreds of the gorgeous great beasts, still shaggy in their winter coats and forming an unforgettable picture against the red walls and wide curly-roofed gate of the old temple, for the shape of a camel, with the great sweeping lines of its huge body and the supercilious tilt of its proud and placid head, makes it a most impressive animal.

The owners of the camels, or their representatives who had brought them there for sale, were quite as interesting as the beasts — a merry collection of rascals, shrewd and unscrupulous, and picturesque in their baggy padded clothes. The buying and selling, like all other business transactions in Kweihwa, were done through brokers — a most useful scheme, since slandering the owner's wares, accusing him of swindling, or imputing niggardly qualities to the purchaser can be accomplished with far more freedom and abandon through a middleman. Moreover much 'face' is saved all around if, instead of both parties humiliating themselves by having to alter their original offers, the owner's broker can say to the purchaser's broker, 'The owner has magnanimously consented to let you have them at so much less than his original price,' and the purchaser's broker can say, 'I have with difficulty persuaded my customer to increase his offer to so much.'

The 'so much' is never uttered, but is communicated by a mysterious system of wrist pressings, the bargainers' clasped hands being entirely hidden under their long sleeves from the view of prying onlookers. By this means they ensure that business transactions carried on in a public market may be kept a private matter, and all about we saw lively bargaining going on beneath long sleeves. A good camel can be had now for the equivalent of fifty or sixty American dollars. One of the simplest ways by which one can tell a healthy camel is by the condition of his humps. If a camel is in good condition his humps are firm and upright, but if he is ill or underfed his humps flop limply to one side. The camels here are all the two-humped Bactrians of the type common in North China and Central Asia, and are larger and slower-going than their relatives, the dromedaries.

Most of the caravans from Kweihwa go straight across the Gobi Desert for 1500 miles to Barkul or Kuchengtze in eastern Chinese Turkestan. Fast camels can make the trip in seventy days, but the large caravans of heavily loaded freight camels sometimes take as long as five or six months, the custom being to make one round trip a year. An average caravan consists of 120 camels, each animal carrying about 280 catties or 375 pounds.

We often saw them going to or from the pass in a long line, tied nose to nose in groups of twenty, each group led by a bow-legged camel man, always

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shuffling along with his eyes on the ground, a habit acquired from long years of stolidly walking for endless dreary miles across the desert, accommodating his pace to the slow gait of the camels. And camel freight is the slowest freight in the world, as the animals travel only about two and a half miles an hour.

The last camel on each string wears a bell about two feet long, and the deep clang of these bells can usually be heard for an hour before the caravan comes into sight. The caravan is headed by black shaggy dogs that protect its encampments, and at the tail end rides the caravan *bashi* or leader, mounted high on a camel and armed with a heavy old blunderbuss.

Crossing the Gobi, the caravans usually camp during the day and travel at night, as the camels, which depend on the often scant desert grazing for their food, will not eat at night. They set out about five in the afternoon, travel all night, and pitch camp at daybreak. There are only three or four days during all of this long trip when it is not possible to find fresh water, though often it is necessary to dig deep into the sand for it.

My husband was making arrangements to join one of these caravans as a passenger, and this entailed long and circuitous discussions with representatives of camel transport firms. After long and tricky bargaining he finally came to an agreement. He was to be supplied with seven camels, one for himself to ride, one for Moses, his Chinese servant, and five to carry his luggage. They were to arrive in Kuchengtze within eighty days, and if they took longer a fine was to be paid of half a tael for every day they were late. His fuel and water were to be supplied and two pounds of flour apiece for himself and Moses. All other food for the journey he must carry himself, as there was no chance to obtain anything along the way, save for an occasional opportunity to shoot antelope or to buy a sheep from the Mongols.

Outfitting my husband for his journey proved an interesting task. We prepared large sacks of toasted bread like rusks and bought fat wicker flasks of vinegar and soya-bean sauce, dried onions, and canned goods from Peking. We went one day to the warehouse of a firm that sends many expeditions across the desert, and I have seldom seen so romantic a collection of junk as they have there for the outfitting of their caravans. We purchased a tripod and rough cooking utensils, felts to sleep on, and, best of all, a picturesque octagonal tent made of blue cotton bound in red, with a great scrolly design appliquéd on in white.

During these days of preparation we absorbed considerable information about the immense trade being carried on from Kweihwa, both with Outer Mongolia and with Chinese Turkestan. About twenty thousand camels leave Kweihwa for these two districts every year, seventy per cent of which go to Chinese Turkestan. They go out laden with brick and black tea from Hunan and Hupeh, pongee from Shantung, Hangchow silk, tobacco, paper, sugar, matches, and sundry articles. These goods are usually bartered for wool, fur, and skins, so that no money changes hands. The hide and wool dealers in Kweihwa sometimes stake the agents with the goods for barter in order to have an option on the wool that they bring back. This is risky business for the dealers, as there is no security for such stakes and unscrupulous agents are often known to disappear permanently from Kweihwa. Most business is done through verbal understandings, and a written contract is rarely seen.

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The camels returning from Outer Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan are laden with the skins, fur, or wool of foxes, hares, bears, squirrels, goats, sheep, marmots, and camels. Dog skins and deer horns are brought from Mongolia, yak tails and rhinoceros horns are imported from Chinese Turkestan, as well as smaller quantities of medicines, raisins, apricots, melons, gold, quartz, and jade.

Until ten years ago caravans frequently suffered from the raids of bandits, but in 1916 the enterprising organization of Suiyuan merchants raised a protective corps of four hundred men, supported by taxes on incoming goods, and since then travelers have been well guarded.

All that I have written so far has been of the Kweihwa that we found when we arrived three months ago — a lively and prosperous trading centre, with goods pouring in from the west by camel transport and being sent on southward on the Peking–Suiyuan Railway. But to-day it is as a dead city, for its trading has completely stopped. No more goods are coming in from Mongolia or Turkestan, no more goods are being sent south on the railway, and what was caught here in transit is piled idle in the warehouses.

Our first indication of this sudden change came on the day of my husband's departure for Chinese Turkestan. There had been many delays; one counts on delays in China. But at last the morning arrived when we heard the clang of camel bells and looked out of the window to see our very own camels filing into the courtyard, seven great gorgeous creatures. With them was a merry pigtailed camel man named Li, who marshaled the dunnage in a miraculously effective manner, slinging ropes about in a way to prove his statement that he had been assisting camels back and forth to Turkestan continuously for a vast number of years. And before we knew it they were loaded and filing out of our courtyard, accompanied by the noble Moses, carrying the teakettle.

I had expected to leave for Peking that same afternoon and had sent a servant to arrange for a cart to take me and my luggage to the station. To my dismay he returned with the news that there would be no train to Peking that day and probably none for several days. No one knew exactly why, except that it was on account of the civil war which has been dragging on for months between the various war lords of the republic for the control of the Peking government, and that it was probably the retreat of Feng Yu-hsiang's soldiers from Peking that had blocked the railway.

I had been inconvenienced on other occasions in the past by Chinese wars stopping trains for several days at a time, and now I tried not to chafe at the delay. But I was rather dolefully unpacking when to my utter amazement my husband appeared at the door. At the entrance to the first pass into the hills his camels had been commandeered by soldiers and brought back to the yamen, where he learned that on that very morning an order had been issued by the military governor for the commandeering of three thousand camels to transport military supplies and that all the camels for miles around the countryside were being collected by the soldiers and police. All my husband's pleas that he was a foreigner and that surely seven camels could make little difference to them when they were looking for so many proved of no avail, as most of the spring caravans had already left for the west and it would be a difficult task for them to collect three thousand very soon. Even Mongol-owned camels were being requisitioned — a drastic

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measure, since the Chinese are usually most careful not to offend the Mongols who contribute so largely to the prosperity of trade in Kweihwa.

This was two months ago, but the camels are not yet released and the trains are not yet running.

III. MARTIAL LAW

For three months we have been living among the soldiers of the Kuominchun on their last line of defense in China's Northwest.

Most Chinese wars do not last long. The armies fight for a few months in the spring or fall, and nothing so effectively stops them as cold winter weather or a very hot summer. The fact that this present war has continued for nine months through a cold winter and into the beginning of a hot summer means that it is something new to be reckoned with. For more than a year the Peking government has been in the hands of a temporary compromise cabinet, while its fate has hung — as it has since the beginning of the republic, for that matter — on the manœuvres of the war lords who have been fighting for its control.

The present war, roughly speaking, is a combination of the chief tuchuns of China to eliminate Feng Yu-hsiang from their military chessboard. He originally came to power by betraying Wu Pei-fu, who was fighting against Chang Tso-lin. Then the ruling powers in China, hoping to get rid of him, induced him to take over the administration of the Northwest. Here, however, he built up his power until he was able to appear in national politics again by marching on Peking. His increasing power and his association with the New China and the Student Movement have appeared so serious a threat to the makeshift system of tuchuns or military governors by which all North China has been ruled since the death of Yuan Shih-kai that old enemies like Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin have united in an attempt to crush him, accusing him of betraying China to the Soviets.

When this combined movement began, Feng Yu-hsiang was in occupation of Peking and continually threatened to extend his control down to the seacoast at Tientsin. The attack of the allies, however, forced him to withdraw behind the hills which at Nankow, thirty miles from Peking, shut off the northwest province from the North China plain. This was in April, and since then the war has developed into an effort to dislodge him by attacking him from Shansi through Tatung, which is at the centre of the Peking–Suiyuan Railway, his only line of communication through the length of his territory, from Paotow on the Yellow River to Suiyuan, Kalgan, and Nankow.

Here in Kweihwa, only a few hours west on the railway from Tatung, around which the fighting has centred for the last two months, it has been almost impossible to keep in touch with the developments of the war, as all communications with the outside world have been cut off and so effective a censorship is enforced by the Kuominchun that little news leaks through. A few mails have struggled in, sent overland by cart by a long and roundabout route through Shansi, but the stray foreign newspapers that they have contained have been so many weeks old that as news they have lost all value. Chinese newspapers from the South have been rigidly kept out. Local newspapers are obviously retained, and everyone knows that the occasional official proclamations on the progress of the war are almost sure to be untrue.

Even without news, however, we

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are continuously conscious of the nearness of the war and of living under rigid martial law. The country swarms with soldiers. We continually hear them counting or singing as they march past on the road.

A Chinese soldier is an unmilitary-looking object. His baggy gray trousers are unshapely, the sleeves of his gray cotton jacket are usually shrunk half to his elbows, and his insignia are merely a ragged armband inevitably pinned on with a large safety pin. The spring style in Kuominchun headgear consists of a wrinkled and drooping cotton hat, which gives the wearer the appearance of a down-at-the-heels and very overgrown boy scout. Many of the soldiers, those trained for hand-to-hand fighting, do not carry rifles, but are armed with Mauser pistols and huge swords, which they wear slung across their backs. These swords are known locally as 'cheese-cutters' and look as if they were made of tinfoil and came from a theatrical costumer's, though in reality they are rather bloody weapons and evidently meant to hack with, as they are too wide and blunt to stab. To Westerners perhaps the most unmilitary in effect of all the Chinese soldiers are the buglers. At any hour of the day, but particularly at dawn and dusk, we hear them struggling pathetically to produce the Western bugle calls, always off the tune.

Chinese people are always afraid of soldiers. Moses, our Chinese servant, appeared one morning with a tale of a soldier who took from a food vendor some of the white cornstarch jelly the Chinese are fond of eating in the summer time, ate it, and then refused to pay him. The vendor naturally set up a hue and cry, which attracted the attention of a passing officer who saw that a soldier was involved in a fracas and came up to see what the trouble was. The vendor accused the soldier of having eaten the jelly and not paid for it, and the soldier insisted that he had eaten nothing. The officer cross-questioned them both and the trembling vendor still vowed that the jelly had been eaten, and the bystanders affirmed that he was telling the truth. 'On your life?' asked the officer. 'On my life,' insisted the vendor. 'Well, we'll see,' said the officer, and ordered his bodyguard to rip open the stomach of the soldier with a 'cheese-cutter.' Then they looked carefully at the poor fellow's gory insides, but could find nothing that looked like the white jelly, so in punishment for the false accusation the officer caused the execution of the food vendor, his wife, his mother, and his four children.

There are, however, comparatively few such stories about the soldiers of the Kuominchun, and they seem never to be reported from the place that one is in, but always from another place.

In contrast with other Chinese armies the discipline and esprit de corps of the Kuominchun seem a remarkable phenomenon and one which is largely due to the genius for organization and the understanding of human psychology possessed by Feng Yu-hsiang. He has often been called a hypocrite by both Chinese and foreigners. There are many missionaries who support and believe in him implicitly, because he calls himself a Christian, because he has Bible classes and evangelists in his camps, and because his soldiers sing hymns and are not allowed to smoke or drink. Yet unprejudiced observers know that his policies and tactics are no more Christian than those of other war lords, and that his betrayal of Wu Pei-fu, by which he originally rose to power, was generally considered exceptionally underhanded.

His attitude toward opium affords an example of the way in which

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missionaries and others are sometimes deceived as to his Christian principles. I have heard supposedly intelligent men praise the Christian general for his influence against the iniquitous opium traffic because he does not allow his soldiers to smoke it. And yet the Northwest, which he completely controls, is partly financed by revenue from opium. Here in Kweihwa the use, sale, and transport of opium are quite open. Opium pipes and lamps are sold everywhere on the streets and there are public inns where an opium smoke may be had for a few coppers. And this year, with the extra need of money, poppy growing has been not only licensed but encouraged.

But in spite of opium the Northwest is exceptionally well governed, and, whether he is a Christian or not, Feng Yu-hsiang is an exceedingly clever man. For certain it is that opium smoking does not make strong soldiers, nor do cigarettes or strong drink, while just as surely hymn singing does help in the building up of a loyal army. He has been intelligent enough to see the psychological value of the Christian 'line,' and he has used it to instill into the simple minds of his soldiers the Christian virtues of temperance and loyalty and patriotism, of contentment and submission and a hope for the hereafter, which have made them into a strong and powerful force. He pays them little and often that little is heavily in arrears, but since they are not allowed to smoke and drink there is little for which they need money, and to prevent them from pining for those forbidden pleasures he keeps them busy and happy with games and athletics and tree planting and hymn singing and thoughts about their souls. All this interest in their morals and their souls naturally inspires a loyalty which has gone a long way toward keeping up the morale of the men through retreats and defeats and exceedingly trying circumstances.

Whether Feng Yu-hsiang believes in Christianity or not, he has used it as an effective tool. And his other clever stroke has been the opportune championing of the cause of the 'New China.' When he was stranded high and dry, without political affiliations or a strong army or strategical territory, he had the astuteness to champion a growing movement when it needed a strong champion, and it has given him a backing which he could not otherwise have acquired. This connection, and his dependence on the supply of arms and ammunition from Russia, which also champions the New China, have naturally brought upon him the accusation of being Bolshevist. And the fact that he took up first with the Christians and then with the New China has earned him the reputation of being somewhat of a faddist or a crank. But it would seem that there is method in his madness and that he is shrewd enough to be a crank only when it pays him.

The Kuominchun has also earned for itself the reputation of being anti-foreign. It would probably be truer to say that, being of the New China, its leaders are sensitive in regard to their dignity. If this dignity is recognized we have found them always friendly. It is true that our freedom has been hampered and that, together with the Chinese, we have felt the severity of their martial law. Other parties have continually made exceptions of foreigners, granting them special privileges and being afraid of restricting or displeasing them, and under such parties we might have fared better. Yet in spite of our own personal discomfort we cannot help having respect for a party that has the courage to rule firmly and without kowtowing to us because we happen to be foreigners.

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ISLAM AND CHRISTIANITY

BY R. C. HUTCHISON

I

In the history of Christianity no repulse has been more certain, more continuously effective, or more thoroughly disheartening than that which has been suffered at the hands of Islam. The faith of Christianity has been sublime. It still is. We believe now that the dawn is breaking. But, despite this sustained faith, valiant missionaries of the Cross have battered their lives against the walls of Islam and those walls have remained adamant. To the children of Mohammed, Christianity has not yet proved its superiority. It has not won their hearts — hearts that are just as human, just as receptive, and fully as eager for truth as other hearts.

This repulse of Christianity is more amazing in light of the fact that no ethnic religion has been so long or so continuously in contact with Christianity as has Islam. Both were cradled in the same part of the world; both accept fully the Scriptures of the Old Testament; both are theistic; both accept the historical Christ, and accept Him at least as a messenger and prophet of God. Yet the sheer fact is that Christianity, though undaunted, is repulsed and thus far seems helpless before the granite walls of Islam.

But there is a phenomenon that is even more amazing and more alarming — namely, Christian indifference to the implications of this repulse. The basic theory of evangelical Christianity lies in a risen, potent, and invincible Christ who is God indeed, and whose Spirit is willing and able to win the heart of any man of any faith. The uncompromising programme of Christianity as enunciated by the Founder himself involves the evangelization of every nation and every tongue. This basic theory of Christianity cannot possibly be reconciled to continuous repulse or final defeat. The spectacle of an irresistible force being effectively repulsed for thirteen centuries is one so utterly incongruous that Christians should be startled into heart-searching thoughtfulness. It gives occasion for some daring reconsiderations, and demands an answer before we go on with our traditional work of Moslem evangelization.

Nor is it enough to study the peculiar elements of strength in Islam, such as its overpowering conception of God, its rigid law of apostasy, or its carnal gratifications. These things are conquerable by an all-powerful Christ. The question comes nearer home and must be faced more courageously. Either Christ has failed or we have failed Christ! Accepting the first alternative, we surrender our faith. Accepting the second, we must turn to a searching self-examination.

As we begin a self-examination, it would be comforting if we could find that Christianity's fault had been in the method of its approach to Mohammedanism. But every tried and true

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means of evangelization has been used in Moslem lands. Personal testimony, powerful preaching, self-sacrificing social service, and the persuasive influence of true and consecrated lives have all been outstanding in the history of missions to the Moslems. Every type of splendid Christian representative is found in the galaxy of heroes who have given their lives to this cause. There have been and are great hospitals with a tremendous outreach of humanitarian service. There are schools and colleges inculcating truth upon the minds of Islam's finest youth. There are other types of institution representing all that is most winning in our Christian religion. None of those measures which have been found successful in other places have been untried. Neither effort, expenditure, nor life itself has been spared in the sustained effort to establish the Christian Church. The seed has indeed been sown, there have been earnest laborers, the fields have seemed white, but there has been little harvest. No, there is something deeper, something more fundamental than method in the defeat of Christianity.

II

If any religion is to commend itself to the people of another faith, it must have distinctive elements of eternal value which their own religion does not contain. Every religious questioning, whether it be phrased by the learned or by the simple, resolves itself finally to this issue: 'What does the proposed faith have that is not contained in my own professed religion?'

Christianity does have such an element — one that is not contained in any other religion, one that is unique and tremendously satisfying to the human heart. That element is love — love as the interpretation of the universe, love such as men had never seen or comprehended, love such as no Buddha or Mohammed ever revealed, love that is found only in the heart of God and revealed through the life and teachings of Christ. Not only is that powerful and yearning love the distinguishing element of Christianity, but it is supposed to be the distinguishing characteristic of those who are Christians. 'By this,' the Master said, 'shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.'

Right here has Christianity failed. It has not succeeded in revealing to the Moslem world that it has this sublime and unique element of value — namely, the love of Christ. Every other argument and inducement has been brought, but without the fullness of this love the case has been incomplete and no victory has been won. Christianity has presented, for instance, a legalistic plan of salvation, skillfully phrased in heavy theological terms. But Islam has a plan of salvation. Christianity presents prophets. Islam has prophets. Christianity presents a moral code. Islam has a moral code. Christianity presents Christ. Islam accepts Christ, in its own way. But Christianity withholds that supremely convincing proof of an unprecedented love which shall be the greatest force in the world and which shall identify believers as the disciples of God.

As the Mussulman, for instance, looks back over the history of Christian contact with his peoples, he does not see a unique or amazing love in the attitude and actions of Christianity. That history is a black and sordid page of cruel struggle. In some struggles one side was more nearly right; in some the other side had a greater portion of truth. He recognizes this; but the essential fact which does not

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miss his observation is that, in it all, Christians have been no better fundamentally than Moslems. In the last analysis, each side has attempted to accomplish its purposes by murder, pillage, and war.

In his mind the Crusades stand out more clearly than anything else. Successive hordes of soldiers pouring out of the north, armed to the teeth, bent on war and destruction, attempting by the iron hand of force to win the sepulchre of the Prince of Peace — this was Christianity. In that tragic debauchery of religion run amuck, the Moslem sees none of that tender love of Christ which made Him reject the compulsion of the sword, restrain forces at His command, and submit unbitterly to the horrors of torture and death.

If, in the mind of the Mussulman, the Crusades could be separated and distinguished from true Christianity, much would be gained. But they are not separated in the mind of the Christian! The Church has not renounced them. Still she vindicates them and champions them. Still they are taught with emotional sublimation in her schools and preached from her pulpits! If Christianity itself recognizes no incompatibility between the ruthlessness of the Crusades and the tenderness of the Christ, how can a Moslem be expected to make the distinction?

If Crusades and past struggles could be forgotten by the Moslem world, there would be no forgetting the war that has just closed. Thinking Moslems are not so shallow as to blame that disaster on Christianity; but they see clearly that during the World War Christianity stood for nothing better than Islam, for the Christian Church throughout the carnage put the stamp of divine approval on every campaign of every army.

France, England, and America did their desperate work in the name of Christ. Officers and armies of the Central Powers marched over Belgium and into France with the benedictions of the Church of Christ. On all sides and in all lands, preacher and priest urged on the mighty machines of death, with only an occasional and quickly subdued voice of protest. The essential fact which Islam cannot miss is that Christianity did not disapprove of the war, but instead took the stand that, in the accomplishment of the right, in the performance of the will of God, *force must be used, if necessary.*

Strange to say, this is precisely the belief of Islam. Islam holds that, when the will of God cannot be accomplished in another way, force should be used. It being the will of God that Armenians should become Mohammedans, they were almost invariably given the opportunity to do so. Argument and threats failing to accomplish the divine will, force was resorted to, and men, women, and children were destroyed. This is the theoretical basis for all Islamic wars, just as it is for all Christian wars. Islam and Christianity stand together, both resorting to the force of war to accomplish what they conceive to be the will of God. And as long as they stand on the same level, committing the same acts of war in the name of the same God, neither will be able to convince the other that he has something superior in his religious faith.

But if the principle of love that is embodied in the teachings of Christ were believed and practised by Christians, the Moslem world would rub its eyes in amazement, and would seek the spiritual source of such sublime faith. Christ believed and taught and based His entire career on a conviction

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that love without the aid of arms, or armies, or blockades, or poison gas — that love alone could conquer. He seemed to believe that love was actually more powerful, more effective, and ultimately more surely victorious than any physical force.

Christianity has never dared to believe what Christ did, much less to practise it. But until Christianity does believe the teachings of its Christ, and dares to practise them, it will not win Islam. This would not mean the elimination of war; but it would mean the refusal of the Church of Christ to sanction, bless, and abet war, because of a sane conviction that there is a greater force by which every objective of the Kingdom of God can be accomplished — because of a conviction that the power of love can accomplish all things more certainly, more thoroughly, and more quickly than any other force.

III

It might be argued that the love spoken of by Christ was to be exercised within the close communion of the Church itself and not in the relationships of nations. Certainly this much, if no more, was implied by the words and teachings of the Christ. The words quoted above would indicate His expectation that among His followers would be a love so utterly unique that those of other faiths would recognize in it the unanswerable proof of a divine power. Were it possible to see such a love diffusing itself into all the relationships of the Christian communion, Islam would open its heart and mind to Christ, and seek that which it knows it does not have.

Like most students, I was troubled in my college days by the division of the Christian Church and by the bitterness of sectarian strife. I remember asking a missionary how Islam looked on such unloving divisions and whether or not our lack of unity interfered with Moslem acceptance of the Gospel. He replied that this did not interfere with his evangelistic work, 'because they have precisely similar divisions and therefore understand ours perfectly.' His answer was intended as an extenuation of Christianity, and it took me several years to realize that it was no extenuation — it was a damning indictment. Instead of being better, Christianity was on the same level with Islam. They could understand our divisions because theirs were precisely similar. Looking into our religion, they found a reproduction of their divisions, their strife, their sectarianism, and they *understood*.

A winning Christianity must not be understood in such a way. It must have elements that are unique, amazing, and incomprehensible. The love evidenced among its members within the warmth of its own communion should be without a parallel, something before which the Mohammedan would stand with an uncomprehending amazement. Even there, within our ecclesiastical walls, within our ministry, within our own membership, we have an opportunity to demonstrate a love for one another that will win the Moslem world.

But we are not doing it. As long as there can be Catholic and Protestant, as long as there can be Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist, as long as there can be Roman, Greek, Armenian, and Nestorian churches, we can scarcely convince Islam that we have a love more sublime than theirs. They are not anxious to give up their sectarianism for our sectarianism, their strife for our strife, their frenzied theological debates for our frenzied theological debates.

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There is one first mile which Christianity must go on its way to the conquest of the world. That first mile is the conquest of itself. The slight creedal differences on which our belligerent brethren base their denominational thunderings will never be accepted as adequate by a rational world or by an awakened Islam. This is particularly true in view of the fact that our own Book gives little ground for division. Paul, writing to the Ephesians, anticipates a unity of the followers of Christ, for which a unity of faith and creed is not the basis but the goal! Speaking of the work of the Church, he says, 'For the perfecting of the saints, unto the work of ministering, unto the building up of the body of Christ: *till* we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God.' Then, at that future time, we shall have unity of the faith; now, and until that time, we must have unity of the Church in a love such as no other religion reveals.

This must come before Islam can be wooed from its prophet or won from its faith. Until that love is evidenced among the groups and sects of Christianity, until it becomes an outstanding feature of Christian ecclesiastical life, until it welds Christianity into an utterly amazing unity, it seems to me that we can never successfully present the Gospel of Christ to the world of Islam.

When the love of Christ and its inescapable implications are presented to a class of Persian Moslem boys, they are amazed and delighted. Never before have they suspected the deeper meaning, the power, or the strange uniqueness of that love. But the joy of discovery is darkened by an inevitable question: 'Why is that love not demonstrated between Christian nations, or within the Christian Church?' We tell them, of course, that in so far as Christians fail to demonstrate that unique love they are not Christians. We suggest to them that the day may come when some of the Persians or Arabs or Indians will become true followers of the Christ and demonstrate to the world the meaning and power of His love. But are we not idealistic fools to think that these boys of Islam might catch the beauty of that love and surrender themselves to its power when Christianity after nineteen centuries clings to bloody arms and tears itself with internal strife?

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TO BUY A FAT PIG

'AND don't go to market,' advised the matrons of my acquaintance, 'for, though you won't believe it, marketing is extravagant: you'll buy everything.'

But I disregarded their advice, 'for,' said I, 'I've visited markets right around the world, and surely I cannot miss this one at my back door.' So with a basket on my arm I sallied forth to visit the market of this my city. Gray under gray skies, it was a far cry from the blazing bazaars of the East. A flock of doves wheeling suddenly to alight among horses' hoofs brought before my eyes the doves falling like snow in the Chourie Bazaar; and how they would settle about a man standing tall and thin, holding at arm's length above his head a shallow basket, from which grain poured in a fine stream for the wind to winnow. The glistening black of his body was broken by a white cotton loin cloth; at his feet the white grain mounted in heaps; behind him rose the pink stucco façades of Jaipur. I could feel the sharp chaff blowing in my eyes, smell again the dust, the spice, the steaming animals of the bazaar.

But Boston doves were a trifle shabby, and this cobbled square, bounded by the stalls of garden grocers, dominated by the dignified market hall of red brick, was pale after the kaleidoscopic bazaar. 'Horses and apples are not camels and spice,' I reflected sadly, 'yet Boston pigeons should make a nice pie.' And I got down to business.

Around the square I found the outsiders — the foreigners, the not-quite-arrived men, friendly and a little fresh. The Dagos, with their quick, wide smiles, flattered me and bartered with me, and the broccoli man especially. He had drawn up his truck in the square, and sat dangling his long legs out the back, puffing his cigarette. On the ground below him were heaped crates of green broccoli frosted gray as the top of a rye field in summer.

'Will you sell me some?' I inquired.

'Sure, I sell you crateful,' he answered gayly.

'No, only a bagful.'

He shook his head. 'Wholesale man only can sell by the crate.'

'Aw, don't be so stiff,' came a bantering voice from the next truck.

He flashed his smile, swung himself down, and proceeded to fill the largest paper bag in my basket, selecting a few stalks from several crates. 'No charge,' said he as I drew out my purse.

'Why not?'

'Oh, next fella he come along, buya da crate, he never miss deesa few stalks.'

The broccoli business was done on this amicable basis throughout the summer. One hot day when my basket seemed impossibly heavy he flicked away his cigarette and, telling me to wait a minute, disappeared. He returned presently at the wheel of an ancient limousine. 'Have business to do up on your hill. Get in — I drive you home.' As we forged through the traffic he talked gayly of the truck farm, of years when the bean market soars, and of the large family which on Sundays fills his rackety limousine. When winter came the broccoli man departed, but he will return with the spring.

In the fall the stalls around the square were laden with green and

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purple grapes, smelling deliciously in the hot sun. I asked a vendor what he could do with such a quantity of grapes.

'Maka da wine,' he answered, and smacked his lips. 'Your man, he no maka da wine? Da's too bad. Some day I come up, maka da wine for you myself.'

The outsiders are fun, but when they make good and take up their stations within the stately doors of the market hall they don with their white coats and straw hats a more dignified demeanor. Mr. Simpson, my butcher, is an old oak in the community of established insiders. Having grown up in the market, he knows three generations of his customers. He took a paternal interest in the young stranger, and made up on other customers the slight discounts he gave me since I was 'just starting in.' I could not undertake a dinner party without consulting Mr. Simpson as to the 'most suitable joint.' I knew when he raised his hat and rubbed the gray stubble on his round pink head that my problems would be adequately solved. I remember my misfortunes before I put myself under his care. Those pigs' feet, for instance.

It was during my first week of marketing, and I was at a loss to discover something new and tempting for luncheon. I had contemplated French chops for several days, so that although I had not served them I thought, 'No, not chops again!' Then my eye fell on a large white bowl filled with cracked ice setting forth in pleasing pattern an array of little pigs' feet 'split for broiling.' I had never tasted them. Just the thing! The butcher came forward, smiling his encouragement, and to my question, 'Would they be nice for luncheon?' gave the dubious answer that if you liked them they were delicious. But his smile convinced me that anyone with taste liked pigs' feet. I purchased two dainty little feet and carried them home.

On the butcher's advice I broiled them, covering them with butter, and watched with delight as they puffed and browned. My husband had never eaten pigs' feet either. We set to work with mouths watering, yet the crispy skin proved impervious to the sharpest knife. I relinquished my illusions about brown and crispy skin, but knew they would be fine inside. Patiently we removed the hide, only to find a skeleton coated with a substance that trailed from the fork like a spider's gluey thread. We pried in vain between the bones for a morsel of that tender meat I knew existed somewhere. Then I remembered that the merchant had only said 'delicious if you like them.'

Though Mr. Simpson would never have advised me to buy pigs' feet, yet he would not criticize a rival's wares. It was the little egg man who averted the catastrophe of bear. I was dealing with Mr. Simpson when the great carcass swathed in burlap was brought to the butcher across the aisle.

'What's that?' I asked.

'Bear,' replied Mr. Simpson laconically.

'Is it good?'

Mr. Simpson appeared not to have heard my second question, but the egg man was young and rash. He laughed loudly. 'Come over here and I'll tell you about bear.

'Bear,' he said, 'must be bought carefully. Now get a nice steak right out of here,' — he slapped the heavy carcass, — 'take it home, plank it with plenty of vegetables, and when it's done to a turn — chuck it out the window and eat the plank.'

A roar of laughter went up on all sides. The merchant stood beside his bear, his hands spread helplessly as the line of prospective customers walked on. This was a breach of etiquette, but

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the egg man was fresh from outside.

The poultry man, Old Royal, has a withered face like one of his own turkeys. He wags his sparse, pointed beard and tells how he has never set foot in an automobile and never will. I found him one day engaged in filling a barrel with uncommonly ugly carcasses varying in color from red to purple, with outstretched necks and big stiff feet. His manner of handling them suggested that they were not of the choicest. Yanking them out of one barrel, he tossed them half across the stall into the wide mouth of a second barrel. His expression was not pleasing, and from time to time he would inspect a bird with questioning nose.

'What are those?' I asked.

'Roosters.'

'What do you do with them?'

'Sell 'em to the Old Ladies' Home. Tough on the old ladies,' he added dryly.

Many were the glimpses I caught of the lives of my fellow customers — from the Irish iceman, who cooks his stew on Sunday and eats it through the week, to Mrs. Russell, whose six-course dinners are Mr. Simpson's boast. Even the babies are not forgotten: 'If they cry,' says Old Royal, 'give 'em a drumstick and push 'em under the stove.'

'To market, to market, to buy a fat pig' — and I came trustingly home with pigs' feet! Thereafter steak was my staple for three months, and not until then did I discover that chops were priced not at fifty cents apiece but by the pound. I learned the season of ducks and broilers, and with what sauce to disguise a pigeon as a squab. Beef tongue, venison (alas, the day!), a sugar-cured ham, and on one occasion tripe, came and went with relish. Roast beef for two must be eaten first hot, then cold, then hashed, then 'brothed.' I learned to look on meat when it was red and choose the tender from the coarse. With Mr. Simpson and Old Royal to instruct and the egg man to tease me, I grew letter-perfect, until the day came when I received my degree. For the first time my husband accompanied me, groaning beneath the baskets. And at the sight of him the egg man exclaimed, 'Here's a man that'll die rich. Your wife can skin the back off a nickel!'

HALF A STORY

If I knew the story behind the old man's story, that would be more worth telling. However, his tale is strange enough.

The place is the only spot on Huckleberry Hill where you can pick berries without charge. It lies in the valley west of the Hill, which is five miles long and owned almost entirely by hard-headed and hard-pressed farmers who rightly think permission to pick worth a modest fee. Moreover, the old man, who is caretaker there, keeps a weak but well-meaning eye on your car and lunch basket — an advantage at the height of the season, when pickers come from far and near.

To reach that part of Huckleberry Hill, which is one of the many lap-children of the Helderberg Mountains, take the state road almost to the crest, turn sharp left through a barnyard, and drive across a table-land dotted with hayfields and pine groves, both thin. The Hill lies to the left, across one of the myriad internal valleys of the oldest range geologically, in the United States. For sixty miles from our house, in this direction, there are no railroads and few improved roads; the whole district preserves a rustic remoteness that belies its position on the map.

After a mile or more of the plateau, the rough dirt road dips and winds west across the valley. The bed of Gold

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Creek — name reminiscent of a dream that did not pan out — is of flat limestone, deeply cross-cracked. In summer Gold Creek is hardly more than a channel with occasional pools; but it leaps into life after each rain, and in spring and autumn runs torrents. Near the narrow, shaky bridge, the stream is dammed, perhaps for trout, perhaps to furnish water for the house that rises, half hidden by lofty lilac bushes, on the knoll just beyond.

Decay greets you at the weed-choked entrance. There is a broad but sagging porch; the front windows are out, and through them you glimpse strips of paper hanging from damp walls. A blind man could sense the place from the odors of rotting boards and lush, untended vegetation. But signs of life appear when you round the corner — a chair beside the rear door, and a path running from it to leaning, unpainted barns. If the old man is not sitting by the door, he will presently emerge, stare for a moment quizzically, and then totter forward, smiling. He is glad to see you, glad to see everyone who comes. He has lived there seventeen years, alone for fourteen of them.

After lunch I sat on his doorstep while he repeated, in a high, tremulous voice, his oft-told tale.

'It's this way, neighbor,' he began. 'I could charge 'em for picking, but not so many would come. Anyhow, the money would n't make any difference to the folks that own this place. They're rich. And I might get robbed. No; I never keep no money around. Don't need it. They send my wages to a bank in town, and the same bank pays the taxes and my store bills.'

'A wise plan,' I agreed. 'And who are they?'

'That's what pickers are always asking me, and I always answer, "The folks that own the place." Maybe you could find out if you had to know — from the bank or the land records down at the county seat. But the name does n't matter. Sometimes I forget it for months myself, in winter. I've forgot a good many things; I'm past eighty, and winters I mostly sleep. But I ain't seen hide nor hair of either of 'em for seventeen year come October.

'They boarded at Simpsons' that summer. You can get a nice squint at Dunbar Hollow from Simpsons'. I say Simpsons', but the Simpsons have all been out of there ten years or more. There was just the two of 'em — my folks, that is — and they used to wander around here together, like they been married only a spell. Come the first of August, they bought this place and started fixing it up as if money was water. She was a pleasant, soft-speaking little thing, youngish and feared of animals, like she'd never been out of the city before. Yes, sir, they came from New York City. He was big and medium old — first man I ever see in short pants. Now half the fellers that come here to pick wears 'em.'

The old man cackled thinly, stroking his white beard with uncertain fingers.

'They put on a new porch, built the dam that holds back that pond, and tore things up considerable inside the house. My old woman was sick, and I needed money, so I was always the first man here in the morning and the last away at night. The boss and I got on together; I was a worker and he was a driver. Man alive, but he kept after us! Bound and set, he was, to be settled snug by winter. Then all-sudden he says to me, one frosty October morning, "Cap, move your wife down here and take charge. Shape things up for winter and stand by the place. We'll be back in April." I drove 'em out that afternoon, the three of us in my old buggy. She sat on his lap and cried some, but he did n't pet her like he used to. Just sat there stony-faced. Up

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yonder where the road turns, she looked over her shoulder and said, hushed-like, "Good-bye, happy valley, good-bye!"

'There was an automobile waiting for them at the pike, the first I ever see. That's the last I set eyes on them. Here I been ever since, barring trips down to the store. Buried my old woman from here. I ain't no hand to be away, because there's no telling when they might come back.'

'They write, of course.'

He shook his head. 'He did, some, at first. Stric'ly business. Told me to keep things in shape and patch up as best I could and wait for orders. But late years I ain't had no orders; and while I've done some patching along, I don't deny the place has got ahead of me. Our store don't carry no paint nor glass, and these seven year my eyes ain't been good enough to let me pound a nail real straight.'

'And she? Does n't she ever write?'

'No, sir; not once. And that's queer, because she'd set out some plants all roundabout the yard, and my old woman used to write her once in a while that the flowers were doing well. Writing ain't in my line; but my old woman could read and write and cipher. The young Missis, though, never wrote back. Maybe she's dead; maybe he's dead. My wages was n't much at the start, and I've never been raised. But I've never been docked, neither. So now — hee, hee, hee! —you're talking to what is the best-paid eighty-three-year-old in the township. All I have to do is to set here and wait. But I do what I can. I keep a light burning in that window every night, so's it can be seen from the turn of the road up yonder. I've kind of given up hope; but maybe they'll be back sometime — or some of their young 'uns.'

'Perhaps,' I said, 'they are so rich that this place does n't mean anything to them. Perhaps it is just one small item on a big budget, and so slides through without question year after year. You and this place may even be endowed as part of a trust fund held for minor heirs who will be along some day to find out what it is all about.'

'I'm afeared I don't understand all that, neighbor; but let's hope it's all for the best. Figger it out any way you like. I know it's queer, but queer or not, that's the truth. They ain't been back for seventeen year. They better hurry; I can't promise to look after their things many more years.'

'What then?' I asked.

'Well, the neighbors 'll miss the light in the back window. Then they'll come over and do for me. But what's to become of the place then, I don't know. That worries me some. Suppose the bank notifies 'em that I'm gone and the place vacant, won't someone have to come then? Mebbe it's because they know everything's safe with me here that they stay away so long.'

'You've been faithful; but I doubt if that is the reason for their absence. Something happened to change their plans before they left, and then something happened after they left to change them again. Now my idea is that they were n't married. Probably they intended to be but they were n't. Then there was a baby, and the mother died. And this place either belongs to that child, or else it is being held by the father until the child grows up to take it over. You see — '

The old man rose stiffly.

'Stranger,' he said, 'we've talked long enough. You're welcome to their berries, but no one can talk agin her on this ground. She was as good and kind a little thing as ever you see, and I won't have no gossip set going agin her.'

With feeble, fumbling steps he went indoors, leaving me standing, ashamed, in the path his feet had trod for seventeen years.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

After an early career on Wall Street, **James Truslow Adams** returned to his first love of undergraduate days, the study and writing of history. His three-volume history of New England, *The Founding of New England, Revolutionary New England* (awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best history of 1921), and *New England in the Republic*, won immediate recognition and amply justified his decision. ¶In the summer of 1925 **Alice L. Williams** was climbing in one of our national parks with a party of five, including her father and a lifelong friend of his. While crossing a famous divide at the direction of one of the best guides in the park, the friend lost his life and the others were caught on a narrow ledge of rock from which it was practically impossible to escape. During the two days they waited for help Mrs. Williams wrote the letters to her husband which, with the omission of a few of the most personal sentiments, we have faithfully printed. Because the tragic experience was in no way due to park authorities or to park policy, it was thought unnecessary to mention its identity. ¶Born in Denmark in 1888 and grown in the school of experience, **Carl Christian Jensen** realized the ambition of every boy when he ran off to sea at the age of sixteen. This adventure is the second chapter in Mr. Jensen's epic career. The account of his youth in a Danish port appeared in the *Atlantic* for October.

* * *

Authors, avers **Agnes Repplier,** are as easy prey as an eighteenth-century stagecoach. ¶For eight generations **Isabel Hopestill Carter's** family have dwelt on the Maine coast, where in Yankee fashion they have ploughed the sea for their profit. **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie's** presence in Belgium at an international conference on Africa brings back happy recollections of her 'Black Sheep,' those vivid tales from West Africa which she wrote when a missionary and which we published in 1915–16.

Carolyn Wells, who designs more detective stories than Sherlock Holmes could solve, devoted her spare time to collecting until she had neither time, room, nor money to spare for anything else. ¶Minister of the Wellesley Hills Unitarian Church, **Walter Samuel Swisher** prefaced his essay with a letter from which we quote: —

> I believe that one trouble with the world today is that it has too much sought the prophet. A Jewish friend says that the Jews had 'to become their own Messiah,' that is, put forth intelligent collective effort, ere they emerged from the wilderness. Personally I should loathe the rôle of prophet.

The author of 'Unfinished Jobs' was one of the first women to pioneer in Wall Street. A quarter of a century later she helped to organize the nation's business and professional women and also served, after the war, on practically all of New York City's unemployment committees. ¶From official and private source **Hector C. Bywater,** the British naval critic, has gleaned fresh data on the most discussible battle of modern history. ¶It is a pleasant editorial privilege to welcome new contributors, such as **Ruth Kate Stowell,** to the *Atlantic*. ¶A famous hunter and guide, **J. M. Defosse** is known by every tiger in Indo-China. By birth a Frenchman, he joined a colonial regiment and served for many years in the Orient. When the jungle called he quit the army and settled down at Gia Huynh, a grassy clearing in the very heart of the wilds, to devote himself to big game, his guns, and his family. ¶Training his searchlight on the field of corporate finance, revealing names and figures that are startling, **Professor William Z. Ripley** has exposed certain sources of mystification and danger long shielded from the public. As a preface to his present paper, Professor Ripley wrote: —

> Within a decade of 1924, electrically driven horsepower in manufactures rose from less than 9,000,000,000 to over 22,000,000,000. These are staggering figures, but they are exceeded in

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measure of development by the increase in the people's ownership of utilities. By 1918 the number of shareholders, increasing under the stimulus of campaigns for consumer ownership as well as by the natural attraction of well-advertised securities, was about double the number of stockholders in railroads. By 1925 there were 3,160,000 stockholders, three times as many as there are investors in railroad securities, and the end is not yet.

The relation between this vast enterprise and politics is already ominous: the disclosures in Illinois should make citizens generally uneasy. Let us remember the tortuous record of the railroads and see to it that history does not repeat itself.

* * *

Bernhard Knollenberg is a practising lawyer of New York City. **Eleanor Lattimore** was to accompany her husband on a hazardous journey over the ancient caravan routes to Chinese Turkestan. They joined forces at Kweihwa and there on the eve of departure their camels were commandeered, the railway cut, and themselves interned by the 'armies' she has described. **Doctor R. C. Hutchison** is the director of religious education at the American College of Teheran. He reminds us that Christian work among the Moslems is the special study for all Protestant churches during the coming year.

* * *

The magnitude of the discussion of Professor Ripley's thesis automatically excludes it from the narrow confines of this corner of the *Atlantic*. For sheer volume we can recall no other editorial correspondence of like dimensions, and the argument on either side cannot be stated in the modest compass of this Column. Bishop Fiske's very definite pronouncement on divorce has also loosed the floodgates of disputation. Perhaps we can put our finger on the divisive line between opposing camps by observing that frequent divorce is reprobated or tolerated according to the degree in which the writer feels that marriage is a civil contract where the happiness of the individual is involved or a sacrament, with its infinite religious implications. At times in the world's history it has been considered as the one, at times as the other. To-day the debate is in the balance.

JACKSONPORT, WIS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May I add to Bishop Fiske's article in September, on 'Marriage — Temporary or Permanent?' the following quotation from a sermon by John Henry Newman, preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, ninety-one years ago: —

'I cannot fancy any state of life more favorable for the exercise of high Christian principle, and the matured and refined Christian spirit (that is, where the parties really seek to do their duty), than that of persons who differ in tastes and general character being obliged by circumstances to live together, and mutually to accommodate to each other their respective wishes and pursuits. And this is one among the many providential benefits (to those who will receive them) arising out of the Holy Estate of Matrimony; which not only calls out the tenderest and gentlest feelings of our nature, but, where persons do their duty, must be in various ways more or less a state of self-denial.'

(REVEREND) JOHN E. HODSON

CONNEAUT, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It is unfortunate that there should be a conflict of opinion between Christians who unite in abhorrence of the prevalent evils of divorce; but it does not help morals or justice to pass unquestioned the misleading statements of Bishop Fiske in the September *Atlantic*, that the 'law of Christ is plain,' and that to accept Christ's 'law' as a moral ideal, subject to inevitable practical qualifications, is to deny that His teaching has divine authority.

As a matter of fact, from the time of their first utterance, all authorities, including the Apostles and Bishop Fiske, have been forced to treat Jesus' sayings in regard to divorce as an ideal standard, impossible of perfect embodiment in law, either civil or ecclesiastical.

According to Matthew and Luke the words of Jesus were originally applied only to the arbitrary power of a Jewish husband to divorce his wife without consideration for any claims she might have for herself or in her children. Mark, having the Roman practice in mind, amends Jesus' saying to apply also in the case of a wife divorcing a husband, which, as an application, is logical enough, but not the 'law' as Jesus taught it.

In Mark and Luke the 'law' of Jesus does not suggest any exception. In Matthew adultery on the part of the wife is sufficient ground for an exception, but not on the part of the husband. It is only fair to Jesus to add that modern critical scholarship acquits Him of having perpetrated such a crude moral blunder. Only from the point of view that a wife is personal property

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does adultery acquire a peculiar preëminence over other offenses equally destructive of ideal marriage.

The Episcopal Church officially accepts the right of remarriage of the innocent party to a divorce upon the ground of adultery, but permits its priests to deny that right upon their individual responsibility, a distressing example of the consequences of attempting to reduce the Gospel to ecclesiastical law.

As reported by Matthew and Luke, Jesus forbids remarriage of the innocent woman who has been divorced. Mark omits reference to the innocent party and substitutes the case in which, under the Roman law, the woman herself obtains a divorce.

The Apostle Paul makes a distinction in regard to separation and remarriage as between married believers and those who are married to unbelievers.

The Roman Church permits divorce and remarriage when one of the parties is unbaptized, and also for special reasons in other cases.

Finally, Bishop Fiske admits that there is doubt whether the teaching of Jesus does or does not allow remarriage of the innocent party in the case of divorce for adultery, a doubt which raises a question fatal to the authority of Jesus' teaching regarded as 'law': namely, whether there are not, in fact, many other honest doubts as to its literal interpretation.

There are not a few Christian ministers who accept the divine authority of Jesus' teaching, and who will not condone manifest fraud or scandal, yet do not feel called upon to act as censors of other people's consciences, or to accept eccesiastical legalism; who, in view of the fact that there never has been, nor can be, agreement as to the legal application of Jesus' teaching, consider it their duty to give the benefit of honest doubt to those who come to them in good faith with the legal right of remarriage.

Nevertheless, let it not be understood that Jesus' ideal of marriage, as an individual moral ideal, is either dubious or impotent. Millions accept it implicitly and obey it loyally. It has raised civilization out of unspeakable bestiality. The new paganism has, indeed, attacked the Christian ideal of marriage with some success, but so much the more surely will our paganism sting itself to death.

J. H. Rankin
Minister, First Congregational Church

* * *

Liberty or death.

San Rafael, Cal.

Dear Atlantic, —

When reading the article entitled 'Animals and Death,' by Sir W. Beach Thomas, in the September issue, I was reminded of a further illustration in regard to the deliberate self-sacrifice of animals. Most fur bearers inhabiting freshwater streams and lakes will invariably drown themselves rather than submit to capture in a steel trap. One of the first rules of the trap line (I believe it to be a required law in some states) provides that the trap shall be placed near a sufficient depth so that the victim may perish under water rather than die a slow and tortured death.

In many cases it is imperative if the fur catcher wishes to hold his victim. A muskrat if caught by one foot can nearly always twist about, break the bone of the leg, and swim away with a visible excuse for his late return. But if the water within the length of the chain be deep enough to submerge his body completely the rat will deliberately choose drowning, of his own volition, within a very short time of capture.

Hardly can it be said that they die through fear. Rather a grim resolution to perish rather than to submit to imprisonment. Who could be a greater martyr to liberty?

Very truly yours,
Boyd H. Dunbar

* * *

With the clearest convictions this reader urges the negation of science at the command of faith.

Dear Atlantic, —

The title of Dr. Parrish's article, 'From Authority to Experience,' in the September *Atlantic*, suggests a rather startling reversal of the logical course of Christian religious development, which has always begun with experience and ended in authority because of the experience. The experience was conversion. The authority was the consensus of opinion of those who had had the experience.

Conversion is unfortunately a word of some vulgar connotation in modern life, but its Scriptural authority is undoubted. The development proposed by Dr. Parrish would seem to substitute for the experience of conversion a certain sophistication in the affairs of the secular world, arising, he says, from the consideration of 'the origin of ideas, of inventions, of discoveries, the growth of civilization,' and so forth. But the Christian religion is bound by its founders to the antecedent experience of conversion: *Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.*

It is conversion with its demand for faith in lieu of knowledge that seems unreasonable to the disciples of knowledge. 'The one thing,' says Dr. Parrish, 'that is perfectly clear is that in

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any conflict between arbitrary dogma, whether Biblical or ecclesiastical, and the established facts of science, men will invariably and justly give the preference to the latter. It is only peasants and the undeveloped mind of childhood that can any longer be imposed upon.' But Christian believers are bound by the Gospel to hold and by experience to know that spiritual facts and scientific facts belong to different categories; to realize that the wisdom of God, which Saint Paul declared was to Jewish scribe a stumblingblock and to Greek Epicurean foolishness, is to the modern man of science nonsense — or *terra incognita*, according to his humility of mind. It goes without saying that unconverted souls will, for lack of the experience, give the preference to the established facts of science, but this is quite without significance to converted souls who have had the experience. Christ's mission was to peasants and to little children, as well as to scientists, whom they greatly outnumber. Shepherds knelt first in the Presence of Incarnate God. The wise men came later.

Everyone will agree with Dr. Parrish that peasants and children should not be imposed upon. But does the Church impose upon them when she teaches them the Bible, in view of Dr. Parrish's express recognition of 'the moral and spiritual values enshrined there'? If, under such teaching, peasants and children grasp a somewhat materialistic or carnal understanding of spiritual terminology or theological formulas, as compared with the wisdom of the wise, it still remains to be proven that they are any further from the essential truth than are the wise. According to Jesus, they are nearer. The story of Mary will convey to the peasant mind, according to its standards, the same truth that the formula of the Nicene Creed conveyed to the learned men at Nicæa: *Jesus, God of God, Very God of very God;* and it would seem that there is not much use in claiming that the story of Mary imposes on peasants and children unless one is prepared to assert that the formula of Nicæa imposes on the wise. The one is no more improbable or impossible than the other. If one goes, *pari passu* both should go.

We wish to be fair. If Dr. Parrish means only that the expression of the truths of faith in the Scriptures is not scientific and not to be taught as science, we shall agree. There would be nothing new in the claim. Cardinal Cajetan made it in the sixteenth century in his treatise on the Book of Genesis, which he taught was a treatise of metaphysical truth of the cosmic struggle of good and evil, and not a geological or astronomical treatise. The Cardinal died in orthodoxy and the Pope declared him to have been the Lamp of the Church. Peasants and children, wise men too, have learned the story of sin from Genesis as they would not have learned it from zoölogy or through sophistication in the material world. Yet, Dr. Parrish says: 'It has long been realized by the theologians themselves that such doctrines as rest upon the Biblical account of creation and the fall of man, though still preached at Dayton and to the hill billies of the remote mountain districts, are regarded by the educated as mere poetical folk lore.' Many of us are thus eliminated from the ranks of the educated, but how can Dr. Parrish regard the Old Testament as *mere* poetical folk lore when in this same article he says it enshrines moral and spiritual values?

Preachers often preach unwisely at Dayton and elsewhere, but so long as they preach from a record enshrining moral and spiritual values the Church may feel reasonably safe. The 'hill billies of the remote mountain districts' may have a way of getting at the truth through the Scriptural expression just as the hill billies of Judæa got at the truth when Jesus preached of Jonah and the whale.

If we are to have a religion, the great truth of Catholic doctrine must be recognized: that the wise can and must, in the humility that is born of faith, accept that Scriptural expression of truth and that terminology of religion that peasants, children, and hill billies — as well as the wise — can understand.

It was Pasteur who in the splendor of his scientific achievements recorded his acceptance of Catholic dogma and affirmed that the faith of a Breton peasant was the ideal faith of the converted soul.

CHARLES C. MARSHALL

* * *

The austerity and dignity of the English press are so often cited to point criticism of our own that we venture to print a few haphazard cuttings sent us by a friend in London. In spite of climate, clothes, and culture, the Briton still has temperament.

PERSONAL

TO MY DEAR HUSBAND. — It all rests with you. A little less literature, a little more love, and who knows what the effect might be?

LADY wishes ADVICE as to best and quickest method of TRAINING her FIGURE in view of the threatened return of small-waisted fashions next year. — E.L.P., 6647, 'Morning Post.'

AUTHOR, about to publish BOOK of great interest and benefit to all, desires to SELL HALF-SHARE. Enormous financial possibilities. — Write Box 74238, Samson Clark and Co., Ltd., 57, Mortimer-st.

HAUNTINGS. — INFORMATION (gratis) earnestly desired by 'Ghost Circle' re Haunted Houses near London. — H. 5920, 'Morning Post.'

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Don't give up the ship!

September 21, 1926

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Several letters and articles have appeared during the last few months from persons suffering from incurable diseases. This from me you may use or not as you wish. It is written as a warning to any who may be slipping down as I slipped about a year ago.

Those who have physical diseases are fortunate compared with those who have abnormal mental states. I had an enviable professional position and thought I loved my work. But I allowed myself to think I was overworked and at last to think that I could not work or think because I was tired and sleepless. Now I know that I only worked in wrong, strained ways, and that many people work hard who sleep little. I followed advice to take a rest, took endless nerve tonics, went to sanitariums, had treatments, and the more I had of all this medical and therapeutic care the more incapable I got of doing or deciding anything. Essentially what I did was to *give in.* If I had known what I was doing, I think I could have kept up. It was the first giving in that was the fatal mistake. Maude Royden's article is true, that courage and honesty have to be at the foundation of character. But another virtue is even more fundamental — industry. When that goes, courage, faith, and honesty do not tarry long behind.

Now I can eat, sleep, talk if anyone will listen, walk about aimlessly, drive myself with the greatest difficulty to the simplest tasks, fret because my money has been thrown away after the things which are unseen and eternal had departed. I cherish the hope, or wish, or delusion, that I'll be better to-morrow, but I know of no reason why I should be unless I follow the advice that eminent physicians and friends and relatives all give me to help myself. I say to myself that I am going to do so, and so far every day is worse than the last. Only intelligence is left to me. Industry and character seem gone. I say 'seem' because I hate to write 'are.'

If I could change this hellish state for any physical disability known, with courage I would: smallpox, cancer, paralysis, tuberculosis, or all of them together.

I have prayed day and night, thinking that God would help and save. The praying is done amiss, or there would be a result. Those who pray with faith, and work too, get help. All the maledictions of the Bible appear to belong to me, none of the promises. But at first I tried to lean on the promises, as I did in my former life, before I came to have my place in hell. Whatever else hell may be, it is a state of mind.

To those who think of giving in to nerves or weariness, I say don't do it. Live or die, but don't quit. That is the worst dishonor and, if one has intelligence enough to know it, the lowest hell.

This is a genuine statement, but for obvious reasons I do not sign my name. I have never written an unsigned letter in my life before, and never until this came upon me had anything to hide that I was conscious of. Now I want to keep back from everyone, not to see friends who want to come to see me, not to go on the street, just to stay in the house and talk about my needs to two faithful ones who love me and who listen for a time and then tell me to try to help myself.

I envy the woman who wrote that she has cancer but keeps at her work. I envy everyone who can keep at work in spite of difficulties — any work, even dishwashing, scrubbing, digging, anything. And how high and marvelous those appear who direct and plan and think out things, as I used to do! It seems so strange to me that I can still read and write, when everything of value is gone from life.

At first I thought I must be going insane, but I am not. It is only *giving in,* an insidious self-indulgence that crept on and on and on.

* * *

We have ever noted that there are a great many more claimants in the world than there are claims. But should one know of a vacant title, here is a chance for an amicable arrangement.

Editor, the *Atlantic Monthly*

DEAR SIR: —

I have heard that there are great fortunes in England awaiting distribution among heirs that are scattered about over the world. Would you kindly advise me to whom to write to get some accurate information about this.

MRS. H. R. ROBERTS
951 ODD FELLOW STREET
GAINESVILLE, FLA.

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